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THE
CATHOLIC MAGAZINE.



NEW SERIES.

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THE



THIRD SERIES, No. I.

JANUARY 1843.

OPENING ADDRESS TO THE READER.

“Nonne tanquam UNIUS MATRIS omnes vos estis, singuli alterutrum FRATRES?”
Sti. Bernardi super Cant. Ser. 29. fol. 145, L. D.

IN COMMENCING a NEW SERIES of the CATHOLIC MAGAZINE, it is perhaps necessary that we should say a few words on the line of conduct which it is our intention to pursue. This we can fortunately do in a very short compass; as our sole object and aim is simply to advance the cause of the ONE, HOLY, CATHOLIC and APOSTOLIC FAITH, in our beloved country; and in so doing, to promote as far as our feeble endeavours can, the greater glory of our good GOD. HE, in His holy providence, has assuredly cast our lines in a goodly land, and in hopeful times; for, as far as experience can attest, His bearing towards us has been in much mercy until now, and, as far as human foresight can avail, of still more in reserve for this long desolate portion of His holy vineyard.

Nor is it through presumption that we seek to be humble instruments in His hands of aiding in the advancement amongst

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us of our holy faith ; it is the duty of every one, whether he has been from infancy a member of the Church, or been called to it in riper years, from the weary and unsatisfactory maze of un-Catholic error, to come forward to proffer to others those choice blessings which he has himself received ; and to extend a share to others of that peace and contentment which his own experience assures him is to be found alone within the pale of his Holy Mother the Church Catholic. And, in thus acting, we are not without her example and encouragement ; for, as it has never been her practice to hoard up the graces which she has received, nor to set her light under a bushel, but rather to burn to communicate to others with as unsparing a hand what she has as lavishly received ; so it becomes her children with the like zeal, tempered by prudence, and annealed in the fire of charity, to burn continually to diffuse her reflected brightness, or, as St. Gregory expressed it practically, “ If you go to God, see that you come not alone.”*

With such sentiments we presume that all will agree ; the only object of difference remains as to the best method of carrying into execution the desire which we suppose all must entertain, of walking hand-in-hand together to the house of GOD in sweet fellowship, and godly communion : so that from the initiatory sacrament of baptismal regeneration, to the last solemn *De profundis* recited for the dear remains of our departed brother, we may find that it is indeed “ good and pleasant for brethren to dwell in unity ; like the precious ointment on the head that ran down upon the beard even the beard of Aaron, which ran down to the skirt of his garment : as the dew of Hermon, which descendeth upon Mount Sion. FOR THERE THE LORD HATH COMMANDED BLESSING AND LIFE FOR EVERMORE.”—(Ps. 132.)

In such a line of conduct we humbly think we shall also all be agreed ; for we profess to wish for no other arms than those which CHARITY furnishes ;—that charity, namely, which, springing from one source, yet develops itself under the two-fold head of love to GOD and to our neighbour. These are the only weapons which we seek ; with that TWO-EDGED sword we are fully equipped ; for in all confidence we assert, that it was such alone that the Saints, Martyrs, Confessors, and Apostles of the Church Catholic made use of in those victorious conquests wherein they subdued nations to the sweet yoke of Christ, and brought all her sons to the rank of soldiers under the banner of the Cross.

* “ Et si ad DEUM tenditis, curate, ne ad Eum soli veniatis.”

Sti. Gregorii Pap. super Evang. in 3 Dom. Adv.

In order, however, to bring this intention into practical play, we shall not forget to urge strongly on Catholics of the present day, that they have herein a two-fold duty, and a double task to perform;—one they owe to their own faith; and another to their separated brethren: both of which, like the two-edged precept of charity, are resolvable into one; for, in order to win *them* to our holy Church, we are every day more and more convinced, that the best and most *assured* method of doing so, is to show that we truly love THE FAITH, by scrupulously fulfilling all its precepts and practices: we are fully persuaded, that the more we become living exemplars of the power of what we profess and believe, *the more shall we be pleasing to the MANY who watch us as “men of desires,”* who seek and hope to find in us that perfection which they have idealized, forgetful of, however, or not sufficiently indulgent to, human infirmity: but which, if with all earnestness and resolution we continually aim at, we shall unquestionably succeed, despite *our and their* weakness, in winning *their* hearts while we improve *our own*; and thus, by such a bearing, convert more than, alas! may have been repulsed by a scandalous and opposite line of conduct, which, GOD help us, has so often chilled the open-hearted convert in desire, and checked the fervour of the neophyte, of whom how many can say, “*haud inexperta, loquor!*”

From the tenor of the foregoing remarks, it will be perhaps needless for us to say that our pages shall never be made the vehicle of angry controversy or frivolous dispute; and hence, if we have occasion, as we often may, to oppose false doctrine, to controvert erroneous opinions, or to remove mistaken prejudices, we trust that not a word shall be used therein contrary to the bearing of a Catholic, to the forbearing of a Christian, or to that respect which is due to our fellow-men, as creatures made by the hand of GOD, after His own image and likeness. On the all-important subject of religion, bitterness, strife, malice, dissension, or vain-hearted brawling, are wholly misplaced;—straight-forward truth, manly even in its long-suffering, is all that is required; for, alas! when passion once breaks in, truth hies neglected away, and it is vanity alone that keeps possession of the field. Hence it shall be our constant endeavour to be earnest without wrath,—fervent without passion,—uncompromising without obstinacy,—freespoken without coarseness,—resolute without enmity,—bold without audacity,—and firm, but with all gentleness. If we press hard against a false dogma or a perfidious opponent, we shall never forget that we are combating for the Truth, and not against a personal adversary:

and that we are unmasking the perfidy of opinion, not taking a pleasure in exposing the malice of the individual heart.

Again: we shall endeavour to keep always in mind the singular position which the Church Catholic maintains. Her doctrine "is not *It is* and *It is not*,"* as the blessed Apostle says, but one everlasting *Yea*, "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever,"† as it is said of her Blessed Founder, and which is without change, or the possibility of change, seeing her foot is set upon a rock,—“and the rock is Christ.”‡ Hence it is that she speaks in authoritative language;—that it is her wont to *propound*, not to discuss;—or if, in condescension to the weakness of frail man, she appears as one explaining rather than defending the tenets, precept, discipline, or counsel, that she has proposed; yet all the while she speaks, like the Divine Spouse, as “one having authority, and not as the Scribes and Pharisees.” “*Erat enim docens eos, sicut potestatem habens, et non sicut Scribæ eorum et Pharisei.*” (Sti. Matth. vi. 29.)

From this it follows, as a natural consequence, that it behoves the humble son of the Church invariably to remember (but more especially in collision with those who are unhappily not of her communion) that he is but an instrument in the hands of GOD; and that it is not *his* opinion, *his* theory, *his* philosophy, which he is called on to uphold, but *HERS*, which, independent of *him*, independent of all men, remains unchanged and in unity, no matter how man, in the heyday of his wit, or violence of passion, may warp or misapply his judgment against or in favour of her undoubted supremacy; for as an old English writer says, “The sun’s rays are verily golden, glistening, and lightsome, albeit it were hard to persuade to this the credence of a man born stone blind.”

The days in which we live are assuredly those of much favour to the Church Catholic, especially in this land. Without doubt it is not from man’s means that we have witnessed the rise of Faith in neighbouring countries, as well as in our own; and of that earnest longing after Catholic unity, without which so many men now feel convinced that peace and concord are impossible. To us it seems a goodly token that this happy longing has sprung from no exertion,—we mean, apparent exertion,—on our part;—for who can tell how much of this is due to that holy spirit of prayer which has risen, and does rise, like incense in the sanctuary from countless men and women, priests, religious,

* “*Quia sermo noster, qui fuit apud vos, non est in illo, EST, et NON.*” (1 ad Corinth. i. 18.)

† Ad. Hebr. xiii. 8.

‡ 1 ad Cor. x. 4.

and laics, over all Christendom! But assuredly we may predicate from all sides that the hand of GOD is now stretched over His Holy Church, and that He has mercies in store for us and HER. It may be that HE is now preparing us, as it were, for a more decided separation between the world and His Church; but this we do know for certain, that GOD will be indeed with us, so long as we seek for refuge in the Ark of ages, whether it be in a calm or a troublous sea; and hence our future aim shall be, in our bearing with our separated brethren, to meet them with that reverence, affectionate devotion, ardent charity, gracious courtesy, and solemn gravity, that one has a right to expect and look for in a publication professing to be Catholic; and hence, finally, the object of the Proprietor and Editor of this Magazine shall ever be this,—that while uncompromisingly Catholic, they shall never forget that the most assured method of proving themselves to be such is to avoid everything that may give scandal or offence either to the faithful or to our separated brethren. Hence the tone of the “CATHOLIC MAGAZINE” shall be essentially devotional. Looking on the faith as paramount, the errors of our brethren shall be pitied and deplored, nor scoffed at or abused. We shall endeavour to make our pages as a record of the happy times when there was no falling away from the faith; and shall, consequently, if called on to speak in reproof of strange doctrines, do so rather as matters of history than of our own times: in a word, we shall avoid even the shadow of personality, that thus while we speak openly and boldly, those who are not of the household of Faith shall be constrained, if they read our pages, to give them, if not their *approval*, most assuredly their *respect*.

With this view the Fathers of the early and of the middle ages shall be often our companions; and it shall be our constant endeavour, while we instruct, to improve; that so the Catholic faith may be seen, not through the false medium of worldly politics, nor amid the jars of controversial dispute, but as it exists in the simplicity of a godly exterior, and in the sincerity of a faithful heart.

POSTSCRIPT.

PERHAPS it may not be out of place, nor misconstrued, if, in accordance with the principles avowed in the foregoing pages, we briefly advert to a subject which occurred in the course of the year now closing, and which, we fear, has caused some misunderstanding and scandal, if not hurt, to the holy cause of the

Church Catholic in this country. Our readers will readily understand that we allude to the unpleasant collision between two journals, both of which professed to represent the interests of English Catholics. Into the original cause of dissension we have no inclination to enter; nor would we have alluded to the subject at all, but that, as far as we can, we desire to be instrumental in consigning to oblivion any asperity or discord which unquestionably has arisen from the circumstances referred to; and that we may come forward with overtures of peace to all who have taken part in these proceedings, urging on all the duty of forgiveness and forgetfulness of the past; so that henceforward, in an united body, unsplit into parties, all may, as the best atonement, endeavour in singleness of spirit to give all their influence to the furtherance of that one only cause which, we fondly hope, is so dear to the heart of us all;— the good, namely, and advancement of our most holy Faith.

We are the more free in alluding to this subject, from the circumstance that we had neither part nor interest, but as pained spectators, in that unhappy difference. As is usual on such occasions, an asperity is generated, which, if not in the parties themselves, yet retains its heat in their adherents, long after the original matter is forgotten. It is then, surely, not misplaced, if, through a motive of Christian charity, we seek to throw a little oil on the troubled waters. May we hope, therefore, that all will join with us in this aim at peace; and that the editor of our only Catholic newspaper, now that its sphere is enlarged, and that new sources of interest are to be obtained, will join with us in these sentiments, that so, by taking in good part these remarks, a general amnesty may be proclaimed, and our common energies be henceforth devoted to the one only cause of Catholic Truth.

In conclusion, should the effect of this trumpet of peace be successful with any one, we shall be well pleased; and hopeful of great good to the cause of Christian charity and forbearance, in thus commencing the new year with a practical commentary on the Beatitude,

“BEATI PACIFICI.”

Feast of St. Thomas of Canterbury, 1842.

THE LIFE OF ST. ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY, QUEEN OF THURINGIA.



"How full of poetry is the Catholick religion!" This is a remark which is often made—made in very opposite senses, and by men, who view in very opposite lights the religious system in reference to which they make it. In the mouths of some, it means, "How much truth—how much reality there is in the Catholick religion!" In the mouths of others, it is, perhaps, the strongest form of condemnation, amounting to nothing less, than that the Catholick religion is a system of fiction, a system appealing to the senses but disregarding the heart, exciting the imagination, and creating a world of fantastic enjoyment, but leaving the real world of habitual practice and relative duties unprovided for, barren and waste, putting outward ceremony in place of spiritual and internal worship, attempting to fill the great void, which every man finds in his own heart, which God alone can fill, with dreamy fictions, soothing and flattering, perhaps, at first to our corrupt nature, but, in the end, empty and unsatisfactory. Now, it is clear to any one who really knows what the Catholick religion is,—who has felt its power in the sanctification of his own soul,—that those who make the remark above given, and in the offensive sense just stated, know nothing at all about this divine religion. But shall we also add that they know nothing of the nature of poetry? We may add this, for it is most true. They seem to imagine that poetry and falsehood are synonymous, that an idea to be poetical must be unreal, and that no narrative of events can possess that charm which is commonly called *romantic* or *poetical*, unless they be the reverse of any events that form the necessary series occurring in real life. Now this notion, which is so common, proves not only that those who hold it know nothing of real poetry, but it proves that they know nothing of the beauty of virtue, of the real loveliness of all that is good and excellent, of the great truth that nothing is delightful and pleasing, but in so far as it has some relation, more or less direct, to God; that the apprehension and sensation of anything good is, in fact, the apprehension and sensation of the infinite goodness of God; and that every painful and unpleasant sensation, however wholesome under our present circumstances, is the result of the fall of man, and, in a certain sense, not the original purpose of God.

Hence we maintain that the highest idea of poetry is perfect virtue;

that poetry and truth—poetry and virtue, are, if not synonymous, correlative forms of expression. We do not know any possible case in which the force of this remark is not borne out. Some one will, perhaps, say—Is there, then, no poetry in the history of evil men,—of the pagan heroes, for instance? Unquestionably there is, and a great measure of poetry, too; but then the charm is not in their vices, but in some characteristic connected with those vices, not in itself evil, but rather positively good, and so truly admirable. It is their wonderful bravery which delights us, not the object for which they put that courage in requisition. Their marvellous success astonishes and pleases us, not the crimes and artifices by which they accomplished it. Our hearts are touched by the recital of their loves, not by the black passions which disgraced them, nor by the unworthiness of the object on which they were lavished: or it is their strength of body and mind, their skill, their foresight, or their wisdom, which we admire. Certainly it is not anything evil, or the bad qualities of the individuals in question, which delight us, or add to the charm of the narrative; excepting, indeed, negatively; as, for instance, the mind may derive some satisfaction from the narrative of crime, in so far as it was connected with any qualities of body or mind in themselves admirable, though misapplied; or as it affords a more striking contrast in some opposite virtue; or as it suggests a motive for thankfulness to the reader, that he is himself removed from the sphere of its operation. Analyze our feelings as we will, the deeper we dive into them, the more clearly shall we find that nothing even in this life is lovely or pleasant, but God; and what has some relation more or less distinct to Him! We shall begin to perceive how it is that the pain of loss is, in fact, the greatest of all the torments in Hell, as theologians declare to us, how it is the pain without which no other pain would be pain, and with which every conceivable evil and pain are inseparably connected.

But, if nothing but virtue can inspire us with pleasure in reading the history of our fellow-men, what shall we not say of the charm of those histories which are the record of virtue alone? Truly their charm, their poetry, their romance, must be something of eminent quality. Hence, of all the books ever written, the Bible is undoubtedly the most sublime and the most interesting,—not to speak of the narrative of its great and holy heroes and heroines, (if we may be permitted to use a term of somewhat secular character), but, of its mere general wording, all critics, from Longinus the heathen to the most devout Christian commentator, admit that there is pervading the language of that divine book, a tone of expression inimitably sublime. What else is this, but to say that it pos-

esses the character of a poetry, not human, but superhuman? What we say of the sacred Scriptures inspired by God's Holy Spirit, we may also say, in due measure and degree, of all the great theological writings of the fathers and doctors of Christ's holy Catholick Church: and amongst these writings none, perhaps, possess a more lovely charm than those which record the lives of God's blessed servants, the lives of those whom his Church singles out for the especial imitation of her children, whom (to use the common expression which implies this) she *canonizes*.

Now, amongst all the histories of Saints which we have met with, we have never found anything comparable to the life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary: in the short career of that young princess, there is perhaps a greater variety of incidents than is to be found in the lives of those who have reached the most advanced age, and the whole character of these incidents is so exceedingly romantic, that we may truly say we never read anything equal to them in any tale of fiction. As it is our intention to publish in this magazine the translation of the second volume of her life, we trust it will not be uninteresting to our readers, if we give a brief sketch of that portion of it which is contained in the first volume, which we have already translated and published.

The glorious servant of God, St. Elizabeth, was the daughter of Andrew the Second, king of Hungary. She was born in the year of our Lord 1207. Many signs and wonders accompanied her birth, which plainly showed that God had great designs upon this dear child. When she was four years old, a great German sovereign, the Landgrave of Thuringia, demanded her in marriage for his son, the young Duke Louis, who was a beautiful boy of eleven years of age. It was customary in those devout and simple times, for young people to be affianced to each other from their very childhood, and in many cases they were educated together, until they were old enough for the marriage to take place. The object of this was, that they might thoroughly know one another before they contracted that dearest of ties, the tenderness and sweet harmony of which ought never to be tarnished by the slightest altercation or difference even for a moment; also by blending together all their earliest recollections, and their most innocent associations, it was judged that their love would be of the most ardent and lasting character: they would be as two souls created for each other, who never had known what it was to love except each other, and who had loved one another, when the heart was the most warmly susceptible, and when it was most innocent, before any black passions had taken

root in it, when it was all joyous, bright, and beaming, as a fair morning in the month of May, when the atmosphere is embalmed with the sweet scent of innumerable flowers, and the verdant groves resound with the cheerful notes of a thousand innocent little birds. Such was the happy childhood of our Elizabeth and her affianced lover the young Duke Louis. It is impossible to describe the ardour of their love for one another. Nor was it wonderful that such a love should subsist between them : Louis was not only a model of piety, virtue, and amiability, but he was also the handsomest boy in the whole court of Thuringia. Elizabeth, on the other hand, was so beautiful, that all historians describe her person as something more than human. She was very fair, with a lovely colour ; her eyes were blue, and her hair auburn ; her figure was most graceful and noble, and her manners perfectly angelical. But beauty and every earthly accomplishment were not the only charms of this dear Saint. From her earliest infancy, she gave the strongest signs of predestination : God alone possessed her heart. The sweet and adorable name of Jesus was ever on her lips. She never heard of his Passion, or saw a crucifix, without shedding tears. She had the most ardent devotion for the presence of Christ in the Holy Eucharist ; so her greatest happiness was to kneel at the foot of the altar, and converse whole hours with her divine Redeemer. When she passed a church, and found the doors closed, she would run up and kiss the bolts of that dwelling, wherein reposed Jesus in the Sacrament of his love. She envied the Angels, who never leave our churches, perpetually adoring our Saviour around his altar and the sacred tabernacle. Her love for Jesus Christ made her love all that belonged to him : so she had an ardent love for the Blessed Virgin Mary, his dearest and most Blessed Mother. She had a special affection for St. John the Evangelist : she loved all the Angels and Saints, and spoke of them as ordinary people do of their dearest friends on earth. Of all the mysteries of our Saviour's life, she had a singular devotion to his blessed childhood ; and it is recorded, that her young companions sometimes saw the child Jesus visibly caressing this angel saint. This is not strange ; if Christ can come to every ordinary, cold, indifferent Christian in the sacrament of the Eucharist, why should he not sometimes visibly come to such souls as St. Elizabeth ? The worldling or the proud heretic may scoff at this. Let us, my reader, adore the goodness of our Lord, and not reason, when he speaks to our heart.

When king Andrew consented to send his daughter to the court of Thuringia, he sent a noble knight, Sir Walter de Varila, along with her

as her guardian ; and two young ladies of high birth, the Lady Guta and the Lady Ysentrude, were appointed her maids of honour. Elizabeth, we have already said, was extremely devout, so she must needs suffer persecution, as all the servants of Christ have suffered it. The young courtiers laughed at her devotion : many of them, moved no doubt by jealousy and envy, said she was not fit to marry their young prince. The Duke's mother and his sister also joined in this disgraceful outcry, so that Elizabeth's life was one continued scene of insult and vexation. She bore it all with the most heavenly patience, never murmuring, but thanking God that she had something to suffer for His love. Louis, however, observed all the trials of his dearest affianced : the more she suffered, the more he loved her ; above all, he loved her for what drew down persecution upon her,—her great virtue and piety. He often thought within himself, how he would learn of her to practise the same virtues, when she should be his spouse. Sometimes he found her weeping at the cruel treatment she met with from his mother and the courtiers. On such occasions he came to her, and took her to walk with him, while he consoled her wounded heart with a thousand caresses and encouraging words. Never did Elizabeth look more lovely to her dear Louis, than when she was suffering for that divine Saviour, to whom they had both consecrated their whole hearts. She, on the other hand, loved Louis with greater ardour than ever, finding him already such a faithful comforter in affliction.

But the time drew near when these trials were to cease, and when Elizabeth was to receive even here below the reward of her patience. The old Duke of Thuringia was dead, and young Lewis had succeeded him in the sovereignty. He was no sooner master of his kingdom, than he declared his determination to marry his dear affianced at once ; the marriage took place at the castle of Wartburg, in the year of our Lord 1220. Louis was in his twentieth year, Elizabeth in her fourteenth. Count Montalembert, the eloquent and feeling author of her life, adds :—
“ Innocent as they were in the simplicity of youth, they were so still more by the infantine purity of their hearts ; more closely united in soul by the sacred ties of the same faith, than by the earthly link that bound them together ; they loved one another in God with an unspeakable love ; and for this the holy Angels of God dwelt around them.”

Louis justified by his conduct as a sovereign all the hopes which had been raised by his virtues as a youth. He was prudent, generous, and brave ; the protector of the poor and the orphan ; most zealous in

founding churches and monasteries ; strict in administering justice, and repressing crime ; in short, he was a glorious prince, but he was also a virtuous man in all his private relations. From time to time, the affairs of state made it necessary for him to quit his royal palace, and undertake long journeys. Whenever it was possible, Elizabeth accompanied him, but sometimes she was obliged to remain at home : on such occasions she used to put on mourning, wearing widow's weeds until her husband's return. Louis, during his absence, was a model of fidelity to his marriage vows. Several instances are recorded in which his chastity was grievously tempted, but by the grace of God, and the holy love of his angel wife, he surmounted them all, nor did he ever tarnish the purity of his baptismal robe by a single mortal sin.

Nothing can be more sublime than the virtues which Elizabeth now exercised. Mercy and charity are said to be the attributes of a queen, —they were the favourite virtues of our dear Saint. It is incredible what sums of money she bestowed upon the poor ; she founded hospitals, she visited the poor and sick in their own humble cottages, carrying them provisions with her own hands. But why did she thus exercise herself in such lowly acts of mercy ? It was because she knew that when we visit the poor members of Christ, we in fact visit Christ himself. Our Lord has said it. So when she climbed the rugged mountains round her royal castle, she did it all in spirit for our blessed Saviour, with the most ardent love, imagining that she did it to Himself in person. God showed by extraordinary signs how acceptable her devotion was to Him. On one occasion a touching instance of this is recorded. Louis and his courtiers were returning from a hunting expedition ; when near the castle, they met Elizabeth, all alone, upon a narrow rocky path, holding provisions to her bosom in the folds of her mantle : Louis playfully opened it, to find out what it was, or to display to his courtiers the holy charity of his wife, when to his surprise and admiration he beheld a large bunch of beautiful roses. Now it was in the depth of winter ; God showed by this miraculous change how great was the sanctity of his dear servant.

She had a particular devotion for poor lepers, regarding them as the most distressed and neglected of all sick people. Once it happened that a most miserable looking leper was brought to the castle gates. Elizabeth as usual received him with great charity ; she ordered a bed to be prepared for him ; as it happened, no other but her own was vacant, so she had the poor leper put into it. Her mother-in-law, the dowager duchess, who always treated Elizabeth with great harshness,

and who could not enter into her pious feelings, was highly displeased at this act of the young princess. So she watched for Louis's return from hunting, to tell him of it, and to calumniate his angel wife. On the duke's arrival she hastened to him, bidding him follow her to his bedroom, to see one, whom, added she, "Elizabeth loves better than you." Louis accompanied his mother with feelings of indignation, as was quite natural. In the meanwhile the gentle Elizabeth followed softly at a little distance, hoping to calm her dear husband's displeasure, and to pacify him towards the poor leper. Louis rushed up to his bed and tore away the coverlet: what was his surprise and awe, when, instead of a leper, he beheld our Lord Jesus Christ crucified, who had come in that form to try the faith and fidelity of his holy handmaid! Louis melted into tears of devotion, begging his wife's pardon a thousand times for the unworthy suspicion. The vision vanished, and the calumnious mother-in-law retired in confusion.

The affection of Louis and Elizabeth was most tender, and it was as pure as it was ardent. They always called each other "Brother," and "Sister." At night Elizabeth used continually to rise from her nuptial bed, and kneeling by the side of it, she recited holy prayers in honour of Christ's Passion, and in honour of his Nativity. Louis on these occasions waking up, and fearing that such rude penances would injure her health, would take her hand, pressing his lovely sister to return and repose herself; but when she begged to continue her devotions, he dropped asleep, leaving his hand in hers, which she moistened with her tears, for a sort of dim presentiment whispered to her that their earthly union would soon be dissolved by death.

Elizabeth practised great austerities; underneath her royal robes she wore a hair shirt, and, excepting on public occasions, when her rank and her duty to her husband required it, she wore the plainest dress. A remarkable event occurred, which showed how God approved of her devotion in this respect. King Andrew, her father, sent ambassadors to the court of Thuringia, to inquire after her health and state. Louis found her in her oratory, praying, when he came to inform her of their arrival: he felt much amazed that she had no suitable dress to receive such distinguished guests. She, however, calmed his anxiety, saying that she would make amends for the want of a more magnificent dress, by additional courtesy and cheerfulness in entertaining the noble strangers. Her husband returned to them: Elizabeth in the meanwhile besought our Lord to give her grace to please their guests, when an angel appeared with a most bright and glorious robe, which Christ himself had

sent her to wear. She then joined her husband, and the rest of the company; the eyes of all were dazzled, and their hearts enchanted; never had a princess been beheld more glorious and more lovely than Elizabeth appeared on this occasion. Thus did God testify his approbation of Elizabeth's practice of holy poverty in dress, by arraying her, when it seemed that her duty required it, as Solomon was not arrayed in all his glory,

We should extend our article beyond the limits allotted for it, if we were to describe minutely all the exercises of piety, and the numberless interesting scenes that occurred during the married life of the dear Saint Elizabeth. We would refer our readers to the original work itself, if they desire ampler details.

But we draw near to the hour marked by God, from all eternity, when His infinite wisdom had decreed to separate Elizabeth from her adored Louis. It was impossible that such unspeakable happiness as they enjoyed in each other could last much longer: it would have been inconsistent with the state of trial to which we are all doomed here below on account of original sin; it might have insensibly drawn off their hearts from the contemplation and the desire of that better and higher state, for which they were created, and for which their existence here was only a preparation. It was in the year 1227, that the emperor Frederick the Second summoned the powers of Christendom to range themselves under the banner of the Cross, in order to proceed to the relief of the Holy Land. Who could be more ready to obey such a call than the devout and chivalrous Louis of Thuringia? So it was, the pious prince took the cross from the hands of the venerable Conrad, bishop of Hildesheim. But how could he break the intelligence to his sweet Elizabeth? She was already far advanced in pregnancy with her fourth child, and he dreaded lest the hearing of it might endanger her health, so he resolved to conceal it up to the latest moment. One evening moreover, as they were seated side by side, before retiring to rest, Elizabeth playfully put her hand into her husband's bosom: what was her horror and grief, when she found there the cross, which the Crusaders habitually wore above their garments, but which Louis had concealed beneath his upper vest. "The sight of this was sufficient," to use the words of Count Montalembert, "She comprehended the misfortune that threatened her; seized with grief and terror she fell lifeless to the ground." Louis, overpowered with grief, lifted her up, endeavouring to console her. "It is for the love of our Lord Jesus Christ that I do this," added he; "You would not prevent me from

doing for God, what I should be strictly obliged to do for a temporal prince, for the emperor, and the empire, if they required it." After a long silence, and floods of tears, she said to him : " My dearest brother, if it is not contrary to God's will, do remain with me." But he replied, " My beloved sister, give me your leave to go ; for it is a vow I have made to God." Then entering into herself, she sacrificed her will to God, and said to him : " Oh ! my love ! against the will of God, I desire not to keep you. God grant you His grace always to do His will ; I have now made to Him a sacrifice of you, and of myself ; may His goodness watch over you, and may every blessing be yours for ever. This shall be my prayer every instant of my life : go then, my dearest, in God's name !"

At the appointed time Louis set off for the Crusade ; his dear Elizabeth insisted on accompanying him as far as the frontier of his dominions. The scene of their final parting was heartrending in the extreme. Count Montalembert has described it in a manner worthy of so touching an incident. Elizabeth returned to the castle of Wartburg, where she assumed deep mourning, which she never more put off.

Louis did not reach the Holy Land, for he died of a fever on the way. When the intelligence of his death reached Thuringia, it was notified to Elizabeth by her mother-in-law, the duchess Sophia. She never recovered from the shock it gave her. For several days her life was despaired of ; and when she recovered, though she resigned herself to the will of God, she became perfectly dead to all things here below. The sequel of her life we shall give in a faithful translation of the second volume of Count Montalembert's admirable work.

AMBROSE LISLE PHILLIPPS.

*Grace Dieu Manor,
Octave of the Conception of the B. Virgin Mary, 1842.*

THE NAVE OF THE CHURCH.

CHAPTER I.

“ Cœlestis urbs Jerusalem,
Beata pacis visio,
Quæ celsa de viventibus
Saxis ad astra tolleris
Sponsæque ritu cingeris,
Mille angelorum millibus.”

Hymn in Com. Fest. Ded. Eccl.

“ O city of Jerusalem,
Thou vision fair of peace and rest,
Whose walls exalted to the skies,
Are built of many a living gem;—
Who, like a bride in sponsal guise,
Dost stand mid countless angels blest.”

“ O QUAM metuendus est locus iste ; verè non est hic aliud, nisi domus DEI, et porta cœli.”* “ O how awful is this place ; truly it is none other than the house of God, and the gate of heaven.” Truly this place is holy ! With what reverence and godly fear, with what recollection of spirit, and submissive thought, does it become us to rise from our lowly seat in THE PORCH, and pass into THE NAVE OF THE CHURCH ! How should we bow, in spirit, to the very dust, and cleave like the holy king of Israel to the pavement.† With what awe should we stand in this place, the walls of which have been consecrated by the hands of holy pontiffs, by so many solemn mysteries and moving rites. Holy men have anointed with the chrism of salvation the foundation stones, and have blessed the ground on which they stand ;—they have solemnly consecrated every stone and corner of this hallowed pile ;—the altar, the rood, the font, the walls, the holy image of our dear Mother, the solemn bell, “ that gives praise to very God, summons the faithful, assembles the clergy, mourns for the dead, puts the pestilence to flight, and adds new joy to the festal day.”§ Yea, in the plenitude of Catholic power, *they* have driven out

* Antiph. ad Magnif. in 2 Vesp. Fest. Ded. Eccl.

† “ Adhæsit pavimento anima mea.” (Ps. cxviii. 25.)

‡ “ Quis enim parietes ejus sanctos vereatur quos manus sacratæ Pontificum tantis sanctificavere mysteriis.”—*Sti. Bernardi. Ser. iv. in Dedic. Eccl. fol. 69. L.B.*

§ “ The bell is intended frequently to preach to us. It will break in upon our occu-

the evil spirit from all that is used, or to be used hereafter in God's service here, and, in the œcumenic languages of Greece and Rome, have writ on ashes from corner to corner, those letters which are, as it were, a combination, in symbolic praise, of all that the tongue of man can utter to the glory of GOD, with faltering lips from the ashes of his weak humanity.* For, as our blessed Saviour stooped down, and wrote on the ground mysterious words, of which all we know is, that mercy and forbearance was the result (St. John viii. 8-11), so still, in the consecration of his holy house, there is written with the pastoral staff, that God is the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end of all things: and to what end is this done, but to show, that, from this time forward, "this place," as St. Bernard says, "is set apart for the frequency of holy lessons; for the devout whispering of holy prayers; for the honouring of the blissful presence of holy relics; and for the spirit of the holy here to keep unwearied vigils now and for ever." "Ex tunc quoque, et deinceps sanctarum inibi lectionum resultare frequentia;

pations, whether serious or gay, whether lawful or unlawful. Like the voice of Christ to Martha, it will remind us of the inutility of much that we are doing, perhaps even of its sinfulness. It will discourse, wisely and forcibly, of the value of the soul, and of the importance of attending to its salvation; of the shortness of time, and the awful length of eternity. It will sound like the solemn warnings of the last trumpet, and teach us to prepare, while preparation is practicable. It will entone the angelical salutation three times each day, and bid us bend our heads, and humble our hearts, in the adoration of the adorable mystery of the Incarnation. It will regulate a variety of duties, as its ancient inscription purports:—

Laudo DEUM verum; plebem voco; congrego clerum;
Defuuctos ploro; pestem fugo; festa decoro.

It will summon us to prayer morning and evening; it will notify in deeper tones the celebration of the awful mysteries. It will remind us of the duty of praying for the dead; it will encourage us to pray in seasons of danger; it will multiply its admonitions on our holy Sabbaths, and give a cheerful solemnity to the days consecrated to a more particular worship. And, oh! if our good God shall listen to the prayers of the Church, and give his additional blessing to that which will this day be solemnly invoked, how may we hope to see piety increase, and religion flourish amongst us. Prayer and praise drawn sweetly from the mouths of children; seeds of virtue planted, and sheltered; virtuous habits formed; grovelling minds detached from vice, and holy thoughts engendered; hearts disengaged from earthly things, and carried forward in advance to heaven, "Until we enter the Sanctuary of God, and understand concerning our latter end." (Ps. lxxii. 17.)—*Dr. Weedall's Discourse on the Doctrine and Meaning of the Catholic Church in Consecrating Bells*, p. 30.

* See the magnificent office for the consecration of a Church in the Roman Pontifical.

sanctarum orationum devota murmurare susurria; sanctarum reliquiarum honorari beata præsentia; sanctorum spirituum indefessa noscitur custodia vigilare.”*

How then should we stand with reverence in this place, which is, as it were, the ladder of heaven,—whence GOD worketh and helpeth the ascending and descending angels,† that continually gather in this better Eden the manna of holy vows, devout aspirations, sobs of contrition, tears of love.

Oh, truly, then, it becomes us to watch here in penance and expectation;‡ for this is the gate of heaven, and we, as humble suppliants, must speak in sighs, and ask in tears. For, alas! how should we tremble and abase ourselves in very lowliness: for that Almighty GOD hath given us grace, and called on us to enter into the very place of his dwelling, where HE who BECAME MAN for us, even the Lamb of GOD who taketh away the sins of the world, vouchsafeth to visit in corporal presence, and on that very altar to give himself to be the food of our souls, while he is at the same time “the light of our hearts;”§ for, not only is He our light, but he is also our food, as St. Bernard says:—“Nec tantum est lumen, sed est et CIBUS.”

With what abasement and *contrition* should we humble ourselves, and bow down at the very threshold, when we look into our hearts, and call to mind that “Holiness becometh His house for length of days.” “Domum tuam Domine decet sanctitudo, in longitudinem dierum.”|| With what solemn preparation of heart, and recollection, yea, with what *faith*, when we remember that GOD’s house is called the house of prayer; “Domus mea, domus orationis vocabitur.”¶ How earnestly should we look, and trustfully bow in holy *hope* to Him, when we reflect “that the house of the Lord is strongly built, its goodly foundation is laid on a firm rock:”—“Hæc est domus Domini firmiter ædificata, bene fundata est supra firmam petram.”** With what assured hope, when we hear it repeated a second time, “that the house of the Lord is *well* founded upon a firm rock.” “Bene fundata est domus Domini supra firmam petram.”†† And with what feelings of affection,

* Sti. Bernardi, Ser. iv. in Dedic. Eccl. fol. 19. L.B.

† Ejusdem, Ser. vi. in Eadem, fol. 70, L. i.

‡ “Nimirum pœnitentes et expectantes esse, non debemus?”—*Ejusdem Ser. vi. ut suprâ.*

§ “Lumen Cordium.” Prosa in Fest. Pent.

|| I. Antiph. Vesperas. Comm. in Offic. Ded. Eccles.

¶ 2 Ant. ad eandem.

** 3 Ant.

†† 4 Ant.

love, and adoration, that speaks but in tears, should we hear the anthem sung:—"That thy walls are all of precious stones, and the towers of Jerusalem are built with jewels." "*Lapides pretiosi omnes muri tui, et turre Jerusalem gemmis ædificabuntur.*"*

With mingled feelings, then, of reverence, awe, love, hope, and devotion, let us humbly bow on the blessed pavement. We are sinners, but within the circuit of these walls is to be found reconciliation; we may have wandered far away in the maze of error and sin, but within these precincts is the court of peace. Here may we again be strengthened, and made bold in the path of danger; within the circuit of these walls our peace is contained. "A blessed vision of peace,"—"Beata pacis visio,"† arises in material, as well as æthereal, exterior as well as inward, *earthly*‡ as well as heavenly, beauty. The bride suffused with the grace of the Spouse,

"Resperaa Sponsi gratia
Regina formosissima,"§

as a queen stands before us in surpassing loveliness; she beckons us to advance; she stands welcoming us in her bridal array,—even as that vision of peace which awaits all her faithful children, whom in like saintly garb as she herself wears, she presents as suitable guests for the Sponsal feast of the heavenly Jerusalem!

Unseen angels watch over the hallowed walls, and those who enter there. Her vaults, odorous with sweet-smelling incense, are but faint emblems of those golden vials of the incense of prayer, which those invisible ministering spirits gather, to pour forth before the throne of the Eternal; and not a sigh is breathed, not a sob is uttered, nor a tear, hid behind a clustered pillar, but what they gather up in their holy censers.

Oh, "Come, then, let us worship, and fall down; let us weep before the Lord that made us." For, "Oh! how awful is this place! Truly, this is none other than the house of God, and the gate of heaven!"

There is a sorrow which the poet describes as being "too deep for tears;"||—but there is an emotion of the human heart that is deeper still; it is the sorrow of a contrite heart,—it is the sighing of a *bruised* spirit, that yet smiles through its tears, and, rainbow-like, draws out the joys of love, even from the very bitterness and gall of penance. There

* 5 Ant.

† Hymn Eccl. in Fest. Dedic. Eccles. Str. i.

‡ "Beati mites, quoniam ipsi possidebunt *terram*." (Sti. Matth. v. 4.)

§ Hymn Eccl. in Fest. Dedic. Eccles. Str. ii.

|| Wordsworth.

is not a stone in this hallowed place, which the mercy of our good God hath now called us to enter, that hath not a tongue that could bear witness to this blessed truth. *Here*, in this very place, countless souls, that now live in everlasting joy in heaven, have felt this blessed truth. The innocent and guilty,—that is, those that have kept in peace the gift of holy baptism, have felt that holy sorrow which is *too deep for tears*; and those that have fallen, and gone astray, but who in this very place have done penance, and mourned with bruised and contrite hearts, have felt this holy sorrow, which is *too deep for tears*. Both one and the other may have gone away to the silence of the tomb long since;—the inscription which marked their departure may have been worn by the feet of the faithful, so as scarcely to be deciphered; sacrilegious hands may have torn off the monumental brass, or defaced the inscription from the remembrance of their descendants; yet, in the worn characters, or empty spaces, or broken tomb, there is one word which cannot be erased,—the *ORA* is included on every mark that still remains; if not in words, at least by inference. *They* can tell that it was good for them to have sown in tears, for they have reaped in joy; and *we*, who call to mind the like bequest, and pray for them, shall, for our charity, receive instead a benediction from above; for those may now be our intercessors, and restore an hundred-fold what they themselves sowed in tears. For in this very place, those blessed ones who experienced on earth those sorrows,—the germs and seeds of those fruits,—but which we, too, may plant and gather, have long since passed to bliss; and as charity is diffusive, and knows no bounds, so they return *with* prayers, what they here learned *in* prayer, and thus aid us, who aided, or meant to aid them, and complete the infinite circles, which like stones thrown on a still water, emanate from one point, but ever as they recede from it, enlarge the orbit of love, and communicate its fire to others.

Thus, then, it is that we are not alone when we enter this hallowed pile. Yea, should we enter seemingly alone, yet are we not alone. Angels are here, and saints; the court of heaven is here; the pale lamp glimmering in the far and solemn sanctuary, shows that we are not alone: God is here, and in passing love rests on *that* altar, and countless ministering spirits do Him homage and veneration. Yea, God is here in this awful place, which truly is none other than the house of God, and the gate of heaven.

“Lift up your gates, and be ye lifted up, O eternal gates, and the King of Glory shall come in” (Ps. xxiv. 7),—sung of old the saintly sovran of Israel, in prophetic anticipation of the holy Church of God. And

who is this King of glory? He is the omnipotent, the everlasting, the infinite, the all-wise, the all-good, Creator of all; our bulwark of defence, our protector, friend, and FATHER. But what are we? Alas! we are weak, and mortal, finite, and foolish, wicked, and making wickedness, the last and least of all his goodly creatures; ever frail and falling; ever needing his helping hand; for we are faithless friends, and disobedient children. We are led away, alas! how often, by every breath that blows; like the frail reed, we are bent, how often! whithersoever the light winds incline. Holy thoughts now rise in the heart, and all is fervour and content;—a shadow passes across the soul, and haply, ere we are aware, the memory, the will, and the understanding are wandering, under the guidance of imagination, far away over the hills of vanity. Like the dazzling fairy-like bird of the tropics, we flutter on the wing from flower to flower; we hardly rest on one ere another strikes our eye, and to that we dart off, humming contentment in the fond variety; we crown us with roses, but forget that they fade; we prank ourselves in the sunshine of pleasure, but overlook the tempest; we launch our boat, and trust to summer skies, but forget that the wind is fickle, as the sea is treacherous; we forget that we are dust; we forget that though regenerated in baptism, the penalty and proneness to sin remains; we forget that we have *actually* sinned, and that every step in its paths weakens the life of the soul. For, as the constitution of the body may have been hale and hearty, yet every disease and ailment that inflicts it so impairs its strength, that the man cannot do, what the bold-hearted youth rejoiced in, unscathed;—so we impair the hold of virtue; and as we cannot be cleansed again in the font of baptism, we must seek to grow young again only through that of tears, in the laver of penance.

Hence we are weak, and need help from within, aid from without, and grace from above. But this is not all; nor are these our only, nor our least foes, from a knowledge of which we must learn humility, and to bow with awe at this—the gate of heaven! Is there not in every unblest creature, evil spirits watching around us, if not with power enough to lure us to our ruin, yet for the annoyance and disturbance of the heart, into the depths of which their unseen agency will creep, and lurk, unnoticed and unobserved, watching every thought, and perverting what is innocent to an occasion of sin? Is there not the wily adversary, who though bound and kept within a certain restraint, watches continually over the weak impulse, the wavering thought, the loose free-will, the heedless heart, the vain imagination, the misjudging head?

Does he not pour in his leprous distilment into the unsuspecting ear? his tainted pleasures into the unguarded eye? his ashen apples into the liquorish mouth? his mock incense and false delights,—his lust of the eye, his lust of the flesh, and the pride of life, into the jaded nostril, the foolish sense, the unwary and undefended flesh? Does he not breathe into our sleeping thoughts unhallowed desires; nourishing pride, refreshing vanity, exciting lusts, lulling the soul with soft Lydian measures into a slothful ease; and stifling in the meshes of a drowsy content, those impulses, feelings, desires, and passing emotions of the heart, soul, and intellect, which springing from ourselves, are fostered, soothed, and gratified by him, till the adversary has so far lured us from the way of life, that he may clutch us when he will; yea, clutch all who will not know his wiles and his ways, and who arm themselves not with the whole armour of humility? But, blessed be God, those that fight for us are more than they who come against us. He who is Almighty knows that we are weak, and sendeth us help from on high. In every corner of this awful place are means and appliances of grace; and with these, “Who can be against us?” In the silence of the heart he sends his still small voice, and “Happy and blessed is he,” as St. Bernard, says, “who in silence receives the breath of that divine whisper;” “*Felix et beata est anima quæ ventum Divini susurri percipit in silentio;*” *—for to such the enmity of evil agency is made an instrument of good, and “All things work together unto good to them that love God,” says the blessed apostle St. Paul. (Rom. viii. 28.) HE that is the Almighty, the ever-living, hath staid the arm of malice that would ruin, so that it may no longer kill, though it nevertheless torment: yea, more bountiful still, that very torment HE converts into a salutary penance, that cleanses, and shall one day give joy; for HE is our FATHER, and with a father’s hand chastens our souls with the wounds of love. But he knows that we are weak, and hence hath HE sent holy angels to watch over, and shield us from the unseen foe; hence hath HE given to us his holy Church to be our mother, and in her has appointed us as links in that wondrous communion, which attaches earth to heaven, the weak to the perfect, the dead to the living, and all to GOD; whose vicarial voice gathers her little ones under her brooding wings, and by a marvellous service of preparation, suits them for that holy light, which is eternal, immortal, invisible, and which shall never pass away.

* Sti. Bernardi Ser. in Fest. Omn. SS.

Oh ! how good a thing it is to be here ! From the moment that we have crossed the threshold we are in the hands of GOD ; earth, in its substance, is, as it were, already changed, to those that love ; for stormy winds fulfil his word, the blasts of hell breathe dew, wheret hey thought of malice ; the fire of persecution heals the wounds that it inflicts ; and to his servants, death is robbed of its most bitter sting. Like a bird poised on the wing in mid-air, the soul that loves hangs suspended on the arm of GOD ; and like a ship gliding along the tranquil sea, that maketh a pleasant noise with its rippling waters, it murmurs forth the soft and undefined language of the heart. It is borne on by desire, not by reason, “*Desiderio feror, non ratione,*” as St. Bernard says ;— by emotion rather than thought, by nature remodelled in grace, that throws itself on, and gives unasked to its Father the free-will offering of undivided love. For we have been regenerated in the mystic waters of baptism, and the appliance of one of GOD’s simplest creatures to our bodies, has, with life accompanying, restored us to that happy state, whereby we are privileged to use the sweetest and most tender name of FATHER, which as an introit to THE NAVE let us now in the secret of our heart repeat, saying :—

PATER NOSTER.

And as its fruit, in commemoration at once of the adorable mystery of the Incarnation, and of its appliance to our souls, let us humbly and in like silence,—“*Bonum est enim præstolari cum silentio salutare Dei.*” Let us pause once more, and say,—

AVE MARIA !

Feast of St. Francis Xavier, Apost. Ind. 1842.

REVIEW.

Soliloquium Animæ ; the Soliloquy of the Soul, being the first volume of the Miscellaneous Works of the B. Thomas à Kempis. Newly translated from the original Latin. 32mo. London : T. Jones, and C. Dolman.

It has often occurred to us as unaccountable, that while the famous "Imitation of Christ" is in the hands of every one, and has been translated into nearly all civilised languages, the other works of the B. Thomas à Kempis should have been wholly neglected. The disputed authorship of that golden little book, may, possibly, have had some share in producing this apathy ; but such as have had an opportunity of being acquainted with those that have been neglected, will doubtless agree with us, and the translator of the volume now before us, that there is assuredly no just cause for their having been left to slumber unnoticed, or forgotten in the libraries of a few. For our part, we think there is internal evidence sufficient to show, we had almost said to prove, that the author of the one and of the other was identical. The same spirit of devout reverence, humility, affection, and earnestness ; the same retired, ascetic, and monastic air ; the same high spiritual knowledge, evidently learned by experience of the human heart ; and the same simplicity of sentiment, are conveyed in similar idioms, in a frequent repetition of the same thought or idea, in similar language and peculiar turns of expression ; and these, too, in a frequent recurrence, doubtless of barbarous words, and in most unclassical Latinity ; but through the rough surface of which, in every page of both, the bright glancing of the rich ore within is continually forcing its way.

"Perhaps there is no writer," we quote the translator's preface, "whose name is more loved by the devout Christian than that of the B. THOMAS A KEMPIS. His matchless work the 'IMITATION OF CHRIST,' has had countless readers of every age and sex, and such are the charms of its simplicity, that it is equally dear and acceptable to the taste of all ; for he that has read and loved it in his youth, returns to it again, even to old age, with renewed zest and greater relish, proportionately as he may have profited the more by its previous perusal. In the closet, as in the Church, it has been the key-note, as it were, of many a sweet song that has been sung in the silent Soliloquy of the Soul to God's holy praise ; it has been the grains of incense flung on the fire of the

heart, whence much sweet perfume has been gathered by recording angels, to be poured out by them, from golden vials, before the throne of God. And who can tell how many desires of hope, how many aspirations of love, that little work may not have begat in the souls of that countless multitude who surround the Sponsal city of the Bride.

“But while the ‘Imitation’ is, as it were, a record of familiar and household words, the other works of the B. THOMAS A KEMPIS have been in a measure neglected, or known only to a few. But such as have had this opportunity can well testify, that the hand that wrote the one, is assuredly to be traced in the devout heart that conceived the others; for through all his miscellaneous works (and they are numerous), the same devout simplicity, warm heart, holy hope, and humble reverence, are as distinctly marked, as is the broad seal of Catholic approval, which attests that these are to be found so plenteously in his inimitable ‘Imitation of Christ.’”

Fully agreeing with these sentiments, we think this a well-timed publication, and knowing as we do the treasures that are to be found in the numerous treatises of a Kempis, we sincerely hope that it will meet with such encouragement as to secure the continuance of the series. The SOLILOQUY OF THE SOUL, which lies before us, is an entirely new translation, and we are glad to attest that it is faithfully rendered, without circumlocution or straining after effect, but in that judicious straight-forward language which alone is suitable to convey the beautiful simplicity of the thoughts of the original. As may be divined from the title, the Soliloquy of the Soul is the familiar communing of the soul with her God in the secret of a deep heart. The variations, so to speak, which are modulated from this divine air, are numerous and delightful, and though simple, yet most beautiful, and often rising to a high pitch of sublime composition; but at the same time told so artlessly, that it is within the compass of the most simple to receive and comprehend all. As the translator says well, “Throughout we ever seem to hear the language of the heart enlightened by God’s holy grace, refulfilling that happy time, when like Adam walking in the Paradise of innocence, his descendants now hold sweet communion with their God in the serenity and silence of the heart, under the goodlier shades of the Church, which grow thick and verdant round that better tree of life, the Rood of our sweet JESU. There is a breath of the Sanctuary about this little work, which is most especially pleasing; a serenity of devotion, which in these more unhappy days of jarring controversy is most sweetly refreshing; and a plaintive sorrow, that mourns like a dove for its absent mate, that is most inexpressibly touching.”

In proof of these remarks, in which we cordially agree, we shall select a few passages, taken almost at random, as samples of what the reader may expect to find in almost every page.

“ Moreover, I (THE SPOUSE) spoke these things to the loving soul :

“ I will hide my face from her for a little while.—I will leave her for a moment, that I may see whether she loveth me purely. It is a great thing to love purely ; because this is to love me, not on account of herself, nor for the sake of any temporal advantage, or spiritual consolation, but solely for my own sake, and herself finally for the love of me, and that not from anything she can hope for from me.

“ It is not the lot of all so to love me ; but this prerogative of love belongs solely to the most perfect soul ; but that which is still imperfect has need of frequent probation and exercise, that so she may know how much she loves me, and whether her love reaches to self-contempt. For thou hast said in thy heart, *In very deed I love* : and again and again you repeat, *I love*. But I trust not in words or in thoughts only ; for, in truth, I will try thee.

4. “ When I am present with thee, and speak fair words unto thee—when I grant thee the grace of devotion, or increase my gifts in thee ; when I bring nothing but what runs smooth, or for the most part pleasant, then you say, *My beloved, I love thee* ! And thou dost well in so speaking ; for I am indeed most worthy of thy love, and all things that can be said of me lovely and sweet, are worthy of everlasting praise. But if in receiving good things only you love and praise me, what great thing is this ? ‘ For sinners also do this.’ (St. Luc. vi. 33.) Yea, often they praise me when they receive what they wickedly covet. But ‘ praise is not seemly in the mouth of a sinner.’ (Eccles. xv. 9.) He, therefore, that loveth me for the sake of the reward or the consolation, what does he more than the covetous worldling ?

“ Arise, arise, ascend unto perfection ; be ashamed of thy weakness and cal-low state ; learn to feed on strong meat, and to feed no more upon the milk of babes. Pass over into the number of the mighty men of David, that take hold of the spear, and the sword, and the shield. ‘ Take up your cross and follow me.’ (St. Matth. xvi. 24.) Haste thee, to be numbered amongst those who for my sake learn to endure divers tribulations, and many kinds of privations.

“ Too much art thou inclined for consolation ; therefore I would prove thee, and bend thee to another side, that so thou mayest experience what thou art able to suffer, lest thou seem in thine own eyes innocent and holy. I will send upon thee tribulation, and wrath, and indignation ; and I will let loose evil angels upon thee, and some shall take from thee such things as are thine ; and some shall deny thee such as thou needest. Some shall detract thee, some shall resist thee to thy face. Some shall lay on thee a heavy yoke, and some shall lead thee whither thou wouldest not. Some shall afflict thee from within, and some from without ; and some shall be preferred to rank and honours ;

while thou shalt be left to contumely and labour. In all these, and more than these, thou shalt be tried like a mighty wrestler. I will retire, yet will I not dismiss thee, till I have proved thee diligently whether thou wilt bless me to my face; and if thou love me with all thy heart, and on every occasion bless my name, then art thou worthy to be henceforth called my Spouse, and to be admitted into my secret chamber.

“But if still thou art not able to bear my rod, and still thinkest my discipline not so very lovely; if still thou mournest over my many days’ absence, which thou seekest so sedulously and so lovingly, I will send thee my staff that thou mayest arise; and I will come to thee after that, and I will raise thee up to thy former grace. For I would not have thee faint altogether; for the soul that loveth me I also love. And if thou lovest not yet perfectly, yet I despise thee not as being a little one; but I will take care that thou mayest grow. For my care towards thee is, that it may be well with thee; wherefore, I would not that thou shouldst mistrust me.

5. “I know, indeed, how much thou art able to bear; and therefore I temper my changes, lest thou be tempted above what thou art able to bear, and fall away; and if I should tarry, wait still for me, and abide the day of my visitation; for coming I will come, and will make good my promise. But do thou meanwhile bow down in prayer, apply thyself to holy reading; and in all things be patient and long-suffering. For I am not ignorant that, during mine absence, thou hast been in sorrow; but yet it pleases me not that thou should so soon be discouraged, and abandon hope, as if I would not return. Where is thy faith? Verily, thou hast need of much faith on this very ground; for though thou seest me not, thou art seen by me, to whom thou oughtest to trust thyself and all that thou hast. For though thou know not my judgments, yet the language of firm faith still is, that *whatsoever God disposeth or worketh, all is good*. I tell thee, then, for thy consolation, that ‘this sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God.’ (St. John xj. 4.) I have taken thy desire from thee, that I might prove thy faith and thy love; and all these things I have done that thou mightest know more clearly thine own weakness, and understand my goodness more. Thou knowest not thyself so well as I know thee. I know both thee and all things, both now, in time, and in eternity. Acknowledge, then, what it is that cometh unto thee from me; see how poor thou art of thyself—if at any time thou art forsaken of me, thou hast not yet gone far enough in the knowledge of thyself; and because it is good for thee to know this, I would have thee learn it by experience.

“It is good for thee at times to be desolate, and afflicted, and humbled, that so thou mayest feel more palpably thine own infirmity. This I know will bring thee to greater perfection; and if thereby thou become more prudent and careful in every particular, what hast thou lost? For the most part thou art too presumptuous—too ignorant of thyself, and thinkest thou hast the good which thou hast not.

6. “Thou art deceived by self-love, and thou abusest the gift, while thou

thinkest not of the giver. I have inebriated thee; but thou hast forgotten the while that the cluster came from my vine. Try now thyself, and own what strength thou hast. If what thou had were from thyself, why dost thou not still keep it? But if thou couldst not retain it, acknowledge that thou hast received it from above. Ascribe, then, the honour to my grace, and confess, that without me thou canst do nothing. Reflect how needful I am unto thee—how sufficient and only powerful to confirm thee in all good. Where were ye when I called thee, but in thy sins? and now where art thou but whither I have led thee?—yea, when was it ever well with thee without me?

7. "And I said, never, sweet Lord; thou art my one, mine only one, and my Beloved, most faithful in all, and before all.

"And wherefore, then, have thy thoughts left the right path, to wander after strange lovers? What displeased thee in me? was it my glory, or my beauty?

"Verily, O Lord, there is none like unto thee in beauty, and in glory, in riches, and power, nor such an one in heaven or in earth! For thou alone art the Most High, above every creature! 'Thine are the heavens, and thine is the earth; the world and the fulness thereof thou hast founded.' (Ps. lxxxviii. 12.) Much thou hast given to thy creatures, in whom thy great beauty, wisdom, and goodness shine forth; but yet as nothing in comparison with thy beatific and glorious presence. I have now learned from experience, how bitter a thing it is for me to have left thee but for one hour."—p. 161-169.

Though our space be limited, we would fain give the following chapter complete, it is entitled:—

"ON LONGING FOR A HAPPY DEATH.

"*Spes mea, Domine, a juventute meâ.*"—Ps. lxx. 5.

Thou art my hope, O Lord, from my youth.

"In this hope, I fly unto thee, when my last hour, and the time of my dissolution shall come.

"Oh! that I were so well prepared, that I might die in the hope of grace!

"Oh, that, by a happy passage, I might close my last day, and lay aside the burden of this flesh! What perils and fears should I then escape!

"Happy is he whom thou hast chosen, and taken unto thyself; who, having put off the body, passes out of this world unto his Father—from exile to a kingdom—from prison to a palace—from darkness unto light—from death unto life—from danger to security—from labour unto rest—and from every misery to eternal bliss! Happy is the soul that now inherits its reward, and rejoices in thee, the Lord his God!

"But, 'woe is me that my sojourning is prolonged' (Ps. cxix. 5) until now! How graciously and mercifully hadst thou dealt with me, hadst thou sooner called me hence, and suffered me to come unto thee, 'that where thou art, I also may be.' (St. John xiv. 3.) Ah! hadst thou called me earlier out of this

world, before I knew its defilements, and when I was afraid of sinning even in small things, how much good hadst thou done to me thereby! But now, the longer I live, the farther I wander away from thee, and have offended thee in many things.

"2. Woe is me! what have I done! I have followed the passions of the flesh—I have been allured by vanities—I have deserted virtue—I have not watched over mine innocence—I have added evil unto evil—and, alas! I have experienced what I have read—'Woe to my soul, because of evils?' (Is. iii. 9)

"Sluggish and late I returned to thee. Slowly I began; and in my return I hastened not—in my progress I was not fervent—in my fervour I encreased not; and, what is still worse, I have cooled from my first fervour.

"Hence I have often feared to die, because my conscience oppressed me, for that I had not lived as I ought to have done. Nevertheless, on account of the dangers of temptations, and lest 'my last error should be worse than the first' (St. Matth. xii. 45), I have frequently wished even for death; and I said, Oh, that I might die in a state of grace, that I might not be afflicted with so many evils on earth! And, oh, that God would vouchsafe to take me seasonably away, and put an end to all my labours—how happy should it then be for me! But all things, O Lord, are according to thy will. If thou wilt that it should be as I ask, it shall be done forthwith; but if otherwise, 'thy will be done.'

"Thus do I pour forth my desire before thee, and the calamity which I endure, not as to one who knows it not already, but only that, by so speaking, I may bring some refreshment to my soul.

"I know that I am not yet well prepared, for my conscience has yet much to be afraid of; and what marvel is it that I, a sinner, should fear, when many even of the holy fathers have been afraid, since thy judgments are not as our judgments!

"But how shall I prepare myself? It were well, indeed, if I were better prepared against that day, seeing I know not when it shall be, this day or the morrow. I will then strengthen my resolution; I will bewail my past neglect; I will offer myself wholly up to thee, and commit myself for ever unto thy mercy.

"All my works stand before thy mercy, O Lord my Lord, and none have any merit of mine, but through thy infinite goodness and wondrous mercy. And this is all my hope and my trust.

3. "But how is it with the pure and spotless conscience? What saith the chaste and devout soul?

"She saith, 'Come, Lord Jesu' (Apoc. xxii. 22), come and delay not thy coming. Unloose my fetters; break my bonds asunder; bring me out of my prison-house, out of the pit of misery and the miry clay. Waiting, I have waited for thee. Give ear unto me, and hear me. Leave me no longer for ever in this world. Let it suffice that hitherto I have striven—that so long I

have been exiled from thee—that I have not been worthy to enjoy thy presence, or to contemplate thee face to face. Now, at length, grant me the fruition of that joy so long desired—that joy which shall know no end—which no weariness shall ever overcloud. O, show me thy face—that face which the angels ever look upon; and let thy voice sound in mine ears, even that voice which they hear for ever and ever.

“Come, Lord Jesu, and take me out of a strange land. Call thine abject to his native country, and restore me, who have fallen, to my former high degree. Come, sweet Redeemer, and make me partaker of thy eternal glory. It is time that I should return to thee; it is time that thou shouldst commit my body to the dust, of which it was formed. It matters not where this body be cast, or how it is treated, so that the spirit be safe, and come to thee. May my spirit, which I commend into thy hands, be well with thee; but may my body rest in hope, to be raised again at the last day; for wheresoever it be laid, it cannot be removed or hid from thee.

“O, take me, then, from among men, and unite me to the fellowship of thy saints. I am weary of this temporal life, and have no pleasure but in the day of eternal brightness. Let not the old serpent oppose me in my going out from Egypt. Let not the enemy bark at me in the gates. Let not his image terrify me on the earth, nor the horror of death disturb me; but let thy holy Angels assist me by their faith, help me by their power, protect me by their strength, receive me in their love and gentleness, and lead my soul in triumph to the heavenly paradise. And may the glorious Mother of God, the Virgin Mary, and all the assembly of heaven, be with me, to help me.

“And do thou also, holy Jesu, most excellent and sweet Jesu, grant to me the joy of thy countenance, and cast me not out from the number of thy beloved saints; but remember, O Son of God, that thou hast redeemed me from the enemy by thy precious blood. O, by thy mercy and goodness, receive me into glory; for, ‘with desire I have desired to eat this Pasch with Thee.’ (St. Luke xxii. 15.)

“O, happy day of my desired reward! Welcome, blest hour of my departure hence. How long have I desired that day, and kept mine eyes fixed thereon!

“What harm can the tribulations and distress of this world do unto me! How light the contempt, and labour, and humiliation endured for thy name! Thou wert life unto me, but now to die is gain, that I may dwell with thee, which is far better, in thy kingdom.

“To thee be praise and glory, who art the life of the living, the hope of the dying, the salvation and rest of all who come unto thee!” (pp. 47-55).

We had nearly overlooked the *getting up* of the little volume before us; a culpable oversight unquestionably, for it deserves not only notice but praise. It is quite a gem; and the typography, which is excellent, reflects great credit on the printer: for with common materials,—for

there are no out of the way illustrations,—and simply by good taste in doing what we believe is technically termed *placing* the page, a very pleasing effect has been produced, thus proving that it is not a whit more expensive to do a thing well and neatly, than it is to do the same slovenly and ill.

Hymns translated from the Parisian Breviary. By the Author of "The Cathedral." 18mo. London: Rivingtons, 1842.

THIS is a translation of the Hymns of the Parisian Breviary, by the author of "The Cathedral," "The Baptistery," &c. lately well known to the public, as the unsuccessful candidate for the chair of poetry at Oxford.

We have derived much satisfaction on several occasions, from seeing the talents of learned and pious men among our separated brethren, employed in translating the hymns and other portions of our holy offices. Apart from the pleasure we feel in reading these sacred strains in our native tongue, we look on the respect which is shown for Catholic practices and devotions as one of the many signs which daily occur to confirm the hope we have long entertained, that we shall yet see the day, when this fair portion of the flock of Christ shall be reunited to the one fold of the true shepherd.

Before we proceed to examine the translation, it may not be uninteresting to our readers, if we give a short account of these hymns and their authors; and the occasion of their being inserted in the Parisian breviary, in place of the more ancient hymns of the Roman liturgy.

Towards the close of the seventeenth century, it was proposed to establish uniformity in the French breviary, in which considerable variations existed. Accordingly, a new edition was published at Paris in the year 1680, under the auspices, and with the sanction, of François de Harlay, the archbishop of Paris.

It is not our purpose to enter upon the subject of the unhappy commotions and divisions which, at that period, agitated and afflicted the Church in France. It is the province of the historian to preserve the memory of these unfortunate occurrences, and to hand them down to posterity for their instruction and admonition. For our parts, we would rather exclaim with the poet,

"Excidat illa dies ævo nec postera credant
Sæcula."

To resume our subject, the archbishop, and those who assisted him in this revision of the breviary, instead of making that of Rome their standard, made very considerable alterations, which seem principally to have tended to diminish the honour paid to the Saints, and to the Blessed Virgin in particular, and to substitute for the obedience due to the sovereign Pontiff, a mere respect and precedence. The lessons and homilies of the breviary were curtailed and altered ; and a great number of new hymns, by living authors, were inserted in place of those of St. Gregory, St. Ambrose, St. Prudentius, and St. Thomas Aquinas. The hymns inserted in this first revision of the breviary were, for the most part, composed by Jean Baptiste Santeuil, canon of St. Victor, and Guillaume de la Brunetiere, bishop of Saintes.

J. B. Santeuil was born in Paris in 1630, and was educated at the college of the Jesuits, under the learned P. Cossart, who predicted the eminence which his pupil afterwards attained as a Latin poet. He was on terms of intimacy with Bossuet, Boileau, and the other celebrated men of his age. Boileau has left a severe epigram, in which he ridicules the extravagance of his demeanour whilst reciting his hymns, by comparing him to the devil, compelled, against his will, to sing the praises of the saints.* Bossuet having exacted a promise from him that his muse should, in future, be devoted to sacred themes alone, was much displeased at his violating this engagement by writing a fanciful poem on gardening, in which he introduced the heathen deities. Our poet, to atone for this breach of faith, inscribed a deprecatory epistle to the bishop, in verse, which is still extant. He is represented, in the vignette title-page, as doing penance in the porch of the Church of Meaux, with a cord round his neck, and a lighted taper in his hand. His death, which took place in 1697, was occasioned by drinking freely of wine, into which his companions, in a foolish frolic, had emptied a quantity of snuff. He is buried in the abbey of St. Victor, with the following epitaph : “ Hic jacet J. B. Santeuil, qui hymnos, piis æque ac politis versibus, in usum Ecclesiæ concinnavit.”

* “ Quand j'aperçois sous ce portique
Ce moine au regard fanatique,
Lisant ses vers audacieux,
Faits pour les habitans des cieux,
Ouvrir une bouche effroyable,
S'agiter, se tordre les mains ;
Il me semble en lui voir le diable,
Que Dieu force à louer les saints.”

EPIGR. XVI.

Such different accounts of Santeuil have been given, that it is difficult to ascertain his real character. His Latin poetry, of which his hymns were only a portion, is characterized by an elevation of sentiment, and vigour of expression, which may compete with any modern Latin poet.

Guillaume de la Brunetiere, bishop of Saintes, in the archdiocese of Bordeaux, was made bishop in 1677, and died in 1702. He was the author of a considerable number of hymns in this breviary.

A further revision of the breviary took place in 1740, under Vintimile, archbishop of Paris, when further alterations were made, more ancient hymns expunged, and new ones inserted, by Charles Coffin, Rector of the University of Paris, who died at Paris in 1749.

Coffin's hymns are distinguished by a happy adaptation of the words and ideas of Scripture; and though perhaps not equal to those of Santeuil, in sublimity of diction, are written in a style of devotional simplicity, much more suited to this species of composition.

The translation of the collection now before us is in an easy and elegant style of verse, of various metre. On carefully comparing it with the original, it appears to us to be executed with considerable fidelity, as far as the superior conciseness of the Latin will allow. We may here observe that, if the author had more frequently proportioned the length of the verse and stanza of his translation to those of the original, he would have been able to express more distinctly the force of each word, without at all impairing the elegance of his diction. For instance, the most common metre in use among these authors—the Iambic Dimeter—in stanzas of four lines, is translated sometimes, for the sake of variety, by an equal number of feet in English stanzas of three lines; and the consequence is the omission of many epithets and words, which contribute much to the force and beauty of the original. In those cases where the author has adapted his metre to that of the hymn he is translating, he has been much more successful in his version.

Some few marked deviations from the original occur, which the author states in his preface were intentional, and made, in consequence of the text in those places appearing to him not quite agreeable to the doctrines of his Church. The hymns in which these deviations are made are, he informs us, those on the subject of the blessed Eucharist, the "*Remains of the Dead*," and the Blessed Virgin Mary.

On the first of these subjects, whatever we may have thought of the other two, we had hoped that our author would not have had any

material disagreement with us. How far we have been disappointed, will be seen by an examination of his version of the *Pange lingua*. This hymn is translated in the same metre as the original, and would appear, at first sight, to be closely rendered. On coming, however, to the third stanza, we find the following lines added, which have no place in the original :

“ A memorial of his dying
Hence to be unto all lands.”

In the fourth stanza, the words “ to our receiving ” seem to us redundant,* and meaning more than is expressed in the original :

“ Verbum caro panem verum
Verbo carnem efficit.”

Again, in the fifth stanza :

“ Et antiquum documentum
Novo cedat ritui.”

Is rendered by

“ Which to ancient types agreeing
To the latest time is sent.”

The meaning is rather—“The ancient precept gives place to a new and nobler rite.”

Of the hymns on the “ Remains of the Dead,” as they are somewhat oddly termed in the preface, there are only two,—the *Dies Iræ*, and the hymn on the octave of All Saints, *Vos O unanimes*. The former of these is well translated. In the latter, a short petition, for the intercession of the saints, has alarmed the un-Catholic ears of our author, and has been carefully omitted.

This expression, “ The remains of the Dead,” cannot fail to impress the contrast between Catholic and Protestant doctrine, on this head, upon the minds of such of our readers, as have witnessed the funeral services of both Churches.

In the Catholic Church, how consoling the reflection, that whilst we strew the consecrated earth over the remains of those we loved, our prayers ascend in unison with those of the Church, both militant and

* Namely, as necessarily excluding the possibility of an unworthy recipient, and, consequently that of any sacrilege. This is assuredly agreeable to such as own only a spiritual presence in the Most B. Eucharist ; but wholly at variance with Catholic truth.

triumphant, to the throne of GOD, for pardon and peace to their immortal souls. On the other hand, cold and cheerless as the clay which covers their mournful graves, are, the service which consists of admonitions to the living, and the doctrine which teaches that all sympathy between us and the souls of our deceased friends and fellow-Christians, is broken by the pitiless stroke of death. Rightly may the one service be called that of the Faithful departed, and the other that of the "Remains of the Dead."

In the hymns of the Blessed Virgin, also, great omissions are observable, for though he has translated those portions of them which sing the praises and celebrate the virtues of the Mother of GOD, he has carefully omitted every petition to her for her intercession. For instance, the following stanza of the beautiful hymn, *Pulsum supernis sedibus*, by Santeuil, of the Matins of the Annunciation :

" Et tu tuorum sis memor
Quæ dum modesto pectore
Te dicis ancillam Dei
Regina mundi diceris :"

and again, the second stanza of the hymn *Vos sancti proceres*, by the same author, in the Complin of All Saints, are totally excluded from the translation.

Passing over a few minor inaccuracies of diction, unavoidable in translating so many poems, we proceed to the more pleasing duty of laying before our readers a few favourable specimens of the style of these hymns; from which our limits will allow us but a short extract. The following hymn, *Fumant Sabæis templa vaporibus*, by Santeuil, in the matins of Candlemas-day, cannot fail to be admired. The subject is the presentation of our Lord in the temple.

" Sweet incense breathes around,
The coming Lord to greet;
And Sion, through her sacred bound,
Awakes, her God to meet.
Arise ye, then, ye wakeful quires,
And early light your altar-fires !

" Let Faith, with glistening eye,
Trim up her torch so bright;
And flame-encircled charity
Breathe out her glowing light :
And white-robed Innocence be there,
To pour its sweetest incense-prayer.

“ Why love to linger here—
 These guilty days prolong ?
 More blessed far yon dying seer ;
 Be our's his parting song !
 And He, whom here by faith we see,
 Shall our eternal portion be.

“ To God the Father, Son,
 And Spirit, glory be ;
 To the eternal Three in One,
 To all eternity !
 Blessed Trinity, to Thee we raise
 • Our joyous hearts in ceaseless praise.”

There is a pleasing simplicity in the following *morceau*, *Ut sol decoro lumine*, which we think is perfectly beautiful. It is as a string of pearls :—

“ As the sun
 O'er misty shrouds,
 When he walks
 Upon the clouds ;

“ Or as when
 The moon doth rise,
 And refreshes
 All the skies ;

“ Or as when
 The lily flower
 Stands amid
 The vernal bower ;

“ Or the water's
 Glassy face
 Doth reflect
 The starry space ;

“ Thus above
 All mothers' shone
 The mother of
 The Blessed One.”

Some of our observations in the foregoing pages may appear hypercritical, especially those on the *Pange lingua*, but we are of opinion, that the hymns and prayers of the Church cannot be rendered with too severe and scrupulous accuracy. How well this may be done will be

seen by referring to the *Lyra Ecclesiastica*,* a little work which, in our former Series, we introduced to our readers.

We there see the ancient hymns of the Church rendered into English verse, having the same rhyme, and the same metre as the original, and the signification of each word exactly given, without the least addition or omission.

We hope that the same master-hand will again ere long strike the chords of the *Lyra Ecclesiastica*, whose music cannot fail to be pleasing to a Catholic ear, when the original and translation are both prompted by true Catholic fervour and feeling.

We cannot conclude our notice of this book, without expressing our regret, that the author should have thought it necessary to make the alterations and omissions which we have noticed above; and which destroy the completeness of his work, and impair its utility as a book of devotion.

We would also recommend to future translators the Roman instead of the Parisian breviary. We do not mean to retract the praise which we have justly given to the hymns of the French breviary; but much of their merit, in our eyes, is diminished by the circumstances, that their principal author was a worldly man, and lukewarm monk; that they were introduced into the service of the Church, in a spirit of innovation, and to say the least under very suspicious auspices.

However exalted the ideas, or elegant the language, of these hymns, they are far inferior to the hallowed strains of the ancient Fathers and sages of the Church, in whose pages alone it is that we find that inspiration, second only to the psalms and canticles of the Holy Scripture, which makes them more adapted for prayer, than the most finished compositions of—we say it with a sigh—professional poets; instead of those who

“Deo pleni, tacitâ quem mente colebant
Fuderunt dignas adytis e pectore voces.”

F. M. C.

* *Lyra Ecclesiastica*, or a Collection of Ancient and Godly Latin Hymns, with an English Translation in corresponding metre, by A. D. Wackerbarth, A.B. J. Bohn, London, 1842.

ANE ORATIOUNE SET FURTH BE MASTER QUINTIN
KENNEDY, COMMENDATEUR OF CORSERAGUELL,
YE ZEIR OF GODE, 1561.

QUENTIN KENNEDY, the last abbot or commendator of Crossraguel, is famous for his disputation with John Knox, the bold and unscrupulous reformer, by whose influence, and that of a most corrupt nobility, the people of Scotland were led to abandon the faith of St. Margaret, St. Columb, St. Ninian, and St. Mungo (Kentigern), and to embrace instead the pestilent heresy of Calvin. He was the second son of Gilbert, Earl of Cassilis, and Isabel, daughter of Archibald, Earl of Argyre;—and is described as a man of great piety and austerity of life and conversation; of considerable learning; and so zealous and forward a defender of the Catholic faith, at a time when most of all defence was needful, that he seems to have escaped the vengeance of the dominant party only through the powerful protection and influence of his nephew the Earl of Cassilis.* He died in the odour of sanctity, in the year 1564.

“His Disputation with John Knox (reprinted Edinburgh, 1811), gives no mean proof of the abbot’s skill and scholastic acquirements, who for three days defended his cause, though in homely language compared with the more refined style of his opponent, against the declamatory eloquence and keen arguments of so shrewd and able an antagonist. This *tri-dial* and nugatory conflict, left, as might be expected, a doubtful claim to victory in the eyes of their respective partizans. Conæus exults, and tells us, ‘Et Quintinius Kennedus, Cassilii Comititis frater, non genere quam virtute illustrior, totos tres dies cum eodem apostata, in magnâ hominum concione de religione disputans, victum tandem arena cedere coegit.’† And Lesley, Bishop of Ross, while he notices the Disputation, extols the abbot, and adds, ‘Quare Knoxius, ut quam contraxerat disputando ignorantie maculam, scribendo dilueret, disputationem illam suis commentis, nugis, mendaciis interspersam typis excudendam curat. Nam veritatem disputando cum non poterat infringere, eam si cum vitiiis et dicteriis obscurat, egregie docteque se calvinizare putat.’‡ Knox, on his part, triumphantly published the Disputation, with an introductory address, which he terms a Prologue, no less remarkable for force and genius, than coarse jesting on a grave subject, even bordering on indecency. Yet seemingly not quite satisfied that the Prologue and Disputation might suffice, he assailed the abbot in marginal attacks, sometimes intemperate, and

* “Virum non solum nobilitate, sed doctrinâ, virtuteque perinsignem.”—*Leslie de Rebus Gestis Scotorum*, lib. x. p. 540.

† Conæus de Dup. Stat. Religionis apud Scotos.

‡ *Leslæi Hist*

in no instance creditable to him who availed himself of such an opportunity of taking advantage of his antagonist."*

"Kennedy seems to have been well versed in the Fathers, a cart-load of whose writings he is accused of having brought down to Ayr,† to overwhelm Willock in disputation, who, it is said, had also an intimate acquaintance with their writings,‡ and, the Abbot alleges, quoted them falsely, in support of his opinions.§ But this cart-load of authorities was brought in vain : Willock, having waited till ten o'clock in the morning, did not think it expedient to wait longer ;|| and the abbot, on his arrival, not finding him at the place appointed for the disputation, had recourse to the singular expedient of taking a protest by the hands of a notary-public—that the *reasoning* failed on Willock's part,—which was read at the market-cross.¶

"Of the tracts which Kennedy is said to have published, and of which we have a list in Dempster and Mackenzie, I have hitherto seen that only which is entitled *Ane Compendius Tractive*, &c. of which there is a copy in the Advocates' Library, and another in the possession of Bishop Cameron, now of Edinburgh. Ames mentions George Hay's *Confutation of the Abbot of Crossraguell's Masse*, &c. but takes no notice of the Abbot's work ; and I have not been able to learn that there is anywhere preserved a printed copy of it. A MS. of the work is said to be now in the library of the Marquis of Stafford ; and there is, in the Auchinleck Library, a MS. of '*A Dialogue on the Mess between Maister Quintin Kennedy and his brother James* ;' but, whether this be the tract alluded to is doubtful. A copy of Hay's *Confutation*, is now, I believe, in the possession of Richard Heber, Esq. Whether the *Oratioune* which is now offered to the public was ever before printed, is not ascertained : Dempster talks of '*Oratio pro obedientia supremis potestatibus*,' and '*Quærimonia super Knoxii fraude et impietate*.' Something of all this may be found in the *Oratioune* and its *Epistol*. But it appears to be a general attack on the Reformers, and an open challenge to polemical controversy."

The above particulars are taken from the advertisement to the *Ora-*

* That this is but of a piece with the real character of Knox, may be seen by referring to the light which has been recently thrown on this "pestilent preachour" by Mr. Tytler in his admirable *Scottish History*, vol. viii. (*in loco et appendice*) ; where the violence of his conduct and unscrupulous bearing, are so well developed, that it is painful to think that his admirers on the other side of the Tweed should still so tenaciously adhere to old prejudice, and acknowledge as their apostle a heretic of so equivocal a character, to say the least, in the common virtues of humanity ; but, alas ! why should we look for fruits of faith, from the branch that blasphemes it ? and should we not rather pity and deplore his misguided followers, who have been, from infancy trained up in that godless heresy, which he introduced, with such "intollerable blasphematioune fury and wodness ?"

† *Scot's Life of Willock*, p. 62.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 34.

§ *Keith, App.* p. 193. || *Scot's Life of Willock*, p. 66. ¶ *Keith, App.* p. 193.

lioune, privately printed in black letter, by the late Sir Alexander Boswell of Auchinleck, from an original MS. in the Auchinleck library; as very few copies only were thrown off, we think our readers will be pleased to have transferred to our pages the concise reasoning which, though expressed in quaint and homely language, shows the bold energy and godly zeal of one of the last of the Scottish Regulars.*

O Rex Gentium, 1842.

ANE EPISTOL

to the Nobilite and Principalis of the Congregatione.

Havand consideratione of the grete feruour, zele, and desire that your L.L. menis to haif towart the trew understanding and furth-setting of Goddis wourde, I haif schawin gude will (as it hes plesit God to geif me grace) according to my jugement, to oppin and mak patent ane way quharby just tryall in sumpart ma be had of the samin: And that be ane oratione set furth in your fauouris, contrar the railling, ressoning, and doctrine of thais quhilkis ar rackinnit to be chief ministeris and prechouris to the congregatioun; sua* that I be† accusatione of thar wickit and ungodlie doctrine, thrawand‡ the scripture of Almychti God by§ the godlie meynng of the samyn: and thai be the contrar defendand thair doctrine and doingis, your pretense towart the just triall of the trew understanding of Goddis worde ma cum to sum pass; nocht douttande bot it is your L. L. will and mynde that the treuth be tryit afir the maner, rathar nor that Cristin men salbe compellit in thare conscience, but|| other mesour or rasone to ganestand the samin. Gif your L. L. or ony utheris will find falt that I dar be sua balde to impugne or accuse your prechouris and ministeris, because it is thoct odiuss that ony man suld tak the place or personage upon him to be ane accuser, treuly, and ye will be sa gude as diligentlie to mark and consider this our godlie pretense, ye sall persaeue that we do rather cleyth¶ our self with the personage of ane defendar of the treuth nor** accuser of the verite, be rasone, accusatione and inveying aganis all fals and ungodlie doctrine, ma propirlie be callit just defence of the

* He was the last ecclesiastical commendator of Crossraguell; his successor, Allan Stuart, who was roasted by the Earl of Cassilis, for the purpose of extorting a surrender of the revenues of the abbacy, seems to have been a layman.

* So.

† By.

‡ Perverting, twisting.

§ From.

|| Without.

¶ Clothe.

** Than.

verite; quharfra (God willing) for bud nor boist quhill that my tong
 ma steir, I intend nocht to desist; prayand the gude Lord to illu-
 minat your hertis and ouris, with his spreit of verite,
 in sic maner as this our godlie pretense may be
 profitable to your L. L. and all otheris, and
 acceptable to Almychti God, quha of his
 infinite mercie and grace mot
 geif you and me, and
 all Christiane men,
 ever lestande
 lyfe. A-
 men.

ANE ORATIOUNE

in fauouris of all thais of the Congregatione, exhortand thaim
 to aspy how wonderfullie thai ar abusit be thair
 dissaitfull prechouris; set furth be Mas-
 ter Quintine Kennedy, Commen-
 datour of Cosraguell, ye
 yeir of Gode,
 1561.

Attendite a falsis prophetis qui venient ad vos in vestimentis ovium, intrinsicus autem sunt lupi rapaces.—Sti. Matth. vii.

Movit and constranit, nocht onelie be natural affectione throuch tendernes of blude, quhilk is betuix me and diverse noble men of the congregatione, bot rather compellit in my conscience, I haif thocht expedient to bestow and apply the talent and grace quhilk God hes gevin me (gif thair be ony), in sik maner as ma be to the glore of GOD, trew setting furth of his wourd to thais quhilkes ar abusit with fals, wicked, and ungodlie doctrine; specialie in this maist dangerous tyme, quharinto all hereseis apperis to be assemblit and gadderit togidder, as ane arrayt oist,* to invade, oppress, and vtterlie downfling† the trew fayth and religione of Christiane menne, so deirlye cost‡ with the preciuss blude and deth of JHESUS Christ our Saluiour: and to the effect that we ma, be GODDIS grace and fauour, fulfill this our godlie pretense and purpose, shortlie will we call to remembrance ane notable sylogisme (or argument) sett furth be ane famous prechour, callit John Knox, in his sermon aganis the mess, in maner as efter followis.

* Host.

† Overthrow.

‡ Purchased.

All worschipping, honoring, or service inuentit be the brayne of manne in the religion of GOD, without his owne expres commandement, is ydolatrie ; the mess is inventit be the brayne of manne, without ony commandement of GOD, tharfor it is ydolatrie.

Haif pacience, beluiffit brether, in JHEsus Christ, and suffer me to dissiffer and declare this dissagisit syllogisme, and (GOD willing) I sall mak you clerly to understand gif the samin be godlie, properlie, and learnitlie appliit for confirmatione of his purpos, till prove the mess ydolatrie. As to the first part of his syllogisme, quhar he dois affirme all worschipping of GOD inuentit be the brayne of manne without expres command of GOD to be ydolatrie (Gen. iv.), it is als fals as GODDIS wourd is trew ; for quhy did not Abel, Abraham, Noe (Gen. xxii.), and diuerse otheris of the aulde fatheris, (Gen. viii.) inuent meanis and ways to the worschipping of GOD without expres commande of GOD, and wes acceptable to the Lord GOD, as the Aulde Testament techis us ? Did not Cornelius centurio (Acts x.) inlikewise invent meanis and ways to the worschipping of GOD, without expres commande of GOD, quilk wes acceptable to GOD, as the New Testament plainly techis us ? Thus ma we cleirly persave that this wickit syllogisme aboue rehersit is expres aganis the Scripture of Almychti GOD, baythe Aulde Testament and New. Secundlie, to preve his fals and wicket syllogisme, impropirly callis he to remembrance the Scripture of Almychti GOD, quhare mention is maid how King Saule made sacrifice onto GOD of his owne brayne, and wes nocht acceptable to the Lorde GOD. (1 Reg. xiii.) Mark this place of the Scripture, and it salbe easly persavit that it is all wayis impropirly appliit ; for quhy, his syllogisme makis mentione of the worschipping of GOD inuentit be the brayne of manne, without expres commande of GOD ; and this place of Scripture testifeis plainly of the worschipping of GOD inuentit be the brayne of manne, expres contrar to the commande of GOD. And sua may we clearly understand that this first part of his syllogisme differis far fra the testimonie of Scripture, adducit be him for firmatione of the samin ; because thair is ane grete difference betuix the worschipping of GOD inuentit be manne, without expres commande of GOD, and the worschipping of GOD inuentit be manne, express contrar to the commande of GOD ;—the ane may neuer stand with the Scripture ; the other aggreis with the Scripture, bayth Aulde Testament and New, as I haif all reddy declarit. Thridlie, it is to be markit how this testimonie of Scripture, quhare mentione is made how Kyng Saul maid sacrifice onto GOD, is impropirly appliit to preve the mess

ydolatrie, because Saul committit na idolatrie, albeit he werschippit GOD contrar to his commande; for quhy; ydolatrie is to DEFINITIO. ascribe Goddis glore to ony other nor* to GOD himself, or to werschip ony other as GOD; quihilk Saul did nocht because he maid his sacrifice and oblatione to the leving GOD, quharthrouch he committit na idolatrie: quharfar it is manifest, that this testimonie of Scripture is impropirlye appliit for probatioun of ydolatrie. And to be assurit of the samyn, ye sall mark the wourdis of Samuel the prophete, spekande unto Saul: 'Thou art becum ane fule, says Samuel (1 Reg. 13) that hes nocht obseruit the preceptis of the Lord, quihilkis he hes commandit the. Mark how Samuel fand falt with Saul, because that Saul brek the commandement of GOD, and nocht that he committit ydolatrie; for all breking of the commandment of GOD is nocht ydolatrie, bot all ydolatrie is breking of the commandement; quihilk difference this subtile rasonare (apperandlie) hes nocht diligentlie markit; and abeit the Scripture dois affirme (Reg. xv.) that stubbornes is as the wicketnes of ydolatrie, nochttheles stubbornes is nocht ydolatrie. Likewise the Scripture dois call disobedience as is the syn of wichcraft, yit disobedience is nocht wichcraft. Thus ma we persaeue, how menne vnleirnit ar oft tymes dissavit, be the Scripturis falslie appliit. Now do I appele the conscience of all thais of the congregatioun to be equall jugeis, and decern gif this syllogisme aboun rehersi be godlellie, propirlye, and leirnitlie appliit, for confirmatioun of Knox wickit opinioun aganis the blissit sacrifice of the mess. For Christis saik tak hede how miserably ye are dissavit be the dissaitfull doctrine of your devote doctour, of quhome sum of you hes intollerable vane persuasioun, thinkand him to haif the spirit of GOD, as had Peter or Paule. Did euer Peter or Paule steir up seditioun amangis the peple of GOD be fals application of Scripturis, as your doctour hes done, like as I haif all reddy manifestlie and abundantlie provin? Did euer Peter or Paul steir up disobedience be iniurius and blasphemus crying out, but† schame, with oppin chaftis,‡ aganis the magistrates (and that vnderservit) as did your pestilent prechour in plane pulpit cry out, but§ mesour or mercie, in contrar our maist noble and godlie princes, affirmande her Grace (and that falslie and wicketlie) to be nurist and upbrocht in ydolatrie, persuading to all menne ratheir to sched thare blude, nor thai sulde suffer the mess to be sterit vp agane? Lord GOD

* Except.

† Without.

‡ Jaws.

§ Without.

quhat Christiane mannis hart yhe, or quhat luiffing subiect ma with pacience heir this intollerable, bludy, blasphematione, fury, and wodnes ?* (Exod. xxii.) Dois nocht the Scripture plainlie forbid us to blaspheme the magistratis ? Haif pietie,—haif pietie for Christis sake, —haif pietie and commiseration af your avne saulis, and be nocht abusit onne this maner with your dissaitfull windfallin prechoure, nocht know-and quharfra he come nor be quhat ordour.

MIRACULOUS CURE AT PLOMBIERES.

(Abridged from the Account in L'Ami de la Religion.)

A YOUNG female of Plombières in the diocese of St. Dié, had been for seven years afflicted with an illness which had baffled the skill of all the physicians who were consulted. She retained her senses, but had entirely lost the use of her limbs ; and her whole body, with the exception of her head, seemed almost deprived of life. Her sufferings so far increased during the last few days, that she was believed by some to be dead. The Curé of the parish having read of the miraculous cure which took place lately at Nice, instituted a novena in her behalf, with the pious hope that the mercy of God might likewise be manifested in her favour. On the 10th of November, mass was celebrated at the altar of the Blessed Virgin, the same parties again communicating and offering up their prayers for the unfortunate invalid, who received the communion an hour before mass. During its celebration, the prayers were read to her by her attendant. At the elevation, she suddenly sat up in her bed and declared herself cured and free from pain. She afterwards, to the surprise of all present, rose and walked with ease. The whole population flocked to the church to return thanks to God for this signal manifestation of his mercy.

F.

* Madness.

HOMILY OF ST. BEDE THE VENERABLE ON THE GOSPEL FOR THE FEAST OF THE CIRCUMCISION.

GOSPEL—St. Luke ii. 21.—“At that time; after eight days were accomplished that the Child should be circumcised: his name was called JESUS, which was called by the angel, before he was conceived in the womb.”

THE sacred and venerable remembrance of this holy day, the evangelist comprehends, indeed, in few words, but leaves it big with the no small virtue of the heavenly mystery. For, after having related our Lord's nativity (the joys of which the angels extolled with worthy praises; the shepherds celebrated with devout visitation; all who heard thereof marvelled; we, also, in our poor way (*modulo*), and as far as we could, by the Lord's mercy, have done our duty in the suitable solemnities of *masses* and hymns), he subjoins and says; “After eight days were accomplished that THE CHILD should be circumcised; his name was called JESUS, which was called by the angel, before he was conceived in the womb.” Such are the joys that are to be venerated on this day's festival; such is the holy solemnity of this day, such are the most sacred gifts of heavenly mercy which the apostle commends to the hearts of the faithful, when he says; “When the fulness of the time was come, God sent his Son made of a woman, made under the law; that he might redeem those who were under the law; that we might receive the adoption of sons. (Gal. iv. 4, 5.) For, by a great dispensation of mercy, God the Father vouchsafed to send for the redemption of mankind, not an angel, nor an archangel, but his own only begotten Son; whom, since we cannot see in the likeness of his divinity, he, by a marvellous craft of love, provided: that he should come to the view of man, as TRUE MAN, born of a woman, that is, of the substance of his mother's flesh without the help of man; who remaining throughout all, in the divine power and substance which he had, should, at the same time, put on the true weakness of mortal nature, which he had not. And that he might commend the necessary virtue of obedience by a wondrous example, God sent his own Son into the world, made under the law, not that He, who is our only master, law-giver, and judge, owed anything to the law; but that he might help us by his passion, who being placed under the law, could not bear the burthens of the law; and that, by his bounty, he might bring back those from the servile state who were under the law, and, having saved them, bring them, by his grace, into the adoption of sons. Wherefore he underwent the circumcision decreed by the law in the

flesh, though he appeared in the flesh without the least stain of defilement; and he who came in the likeness of sinful flesh, but not in the flesh of sin, refused not the remedy which had been appointed for the cleansing of sinful flesh; as also he would be washed in the waters of baptism, whereby his people of new grace are cleansed from their sins; not constrained by necessity, but submitting to it as an example to us. For you must know, brethren, that circumcision in the law acted as a like help of salutary cure against the wound of original sin, as now baptism is wont to do in the time of revealed grace; saving only, that they could not yet enter into the gate of the heavenly kingdom; till, coming, he should give that benediction, as he foretold, that the God of Gods should be seen in Sion; that they might be comforted with blessed rest, after death, in Abraham's bosom, where, in happy hope, they looked for their entrance into heavenly peace. For He who, by his Gospel, now calls in a fearful, but salutary, voice: "Unless a man be born again of water and the Holy Ghost, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God," (St. John iii. 5), exclaimed in times past by the law, "The male whose flesh of his foreskin shall not be circumcised, that soul shall be destroyed out of his people: because he hath broken my covenant." (Gen. xvii. 14.) That covenant of life, namely, which he had commanded in paradise, which Adam transgressed in his prevarication; in whom all have sinned; and should have perished out of the company of the saints; if he had not brought to them a solitary remedy. Both these means of purification, circumcision namely in the law, and baptism in the Gospel, are set for the taking away of the first prevarication. Now the Son of God coming in the flesh, who drew from Adam the nature of flesh alone, without any contagion of sin; who was conceived of the HOLY GHOST, and born of the Blessed Virgin; and who needed not the gift of regenerating grace; yet did nevertheless submit to both means of purification; being circumcised on the eighth day after his Nativity; and in the thirtieth year of his age, was baptised by John. Yea He himself, the Lord of the Temple, refused not to be offered as the third gift of a salutary host; yea all the several kinds of purification, legal and evangelical, our Lord, who needed them not, despised not to undergo; that He might teach us that as the decrees of the law, consummated in his time were most salutary, He might at the same time show to all the faithful that the remedies of the coming Gospel were in very deed to be faithfully and in every point received by them.

Moreover, on that day of Circumcision, his name was called JESUS

nor is there any other name given on earth wherein we can be saved; whence he says by his prophet and speaking of the multiplying of the Church among the Gentiles; "The Gentiles shall see thy Just one, and all kings thy glorious one, and thou shalt be called by a new name" (that is the Christian name), which the mouth of the Lord shall name." (Isaiah lxii. 2.) Wherefore the child that was born for us, and the son that was given for us, received the name of Jesus, that is of Saviour, as it is interpreted by the angel, when he said; that "He shall save his people from their sins." (St. Math. i. 21.) Wherefore also we undoubtedly believe and hope, that He who saves us from our sins, shall also not omit to save us from the corruptions which flow from sin, yea, and from death itself. Seeing as the Psalmist witnesseth, that "He it is that forgiveth all our iniquities; who healeth all our diseases." (Ps. cii. 3.) For after having forgiven all our iniquities, He shall wholly cure us of our sicknesses, when he shall come in the glory of the resurrection, triumphing over the last enemy death; and that will be our true and plenary Circumcision, when we shall be admitted to the halls of the heavenly kingdom, there to behold the face of our Creator for ever.

But it is necessary, most beloved brethren, in order to obtain this most blessed renovation, that we take care of our first Circumcision and regeneration, that by daily exercise of all virtues we may apply the suitable remedies. We must lay aside our former conversation according to the old man; which is corrupted according to the desires of error; we must be renewed in the spirit of our minds, and put on the new man, which, according to God, is created in justice and holiness. Nor let us suppose that it is enough to circumcise one part of the body. But as the same apostle exhorts elsewhere: "Let us cleanse ourselves from all defilement of the flesh and of the spirit, perfecting sanctification in the fear of God." (1 Cor. vii. 1.) Let us consider the deeds of the apostles; let us look on the protomartyr Stephen, thundering forth that terrible sentence against the Jews who persecuted our Lord; "Ye stiff-necked and uncircumcised in heart and ears, you always resist the HOLY GHOST." (Acts vii. 51.) Wherefore if they were uncircumcised in heart and ears who resisted the HOLY GHOST, there is a circumcision of both heart and ears; and if of these, also of all the external and internal senses of man. For he that looketh on a woman to lust after her; he that is of haughty look; such an one is uncircumcised in his eyes; to such the voice of truth saith: "He that is of God, heareth the words of God, therefore you hear them not because you are not of God." (St. John viii. 47.) They are uncircumcised in ear, uncircum-

cised in tongue, and in their hands : " Whose mouth speaketh vanity, and whose right hand is a right hand of iniquity ;" " Who speak peace with their neighbour, but evils are in their hearts " (Psalm xxvii. 3). " Whose right hand is filled with their gifts." They are uncircumcised in their taste, whom the prophet rebuketh, saying : " Woe to you that rise up early in the morning, to follow drunkenness, and to drink till the evening, to be inflamed with wine." " Woe to you that are mighty to drink wine, and stout men of drunkenness." (Isaiah v. 22.) They are uncircumcised in their senses of smell and touch, who anoint themselves with ointment, and are smeared with various odours ; who follow after the embraces of the harlot, whose couch is strewed with myrrh, and aloe, and cinnamon. They are uncircumcised in their ways, of whom the Psalmist tells : " Destruction and unhappiness is in their ways ; and the way of peace they have not known." (Psalm xiii. 3.) But " he that keepeth his heart with all watchfulness," " who turneth away his eyes that he may not behold iniquity ;" " who hedgeth his ears with thorns " that he may not hear the wicked tongue ; " who tasteth and seeth how sweet the Lord is," " like the happy man who hopeth in him," " who keepeth all his ways, so that he may not offend with his lips." (Ps. *var. locis.*) He whom, " As long as breath remaineth in him, and the spirit of God in his nostrils ; his lips shall not speak iniquity, neither shall his tongue contrive lying ;" (Job xxvii. 3) ; " Who lifteth up his hands to the commandments of God, which he loveth ; (Ps. cxviii.) ; " Who restraineth his feet from every evil way ;" (*Ibid*) ; that he may keep the words of God : Such as these are they who show that they have circumcised all their senses on the rock of spiritual exercise. For we read that circumcision was made by knives made of a sharp stone. (Josue v. 2.) *Christ was that stone.** In the faith, hope, and love of whom, not only in baptism, but in every other action, are the hearts of the good purified. Whom also, this daily circumcision, that is continual purifying of the heart, ceases not on this octave to celebrate, and celebrate as the day of the Lord's resurrection (that is the octave of the first sabbath) ; that as Christ hath arisen from the dead by the glory of THE FATHER ; we also may walk in newness of life, by the blessing of God, who liveth and reigneth for ever and ever, amen !

O Adonai ! 1842.

* "*Petrinis quippe cultris, circumcisionem fieri legimus, Petra erat Christus,*" &c.
—TEXTUS.

HOMILY OF ST. LEO, POPE, FOR THE FESTIVAL OF THE EPIPHANY.

HAVING celebrated the neighbouring Feast of the Nativity, in which the spotless virginity of MARY begat the Saviour of the human race, the venerable festivity of the Epiphany, most beloved, is now come, to give perseverance to our rejoicing ; so that we may be reminded of the recent solemnities that are past, and the strength of our exultation, and fervour of our faith may not grow cold. For this festival concerns the salvation of all men, seeing it is the day on which, in his infancy, the MEDIATOR between GOD and man was made manifest unto the whole world, while as yet he was but in a small country village. For although he had made choice of the nation of Israel, and one family of that nation, from which he should take upon himself the nature of the whole human race, yet he would not conceal the beginning of his birth within the narrow circuit of his mother's habitation ; but presently would have himself acknowledged by all, for whom he vouchsafed to be born.

Wherefore, to three wise men in the East a star of new brightness appeared, more brilliant than the rest, and fairer than the other stars ; so that at once they might turn both their eyes and their minds on beholding it, and forthwith consider, that that could not be without a purport, which was so unwonted. Wherefore, He who gave the sign, gave also the understanding thereof ; and He who gave them understanding to seek, gave them also the means of finding. Accordingly, these three men followed the guidance of that heavenly light, and accompanying the mark of its brightness that went before them with intent contemplation, were led by its splendour to the knowledge of the truth of grace ; even they who, judging by human sense, thought that it signified the birth of a temporal king, and who therefore sought for its fulfilment in the royal city ; though He who had taken upon him the form of a servant, who had come not to judge but to be judged, chose Bethlehem for the place of his Nativity, Jerusalem for his Passion.

Now Herod, hearing that a king of the Jews was born, forthwith filled with suspicion, dreaded a successor ; and while he attempted the death of the author of salvation, smoothed over his designs with false courtesy. How happy had it been for him had he imitated the faith

of the Magi, and turned to religion what he gave to fraud. O blind ungodliness of foolish zeal! how shalt thou, think ye, disturb the divine council by thy wrath? He the Lord, who giveth an eternal kingdom, seeketh not the temporal sovereignty of this world! How thinkest thou to overturn the unchangeable order of appointed things, and to fill their place with thy own deeds? The death of Christ is not for thy time. Must not the Gospel be believed? Must not the kingdom of God be preached? Must not cures be made, and miracles performed? Why, then, dost thou seek to perfect thy crime, when the sole guilt shall rebound against thyself? For all thine endeavour was of none avail against HIM who at His will was born, and by the exercise of His will died.

Then the Magi fulfilled their desire, and led by the star, came to the child JESUS Christ; they adored the WORD in the flesh; wisdom in infancy; strength in weakness; and in very man the Lord of Majesty; and further, that they may manifest the sacred gift of faith and knowledge, which they believe in their hearts, they attest it by their gifts: frankincense they offer to God, myrrh to man, gold to the king, worshipping, namely, the human and divine nature in unity. For what was proper in substance, was not diverse in person.

Now the Magi having returned to their own country, and JESUS having been carried into Egypt by divine admonition, the madness of Herod on being frustrated was kindled exceedingly; so that he commanded all the children of Bethlehem to be slain; and as he knew not the infant whom he feared, he stretched out his hand in a general savageness against all who were of the suspected age. "Sed quos rex impius eximit mundo, Christus inserit cœlo." But those whom the king drove out of the world, Christ grafted into heaven; and to those for whom he had not as yet spent the ransom of his blood, he already gave the dignity of martyrdom.

Raise ye up, therefore, most beloved, faithful souls to the shining grace of everlasting light; and venerating the holy price of your salvation, fix your minds zealously on what has been done for you. Love ye chastity and purity, for Christ was the Son of VIRGINITY. "Refrain yourselves from carnal desires, which war against the soul" (1 Pet. ii. 11), as the blessed Apostle exhorts us. Be ye little ones in malice, seeing that the Lord of Glory made himself like unto us in mortal infancy. Be ye followers of that humility, which the Son of God vouchsafed to teach his disciples. (St. Matt. xi. 29.) Clothe ye yourselves in the virtue of patience, in which you must possess your souls;

for he who is the Redemption of all, is the strength of all. "Mind ye the things that are above, not the things that are upon the earth" (Col. iii. 2). Walk ye constantly in the way of truth and life, and let not earthly things keep ye back; for whom heavenly things are made ready, through JESUS Christ our Lord.

O Radix Jesse, 1842.

NOTE on the above Homily.

An apology is offered for the above translation of this Homily of St. Leo, as it is almost impossible to do it with that justice which the original deserves. We do not know that we have ever met with any passage in the Fathers of the Western Church so perfect; and no translation which we can make can adequately convey the conciseness, classical turn, and elegance of expression of the original. To such as are curious in seeing rich and copious ideas, couched in pithy, elegant, classical, and beautiful language, we beg them to turn to the original of the above, fully persuaded that they will bear us out in our remarks, and not regret that their attention has been so directed.

These words will hold good of nearly all the homilies of St. Leo which we have read; but perhaps in a short compass (suited to our limited space) we could not point out a more perfect specimen than the one above.

THE THIRD OF MAY — A LEGEND OF THE EAST AND OF THE WEST.

PART I.

HERE BEGINNETH THE LEGEND OF THE EAST.

IN the reign of the Emperior Tiberius, there was, not far from Jerusalem, a goodly forest, filled with every sort of tree, both great and small,—comely cedars and fair pomegranates, and box and oak, yea and thorns of great stature, rough and uncouth to behold. And it was said by men of wit and learning, that the same had been planted of old by King David, who, having spoken those mystical words, "Regnavit a ligno DEUS," did collect in one place, nigh unto that capital city of Jewry, every sort of tree, for fulfilment thereof; even as Noah gathered unto the ark all kinds of living creatures. Now this wood was, after the manner of a pleasaunce, well pierced with alleys and paths, so that to it did resort men of contemplation and holy desires, there to meditate in quiet and silence beneath the trees.

It so happened that, on the third day of May of a certain year in the reign of that emperor, while Pontius Pilate was governor at Jerusalem, there went forth a Jew of note towards that wood, as if to study therein. And any one who saw his broad phylacteries and his haughty gait, would straightway conclude that he was of the sect called Pharisees. For he seemed to despise all of the common sort whom he passed by; and while he raised up his eyes towards heaven, every minute he curved down his mouth in contempt at all on earth. But when he had walked some way into the thick of that forest, he suddenly stopped; for he was aware of a venerable old man, whose white beard did adorn a mild and comely countenance, who was seated at the foot of one of those huge thorns which we said above, and was reading attentively the word of God. And so earnest was he in his work, that he took no heed of the other's nigh approach, but continued to read aloud. And the words which he was reading were these: "Et cum iniquis reputatus est." Whereat the Pharisee, marvelling, accosted him in these words: "The God of Israel save thee, most noble Joseph, and keep thee to see the fulfilment of His glorious promises to His people! Truly I knew not of thy being in the holy city; but thought thee still detained at Arimathea." To which the other replied: "The God of our fathers bless thee, Simon! I have come up for the festival, as is my wont, but in sooth somewhat more privately." And they proceeded to discourse as followeth:

Simon.—"Under favour let me observe, that this example from one of thy consideration cannot but do harm: as though thou didst no longer honour holy times and places. But what wonder? when all men mark how the noble Joseph of Arimathea hath become of late a stranger to our councils, although most grave matters touching the safety of our state have been deliberated therein. Many do whisper that thou art become in secret a follower of the new Galilean doctrines."

Joseph.—"I own, Simon, that I have warily abstained from those councils; for their violence, and craftiness, and their worldly-mindedness, like me not. But what thou callest the new Galilean doctrines, do unto me seem rather that whereof it is written: 'De Sion exhibit lex, et verbum Domini de Jerusalem.' Moreover, I do not a little wonder how thou canst reproach me thus, when it hath been said, I hope truly, that thou didst invite the holy man who preacheth those doctrines unto a banquet."

Simon.—"Verily thou dost justly herein reprove me; for others may have been equally mistaken regarding me. True it is that, to

satisfy the curiosity of myself and some friends of our school, I invited him and his disciples to sup with me. But I did well refrain from every mark of outward respect; I saluted him not as he entered, neither did I wash his feet. And then there came in, of a sudden, a woman of iniquity, notorious to all men, who sat her down at his feet, and wept there. And I saw that he was no prophet or man of God, who could thus allow her to approach him."

Joseph.—"Nay, Simon, thou didst surely weep with her, and sue for mercy on her, and love him the more who could be so tender to the sorrowing and afflicted of spirit."

Simon.—"No: rather I loathed and spurned *her*, the wicked and unclean sinner; and from *him* my mind was turned clean away for ever. We just must not defile ourselves with the consort of sinners. And this new taste for publicans, and all that is abject and poor, I like not, even in thee, Joseph; for it hath been noted in thee. Thou hast even been seen reverently to salute some poor fisherman from Galilee. I hate this in the new sect,—that it maketh men forget their own just rank and others', threatens to make the poor regarded, and the rich mean and base. It seemeth, contrary to all good order, to love all that is wretched, and coarse, and vile before God and man. It loveth not ease, nor honour, nor worship, such as is due to holy men; neither coveteth it riches, nor pleasures, which are the lawful inheritance of us who are God's servants. Methinks, Joseph, that to make such a choice as this new law would have, is as contrary to nature and to God's appointed ordinance, as it is in thee to have passed by so many fair and noble trees, to sit beneath this uncomely and barren thorn."

Joseph.—"Nay then, Simon, I will even take thee at thy word. For contemptible and nothing worth as it may seem to thee, I have ever found it most dear and most glorious. I have for time past been drawn towards it by a holy power, and made to love it, by an inward inspiration, far beyond its neighbours. At its foot I have ever found that God's holy law is clearer to my meditations; and many passages therein, which before seemed hard, receive new light. And I doubt not but it is some mystical tree, for poor it may seem, like or beyond the oak of Ephraim, under which an angel sat,* or the juniper in the desert, beneath which Elias was so marvellously fed.† For I have oftentimes heard sung over it a most mysterious hymn, that touched my soul;—and none but angels could have been there."

* Jud. vi. 11.

† 3 Kings xix. 4.

Simon.—"Truly, most noble Joseph, did I not know thy surpassing wit, I should say thou art beside thyself. These new-fangled doctrines have perverted thy better sense. The tree under which we stand is indeed their fitting emblem, and no doubt thou hast chosen it as such. Look, rather, upon that goodly cedar; see how firmly its roots embrace the rock; how round, and straight, and finely-turned its bole; how widely-spreading its boughs; how green its shoots; how lofty and proud its crest; how musical its murmurs; how fragrant its odour! Its wood maketh arks for the tables of the law, and its loppings, perfumed fuel for kindling altars! Such is the true type and semblance of *our* religion;—the planting of God's hand; the watering of his mercies; the pruning of his justice! It hath become a stately tree, strong and beautiful; and nothing remaineth, save that it now stretch its branches to the river, and its suckers to the uttermost bounds of the earth. But thou chooseth, rather, a crooked, and rugged, and thorny plant, barren from its birth; useless to man, or serviceable only for his scorn and punishment,—unlovely and unfruitful; and here, too, blighted and scathed by the lightning of heaven, as though a curse—hush! what is that I hear?"

Joseph.—"Listen, listen! it is the hymn again!"

And sweet voices, as though of angels, sang above them:—

"SILVA TALEM NULLA PROFERT,
FRONDE, FLORE, GERMINE."

Then Simon, in amaze, exclaimed: "What saith that sound? for I understand it not. What language speaketh it?"

To whom Joseph: "In the Roman tongue; and the strain runneth thus:—

"No forest nourisheth a root
That bears such leaf, such bud, such fruit."

Whereupon the Pharisee broke forth into great wrath, and said: "Now surely I may not hold my peace any longer, lest I become hateful to God and man: for herein is both blasphemy against the One, and treachery to the other. What! wilt thou so far forget thyself as to believe that Angels will sing in the language of Rome,—idolatrous and wicked Rome? in the barbarous jargon of the enemies of God's people, their tyrants and oppressors, whom the Messiah will destroy so soon as he cometh, and utterly consume with unsparing vengeance, as he did the Amalekite and the Jebusite of old; and not rather in the divine language of Abraham and Isaias? They are evil spirits, that are striving to cozen thee with their song, and not God's holy ones."

Then did Joseph of Arimathea meekly reply: "Be not angry, learned Rabbi, nor judge me presumptuous, if I boldly say, that I widely differ from thee in this. For nothing hath been more clearly manifested to me, in my study of God's blessed Word, at the foot of this tree, than that the fortunes of the Roman Empire are, in prophecy, connected with the Messiah's Kingdom in a very intimate manner, which we are not yet able fully to comprehend. Our nation hath been more than once cast off. The first temple was splendid and holy; yet it was given up to the enemy, and consumed by fire. What hath been, may again be. It hath been written, and may yet be fulfilled, 'Let fire come out from the thorn, and devour the cedars of Libanus.'* Then should we see who hath chosen the better tree."

Simon, waxing still more wroth, answered: "Now indeed do I fear, lest this new folly should drive thee to extremity, and lead to thy ruin. This I would fain prevent, and reason thee out of its wild fancies. But thou must not be heard by ears less discreet or friendly;—and lo, there be woodmen coming this way, intent upon their craft. Let us walk deeper into the wood."

Thus saying, he took the other by the arm, and they walked forward along an alley. And presently they heard the strokes of the axe, as if felling some large tree; and every stroke seemed to Joseph to beat against his heart, and grieved him, and made him very sad: yet he knew not why. So, after some little time, they still discoursing earnestly together, and his fellow not heeding whither they went, he led him gently round, back to the place whence they had set out. Then was he sore dismayed, and almost sick to death, as he saw that the woodmen were cutting down, with lusty strokes, his dear tree; and, like Jonas, when his ivy withered, he almost wished that his soul could be taken from him. And, on the other hand, Simon was right glad thereat, and cried merrily aloud: "See, see! there goeth altogether thy hope, thy symbol, thy prophetic oracle, thy angels' choir! Now do I accept all thine omens and good auguries of the doctrine which it represents. Thus shall it fall and wither! Nay, now methinks that thy new Master is indeed a true doctor; for he hath said that every tree which beareth not good fruit shall be cut down and cast into the fire."

But Joseph, nothing heeding his foolish words, strove to stay their hands, saying: "Stay, my masters; you know not what you are doing. For this tree is holy to the Lord, and he will revenge it. Who bid you to do this ungodly work?"

* Jud. ix. 15.

Then one of them replied: "Marry, good sir, let us not; for we have been sent here by the lord forester, to take away this tree, as being ungainly and useless; and I can say, moreover, that tougher wood and harder never tried iron. See, it will not break off." So saying he struck thereat with might and main.

And Joseph answered him: "See you not, in that how it is not heaven's will that you should cut it down?" And lo, he heard the voices above again singing their song (but the others, as not worthy, heard them not), as followeth:—

"FLECTE RAMOS ARBOR ALTA
TENZA LAXA VISCERA
ET RIGOR LENTESCIT ILLE
QUEM DEDIT NATIVITAS."

And presently the tree fell; whereat he greatly marvelled, not knowing yet its mystery. Simon then said: "Once more thy hopes are dashed. Behold, now indeed it lieth an useless trunk. If it had been one of those goodly cedars, it would have been good for something,—yea, for most noble uses; and the carver, and wright, and builder might make therefrom many desirable things. But this thy rugged and coarse thorn is only fit for the fire. Is it not so, good forester?"

"Not quite so," rejoined the other; "every wood hath its uses."

"And pray what might be the use of this?" asked Simon.

"Why," answered the woodman, "the likeliest and properest service to which this tree will be put, when it hath had about a year's seasoning, will be, under favour, to make A CROSS FOR SOME MALEFACTOR."

"So," said Simon, again rejoicing, "truer still to the emblem. Nay, look not sad, Joseph, for thus is all come true. Thy new doctrine is not only that of thorns, of sadness, and of abasement, but it is that of the hateful cross, which it telleth men they must needs take upon their shoulders."

But Joseph's heart was now heavy indeed; and he answered not, pondering upon the woodman's words, when lo! again the song sounded to his ears, saying, more sweetly than ever:—

"CRUX FIDELIS INTER OMNES
ARBOR UNA NOBILIS."

Thereupon he started up as one waking out of a maze, and said, speaking to himself: "Surely here lieth a deeper mystery than I can yet comprehend. But I would not be without some memorial of my beloved tree." So saying, he took up a woodman's axe and lopped off a branch therefrom. And where he had cut, there oozed forth a clear drop of juice, like to a gum, which, presently congealing, became as a fair pearl upon the stem.

Nearly a year hath passed away, and that tree is well seasoned; and lo! all Jerusalem is in great commotion and stir, for ever on the festival day of the Passover one is doomed to be crucified. Who now so busy as Simon, in preparing all things for his death, and teaching the people how to shout and call for Barabbas? But Joseph of Arimathea stood afar off. And when he heard the piteous strokes of a hammer at a distance, it reminded him of those strokes of a woodman's axe, which he had heard a year before,—so grievously did they beat upon his soul. And when all was consummated, he went boldly unto Pilate, and craved the body of HIM whom they had crucified, which he gave him. Then placing a ladder against the rood, he mounted up, and straightway he saw upon the head thereof, that precious pearl of its juice, and he was aware that this was indeed his own dear tree; and he reverently kissed it, and stayed to listen to his old song, which was now chaunted in sorrowful voices from above:—

“SOLA DIGNA TU FUISTI
FERRE MUNDI VICTIMAM:
ATQUE PORTUM PRÆPARARE
ARCA MUNDO NAUFRAGO:
QUAM SACER CRUOR PERUNXIT,
FUSUS AGNI PECTORE.”

And now did he well remember THE FINDING OF THE HOLY CROSS, on the third of May, and, for the first time, understood in part the mystery thereof.

And he set a great price upon the branch which he had cut off, and valued it far above all riches and precious stones. But, after a time he went his way, no man knew whither.

HERE ENDETH THE LEGEND OF THE EAST.

PART II.

HERE BEGINNETH THE LEGEND OF THE WEST.

* * * In the same year of our Lord, there appeared upon the coast certain strangers, clothed after a foreign fashion, being seven in number. And no man could tell the manner of their coming, nor how they had sailed, nor where they did land. For no ship was seen near the shore, nor had our fishermen met any at sea. And the chief of them was a grave and venerable old man, and he walked before them bearing a staff which he seemed greatly to prize. For seven times a day he did set it up in the ground, as if it were some ensign, and they kneeling around, sung many psalms and hymns, whereof only one was in the Latin tongue, nor could any one understand their own speech: yet all did reverence them, for they saw that they were holy men, and gentle; neither

molested they any one, nor asked aught from them. And how they lived, or where they found their food no man knew. In this way they journeyed many days, until they came to a place called Glastonbury, where their chief, whose name was Joseph, set his staff in the ground as was his wont; and they prayed and sung around it. When lo! having finished their devotion, and being about to depart, he laid hold of his staff, with intent to pluck it up, but to their great amazement, he could not; for so fast was it set there, that it seemed verily to have taken root. Whereupon he bid them all be of good cheer, for it was God's will that they should there abide. And so, falling to work, they built for themselves some poor cells, and in the midst thereof a fair church: near unto the staff which put forth leaves and grew into a stately thorn-tree, goodly to behold.

Now after some years, Joseph being very old, and drawing nigh to his end, called together his spiritual children, and gave them sundry godly counsels, and ordinances. And among others that they should, on every first day of the month of May, go in procession unto that tree and round about the same, and so continue for three days singing that hymn which he had taught to them; even as the Israelites did round the walls of Jericho, only that here they should in time see better things ensue thereof. For that one day they should see that tree put forth flowers, and then they should open and read a certain parchment, which he delivered to be kept until then, by the Abbot. And so he departed in peace. * * *

It came to pass, that after many generations of holy monks, and when many had begun to be wearied with long expectation, in the year of grace 326, those religious men went according to their custom to visit the thorn-tree, singing their hymn. And behold as they approached, it seemed to them white, as though there had come a hoar-frost thereon, although it was the first day of May, and the air warm. But as they drew nigher, they were aware of a countless multitude of blossoms which covered the whole tree. Whereat they greatly rejoiced. And coming the second day, they found them still more encreased, but not yet opened. Wherefore they kept that day a solemn vigil, praying and fasting. Then returning on the morrow, and again singing their hymn; when they came to those words:

"SYLVA TALEM NULLA PROFERT
FRONDE, FLORE, GERMINÉ,"

all those buds opened at once, and spread a heavenly fragrance through the air: and a choir of Angels was heard to join in that hymn, and sing the same words with them.

Yet did they not understand what this meant, until a palmer from Holy Land came, and related to them, how the good Empress Helena, who was an Englishwoman, had been on pilgrimage to Jerusalem, to find the cross of our Lord : and how on the first day of May she had discovered the place thereof, and on the *third*, taken it up with loving heart and many tears ; all men falling down and worshipping before it their dear Lord who had died thereon : and further, how she had begun to build a stately church for the keeping thereof, and had cut down for this purpose all the tall and goodly cedars which grew in a wood hard by Jerusalem,

Then remembered they the writing which had been kept from the beginning by the Abbots of the monastery, from the time of their first father Joseph of Arimathea, which was now to be opened. Which they having done, read therein, " how that thorn was part of the tree of which the holy rood was made ; and that on the *FINDING*, which should take place of that blessed tree, that thorn should put forth flowers." And furthermore it did declare " that after many years, there should arise in England evil men, enemies to the cross of Christ, who should hold the same in scorn and in hatred, and should hew it down in churches and public places, and should burn its holy relics, and think that they were thereby serving God ; and how these same children of wrath should destroy all godly religious houses, and among them that of Glastonbury, and hang the abbot thereof on a gibbet, even as their Lord was served of the Jews, and England for some hundred years should be in schism and heresy : " which God of His great mercy prevent, or speedily cure ! Amen.

Gentle reader ; peradventure thou wilt ask me, where I found the foregoing legends, in what book or writing, and whether on paper or on parchment, and in what fashion of letters, and what colour of ink ; that so thou mayest judge, whether or no they be worthy of thy belief. And I answer thee that they are nowhere to be found ; save only in the thoughts of one who imagined them on a cold winter's night travel from the discharge of sacred duties ; and they made him forget the rain and the wind which beat upon him, and therewithal an aching head and a heavy heart. And if some shall find fault with him, he will reply that had he invented a foolish tale of Sir Gondibert, or Sir Tristram, men would have seen no cause to blame him for his imaginings. And how many a holy recluse and humble scholar may in ancient times have sought to beguile a long and solitary evening in a little cell, by such harmless devices touching God's saints ! But they who came after them, would fain take them as meant for histories, and gave them the lie, and spoke hardly of those that wrote them, as false deceivers. Alas ! they knew not man !

CORRESPONDENCE RELATIVE TO THE SAINTLY DOMENICA LAZARI OF CAPRIANA.

[We have been favoured with the following letters, which we have much pleasure in laying before our readers; as they contain a complete refutation of the calumnies circulated in this country, by certain sectarian and infidel journals. It is true that the deceitful fowler has already been caught in his own snare, and the original propagator of the scandal, ungraciously enough, at a late hour, acknowledged that the calumnies imputed to the Holy Virgin of the Tyrol have been mere fabrications; but still, the devout reader cannot fail to be interested in the following authentic refutation and further interesting particulars relative to the afflicted, but happy, maiden, Domenica Lazari, whose humility God, in his holy providence, hath vouchsafed to visit, to show forth in her an example of cheer and consolation to all the truly faithful of his blessed household, the Church Catholic.]

*No. 1.—From Signore Giuseppe Barone de Giovanelli, to the Rev.
Giambattista Pagani, St. Mary's College, Oscott.*

Bolzano, December 15th, 1842.

REV. SIR,—I received on the 9th instant, your very kind letter of the 27th of last month, in which you ask me in the name of the Right Rev. Bishop Wiseman, for some accurate information as to the present state of Domenica Lazari of Capriana, by means of which you may authoritatively confute the lying calumnies with which some English Protestant papers have assailed her character. In order to furnish you with an authoritative bonâ fide document, I lost not a moment in obtaining the desired information from the Right Rev. the Prince Bishop of Trent, who is officially cognisant, and that without intermission, of all the circumstances connected with Domenica Lazari. I hasten then to forward to you the enclosed document, begging you to present it to the Right Rev. Dr. Wiseman, and at the same time to assure him of my very deep respect. I beg to add, that Mr. Conelly, who is well known to Dr. Wiseman, and his companion young Mr. Berkeley, on their way to Rome (where they are to spend the winter), were in Bolzano from the 17th to the 19th of November, that they went to see the pious Maria Morl at Caldaro, and that on leaving, they had taken the resolution of also visiting Domenica Lazari at Capriana; one may therefore rely upon

these as ocular witnesses of the latest date for a correct account of all the particulars which they observed.

It will be an act of justice and will conduce to the glory of God, to confront falsehood with the invincible force of truth. On the one hand, God has in His infinite mercy exalted and glorified His Holy Church from its very foundation to the present time, and especially in the days we live in, with so many and such brilliant victories, that our Church would suffer no loss were it possible to involve in some doubt one or other of these innumerable self-evident facts: on the other hand it is a clear and convincing proof of the weakness and malignity of Protestantism, and how on every occasion it resorts to a misrepresentation of facts and to lying fabrications, a dispassioned enquiry into which can produce no other final result to it than a disgraceful and damning exposure.

Hoping soon to be able to pay my respects to you in your own country, and assuring you that it will always give me great pleasure to do you any service, I subscribe myself with profound respect,

Rev. SIR, your most obedient Servant,

(Signed) GIUSEPPE DE GIOVANELLI.

*No. 2.—From the Prince Bishop of Trent, to the Baron
Giuseppe de Giovanelli.*

MOST ILLUSTRIOUS BARON,—From the letter of the Rev. Giambattista Pagani, written by him on the 27th of last month, from the College of Oscott, near Birmingham, and which you were so kind as to send me, I learn with great surprise what gross and impudent falsehoods have lately been circulated in England by a Protestant journal, on the subject of Maria Domenica Lazari, of Capriana; and to further the pious desires of the above-named priest and your own, I lose not a moment in certifying, by these presents, that it is an infamous and barefaced calumny that the case of Maria Domenica Lazari has been acknowledged to be a gross imposture, that the irritated populace had burned down her house, and that she had been punished as she deserved. I can in all truth declare and certify that the whole of this is a pure and unadulterated falsehood. This admirable and suffering maiden is still under the paternal roof, from which she has never moved since those manifestations appeared in her, which have excited so much wonder both at home and abroad. There are now upwards of eight years that she has been confined to her bed by continual suf-

fering, more or less violent, and supporting her painful life, not only with Christian patience and resignation, but even with great joy.

Hitherto, in spite of the closest observations of acute and intelligent persons, secular as well as ecclesiastical (among others, Dr. Leonardo Clock, an experienced and skilful physician), there cannot be found the slightest shadow of a foundation for suspecting any deceit or imposition in the whole case. How many have come, and still come to the bed of her sufferings, been touched at least with compassion, admiration, and respect, and have gone away edified. But few days are elapsed since her spiritual director was here, viz. the Rev. Signor Paolo Depaoli, a discreet and pious priest, who assured me, that this pious maiden was still in the same painful state; that on every Friday, and on other days, the punctures on her forehead (forty and upwards in number), and the stigmata in her hands, feet, and side, emitted warm and fresh blood, though not always in equal quantities; that she was subject to frequent convulsions; that she continued to be extremely sensible to every external impression, except that from the air, as the windows of her apartment are always open, even in the most piercing cold, and that she never takes food of any kind. He added, that D. Lazari was remarkable for deep humility, patience, and resignation, and that in the midst of her incessant sufferings, she turns her heart to God with frequent edifying ejaculations, that she ardently desires the most Holy Eucharist, which is administered to her once a week, and that it is with the greatest joy and delight that she approaches the moment of receiving her Lord in the B. Sacrament.

From these observations, you will perceive that in the pious and virtuous D. Lazari, there has never been the slightest symptom of anything like deceit and imposition; and that all the deceit and imposition is on the side of those who have had the impudent effrontery to invent and publish those atrocious calumnies, to which Dr. Pagani alludes in the letter above-cited.

I gladly, then, give you full authority to forward this letter of mine, to which I affix my seal, to the Rev. Dr. Pagani, to be made use of as he shall think proper, and I do from my heart pray that God may graciously grant success to the truth and with it to the cause of the Catholic religion, to His greater glory, and the sanctification of souls. I have the honour to remain, with all esteem and respect,

Most illustrious Baron,

Trent, Dec. 11th, 1842.

Your most obedient servant,

(Loco sigilli) GIOVANNI, Prince Bishop of Trent.

DECISION OF THE SACRED PENITENTIARY.

[WE have much pleasure in printing the first of an interesting series of Ecclesiastical Documents which can hardly fail to be acceptable to our clerical readers. We hope also to be enabled to continue the like regularly; premising that where recent ones are not to be had, select decisions of the Roman Congregations, which are not much known, shall be substituted in their stead. Ed. C. M.]

*Emo. ac Rmo. Domino, Domino Cardinali Castricane Majori
Pœnitentiario.*

EMINENTISSIME PRINCEPS,

Nonnulli Confessarii in Hibernia ab Eminentia Tua humillime postulant, ut eis benigne declarare digneris, utrum sequens Sacræ Pœnitentiariæ responsio sit authentica, necne? Quare, etc.

En postulatio.

Eminentissime Domine,

Ludovicus Franciscus Augustus, Cardinalis de Rohan Chabot, Archiepiscopus Vesontionensis, doctrinæ sapientiam et unitatem fovere nititur apud omnes Diœcesis suæ, qui curam gerunt animarum: quorum nonnullis impugnantibus ac prohibentibus Theologiam moralem Beati Alphonsi Mariæ de Liguorio, tanquam laxam nimis, periculosam saluti, et sanæ morali contrariam, Sacræ Pœnitentiariæ oraculum requirit, ac ipsi unius Theologiæ Professoris sequentia dubia proponit solvenda:

“1. Utrum Sacræ Theologiæ Professor opiniones quas in sua Theologia morali profitetur Beatus Alphonsus de Liguorio, sequi tuto possit ac profiteri?

“2. An sit inquietandus Confessarius, qui omnes Beati Alphonsi de Liguorio sequitur opiniones in praxi Sacri Pœnitentiæ Tribunalis, hac sola ratione, quod a Sancta Sede Apostolica Nihil in operibus illius censura dignum repertum fuerit?”

Confessarius, de quo in dubio, non legit opera Beati Doctoris nisi ad cognoscendam accurate ejus doctrinam, non perpendens momenta rationesve quibus variæ nituntur opiniones: sed existimat se tuto agere

eo ipso quod doctrinam, quæ *nihil censura dignum* continet, prudenter judicare queat sanam esse, tutam, nec ullatenus sanctitati evangelicæ contrariam.

EN RESPONSIO.

Sacra Pœnitentiaria, perpensis expositis, Reverendissimo in Christo Patri Sanctæ Romanæ Ecclesiæ Cardinali Archiepiscopo Vesontionensi respondendum censuit :

Ad primum Quæsitum, *Affirmative* : quia tamen inde reprehendendi censeantur qui opiniones ab aliis probatis Auctoribus traditas sequuntur.

Ad secundum Quæsitum, *Negative* : habita ratione mentis Sanctæ Sedis circa adprobationem scriptorum Servorum Dei ad effectum Canonizationis.

Datum Romæ in Sacra Pœnitentiaria, die 5 Julii, 1831.

A. F. DE RETZ, Sacræ Pœnitentiariæ Regens.

F. TRICCA, Sacræ Pœnitentiariæ Secretarius.

Concordat cum Originalibus in Tabulario Sacræ Pœnitentiariæ asservatis.

Datum Romæ in Sacra Pœnitentiaria, die 27 Martii, 1841.

Loco † Sigilli.

S. LANCIANI, Sacr. Pœnitentiariæ Secretarius.

The Catholic Magazine.

LIFE OF ST. ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY.



Grace Dieu Manor,
Feast of our most Holy Father St. Erconwald,
Bishop of London, 1842.

To the Editor of the Catholic Magazine.

SIR,—I beg to forward to you a portion of my translation of the second volume of Count Montalembert's admirable "Life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary."

When I bring out a second edition of the first volume, in a size and form more adapted for general circulation, I propose to publish the whole of the second volume along with the first. In the meanwhile, I have thought it might not be uninteresting to your pious Catholic readers to have it, chapter by chapter, in your excellent and truly edifying magazine.

Portions of the original work were so published some years ago by its illustrious author, in the *Université Catholique*—and, with your permission, I would follow his example in the pages of the *Catholic Magazine*.

Let me take this opportunity of saying a word or two on the subject of the translation of the second volume. There are many of your readers, I am well aware, who will cry out against me for publishing such a collection of miracles and visions as it contains; but to such Catholics I would say, be not offended, if one, who is not of your school, declines any regard to its maxims in the choice of what he would publish. For my part, I am not ashamed to be classed amongst the credulous Christians of the primitive and middle ages of the Church; nay, I hold that I can never go far enough in imitating our devout forefathers of those sublime periods. Many will be condemned in the day of judgment for not believing enough; I never heard or read anywhere that any one will be condemned for believing too much. But how can we believe too much, where the goodness and power of the Almighty are in question? A sceptical spirit is not only an un-Christian

one, but it is a very unphilosophical one. We are surrounded by miracles; and the only reason why men do not perceive them is, because they are so sensual, so immersed in eating and drinking, and other carnal pleasures, that the eyes of their soul become deadened to a perception of what is constantly going on in the supernatural order. Let men become stern livers, like our steel-clad ancestors, and they will soon feel - they felt. Oh! there is still a chivalrous soul in Old England; the heart of our Richards and Edwards is not dead in the bosom of their descendants; touch but the right chord, and see how it will vibrate! Oh yes, a voice hath gone forth from the tombs of England's holiest dead, and its sound shall reach even to the ends of the earth. O bright and fair St. Elizabeth, chaste and lovely mother of that royal and Christian line from which England's queen hath the high grace and glory to descend, look down upon us thy poor servants, smile on us from the heavenly court of the King of Kings; do thou pray to that Jesus whom thou didst so tenderly love on earth, to accept our feeble and unworthy labours in translating the life of a Spouse that loved him with a love which assuredly, in the awful garden, was not unforeseen by that suffering Saviour, when an angel from heaven appeared to comfort him!

AMBROSE LISLE PHILLIPPS.

VOL. II.

CHAPTER I.—HOW THAT THE DEAR SAINT ELIZABETH WAS DRIVEN FROM HER CASTLE WITH HER LITTLE CHILDREN, AND REDUCED TO GREAT MISERY; AND OF THE GREAT INGRATITUDE AND CRUELTY OF MEN TOWARDS HER.

"Paupercula, tempestate convulsa, absque ullâ consolatione."—*Isa.* liv. 11.

"Egentes, angustiat, afflicti, quibus dignus non erat mundus."—*Heb.* xi. 37, 38.

"Vidi lacrymas innocentium et neminem consolatorem."—*Eccles.* iv.

A NEW prospect dawns upon us as we approach the second division of the life of St. Elizabeth. She had now reached her twentieth year, and it would seem needful that we announce to those who have accompanied us thus far, that henceforth will disappear from our narrative much of that purely human charm, and romantic character, which perchance they found in the former division of our course. It is no longer a youthful and simple spouse displayed to their admiration, seeking to blend in her innocent and tender soul the worship of her heavenly Father with the sweetest affections of this life; but a penitent given up

to the sublime practice of the ascetic life, pursuing a path of devotion far beyond the piety even of the more fervent, rooting out from her conduct and the affections of her heart whatever could divide them from God. Yes! reader, you are now to behold a Christian widow of the most exalted virtue, each day triumphing more and more over the feelings of self-love, till at length she arrives to a degree of abnegation and spiritual mortification, repugnant—if you will—to our natural understanding and feelings; to comprehend and taste the hidden sweetness of which, there is need at once of all the power and all the simplicity of undoubting faith.

That compassion wherewith we beheld the youthful widow surrounded, during the first moments of her sad affliction, was destined to be neither lasting nor fruitful in solid comfort. Brief was the time that passed, ere the fury of persecution and the bitterness of ingratitude added another ingredient to that cup of sorrow which had already overwhelmed her heart. Meanwhile a prey to this all-absorbing grief, she was unable to give attention to the affairs of government—which had devolved upon her by the death of her husband, and by the minority of her son, still a mere child: profiting by this favourable occasion, those who had long hated her, seized the present moment, which seemed most suited to overwhelm one who had been stricken from on high, and to embitter the wound that God had inflicted on her. The Duke Louis had, as we have already seen, two younger brothers, Henry and Conrad; these young princes had suffered themselves to be surrounded by men who were strangers to every sentiment of justice and honour. These iniquitous advisers made it their first object to seduce the Landgrave Henry, as Raspon tells us, and to engage him, under the pretext of maintaining his own interests, in a cowardly conspiracy against his sister-in-law. They represented to him, that by the ancient laws of Thuringia, the sovereign authority was to remain indivisible in the person of the eldest son of the royal house, for whose marriage alone provision was made; that if the younger brothers wished to marry, the most they could obtain as an appanage was a scanty domain, and in that case they descended to the rank of Count, to remain ever afterwards vassals of the eldest: that consequently it was of the utmost importance for Henry immediately to seize the sovereign authority and the rights of the eldest of the family; putting aside Hermann, the late Duke Louis's son, and marrying immediately, in order to keep the sovereignty in his own line. They did not dare, it seems, to advise his attempting the life of the legitimate heir, but they pressed him to banish

his brother's widow with all her children, and little Hermann among the number, not only from the royal castle of Wartburg, but from Eisanach, and all the other royal domains. If by chance, added they, the child should live to grow up to man's estate, he would think himself too happy to receive from his uncle one or two castles for his appanage. In the meanwhile, the sooner he is sent away the better, and above all, his mother must be banished, that prodigal and fanatical Elizabeth.

Unfortunately, Duke Henry suffered himself to be gained over by these evil counsels. To use the words of an ancient poet, justice and honour fled from his heart, and he declared war against the widow and the orphans he had sworn to protect. His younger brother Conrad gave way to the same pernicious advice: so the traitorous courtiers, doubly strengthened, rushed to the apartments of the Duchess Elizabeth, to acquaint her with the will of their new master. They found her along with her mother-in-law Sophia, whom a sense of their common grief had brought to her apartment. They began by loading her with abuse, reproached her for having ruined the country, for having wasted and exhausted the treasury, deceived and dishonoured her husband; so they announced to her that for the chastisement of her crimes, she was deprived of all possessions, and that the Duke Henry, who was now the sovereign, ordered her to quit the castle that very instant. Elizabeth, astonished at these insults, and at this message, sought to pacify her cruel enemies, and entreated them humbly to grant her at least a little delay. The Duchess Sophia, shocked by such brutality, clasped her daughter-in-law, and cried out, "She shall remain with me; no one shall take her from hence! Where are my sons? I will speak to them." But the traitors replied: "No! she shall depart hence this very instant;" and forthwith they prepared to separate the two princesses by main force. Seeing that resistance was vain, the Duchess Sophia determined at least to accompany the poor Elizabeth as far as the outer gate of the castle. They even refused to permit the dethroned sovereign to take any thing away with her; but she found in the court of the castle her little children, and two of her maids of honour, who were also condemned to be banished, to whose testimony we owe the narrative of this deplorable scene. When they reached the castle gate, the Duchess Sophia again embraced Elizabeth; shedding floods of tears, unable to tear herself from her arms. The sight of the children of that son whom she had lost,—of those poor orphans condemned to share the fate of their innocent mother, redoubled the affliction and indignation of their grandmother. She again demanded with still greater earnestness to be

allowed to see her sons Henry and Conrad, persuaded that they would not resist her entreaties. But she was answered, that they were not there, and in fact they had concealed themselves during the execution of their orders, not daring to confront their mother, fearing lest they should yield to her lamentations and prayers, or to the spectacle of those misfortunes to which they had condemned their sister-in-law. At length, after having for a long time mingled her tears with those of Elizabeth, whom she continued to hold in her arms, Sophia, in whose heart, says one who relates the scene, sorrow for her son's death did but heighten and increase the shame that she felt for the treasonable conduct of those children who still survived to her, resigned herself to part with her daughter-in-law, giving way to transports of the most violent affliction. The gates of the castle, within which the young Duchess had lived so many years, closed behind her. In that court from which indeed all true noble knights were gone forth to liberate the tomb of CHRIST, there was not found a man to fulfil the first duty of chivalry, that of offering an asylum or succour to the widow and the orphan.

Thus a youthful princess, sprung from an illustrious line of kings, was forced to descend on foot, and all alone, weeping and sighing, the rude and rocky path that led to the town: she carried in her own arms the infant to which she had so lately given birth; the three other children followed, holding the hand of the maids of honour. It was in the depth of winter, and the cold was intense. Having reached the foot of the mountain of Wartburg, and having entered the town of Eisanach,—that town she had so often replenished with an overflowing charity,—she found therein, the hearts of men as pitiless as the wintry blasts that howled around her. The Duke Henry had made proclamation in the town that whosoever received the Duchess Elizabeth and her children, incurred his high displeasure; and with an ingratitude still more revolting than the base and treacherous cruelty of the order, the inhabitants of Eisanach obeyed to a man: the desire of pleasing their new master, (perhaps also the consciousness of favours they had received from her, a feeling that weighs so heavily on vile and worthless souls), prevailed over them thus to transgress all the laws of humanity, of pity, and of justice. In vain did the unfortunate princess go from house to house, surrounded by her four little children, sad and weeping, as she knocked at each door, especially at the door of those who heretofore had testified the greatest affection for her: no one would admit her. At last she arrived at a miserable tavern, from which the master could not or would not drive her, for she declared that this was a house open to all the

world, and that she was determined to remain there. "They have taken all I had," said she, still weeping, "I have nothing left but to pray to my God." The master of the tavern gave her and her children, and maids of honour, as their asylum for the night, a hovel, which contained his farming implements, and in which the pigs were also lodged. He turned them out to make room for the Duchess of Thuringia, for the Princess Royal of Hungary; but as if this last degree of humiliation had suddenly restored the peace of her soul, no sooner did she find herself in this filthy lodging, than her tears dried up, and a supernatural joy shone around her, penetrating the very centre of her heart. In these dispositions she remained until midnight, at which hour she heard the bell tolling for matins at the convent of the Franciscans, which she herself had founded during the lifetime of her husband. She immediately repaired to their Church, and after having assisted at the divine office, she begged the holy Friars to sing the *Te Deum*, in thanksgiving to God for the great tribulations He had been pleased to send her. Her ardent piety, her absolute submission to the divine will, that holy joy which the Christian soul never fails to receive from her heavenly Father in the midst of her trials; her ancient love for evangelical poverty, again recovered that empire over her, which they were never more to lose. Prostrate at the foot of the altar, whilst amid the darkness of that sad night, the chaunts of holy Church breathing a mystic joy, so incomprehensible to the world, mounted up to heaven, she was edifying her faithful attendants by the fervour and humility of the aspirations of her soul towards her God. She thanked Him with a loud voice, for that now she was truly poor and deprived of all things, as He himself had been in the humble crib of Bethelhem: "Oh! my LORD, and my God," said she, "may thy blessed will be done! yesterday I was a royal duchess, with great and glorious castles, to day I am a poor mendicant, and no one is willing to grant me a lodging. Oh! Lord, if I had served Thee better, while I was a sovereign; if I had been more charitable for the love of Thee, what joy should I feel at this moment! but alas it was not so." And now the sight of her poor children suffering from hunger and cold, awakened new sorrows in her tender heart. "I have deserved it," said she with great humility, "I have deserved to see them thus suffer, and I bitterly repent of my sins; my children are born princes and princesses, and I behold them famished with hunger, without even a little straw to rest their wearied limbs upon; my heart is pierced with anguish for their sake; but as for me, thou knowest, oh! my God, that I am unworthy to have been chosen by Thee to receive such a grace of holy poverty."

She remained in the church, surrounded by her attendants and the children, all the rest of the night, and a part of the following day; nevertheless, the intensity of the cold and hunger, of which the children now bitterly complained, obliged her at length to quit it; once more to beg for a little cell, and some food! She wandered for a long while in vain, in that city in which so many of its inhabitants had heretofore been supported and cherished, cured of their diseases, and enriched by her: at length a priest, himself very poor, had pity upon this holy and royal sufferer; and braving the wrath of the Landgrave Henry, offered to the widow and children of his deceased lord a share in his humble lodging. Elizabeth accepted with gratitude this act of charity; he prepared for them some beds made of straw, and treated them as well as his poverty allowed. But in order to obtain some scanty food for her children and herself, she was obliged to pawn some jewels which she had on her person at the moment of her expulsion from Wartburg Castle. Nevertheless, her persecutors being apprised that she had found an asylum, and persisting in their cruelty, gave her orders to quit the priest, and to go to lodge in a house of one of the lords of the court, who had always testified the most extreme hatred for her person, and who possessed a vast palace in Eisanach, with great dependancies. This individual blushed not to assign for the duchess a wretched, mean apartment, in which he shut her up with all her family, treating her with revolting rudeness, and refusing her any food, or a fire to warm her; his wife and the servants imitated his example, Elizabeth passed the night in this sad condition, filled with desolation at the sight of what her poor children suffered from hunger and cold, which so cruelly tormented them. The next morning she determined to remain no longer beneath this inhospitable roof; and as she departed, she said: "I thank you, oh walls, for having protected me during this severe night, as much as you could, from the fury of the wind and rain; I would wish from the bottom of my heart to thank your possessors also, but in good truth I do not know for what."

"A merveille faisoit froit
De ses enfans ot grant anuit
Car moult froit eurent a cete nuit
Ains ne mangerent ne ne burent
Tout corne en cete maison furent."

Le Moine Robert, MS.

She returned to the ignoble asylum that she had found in the tavern she entered the first night; it was the only one which her enemies did

not envy her. The greater part of the days, and even of the nights, she passed in the churches; "from thence, at least," said she, "no one will dare to drive me, for they belong to God, and God alone is my host there." But the misery to which she was reduced drew upon her a new sacrifice,—one still more severe than all the rest to her tender heart; she who had so often collected together and supported crowds of orphans, and of poor forsaken children,—whose delight it had been to shower on such as these, still more than upon all the other poor, the treasures of her charity and her pity,—she who had been for such as these so tender a mother,—she was now forced to separate herself from her own children, that she might not condemn them at their tender age to undergo along with her the hardships of poverty and destitution. Thus was she doomed to deprive herself of her only remaining consolation. Trusty individuals, whose names history has not recorded, and who lived at a distance, having been apprised of the condition to which she was reduced, offered to undertake the charge of her children: this offer she felt it her duty to accept, seeing that they were every day exposed even to a want of food, as she had not wherewith to procure it for them. But what even still more determined her to consent to this separation, says a contemporary historian, was the fear of being tempted to sin against the love of God, from witnessing the suffering of beings for whom she felt so ardent an affection; for, adds he, she loved her children to excess.* Thus they were taken from her, and concealed separately at a distance. Assured of their safety, she became more tranquil, and more resigned to her own lot. Having pawned all that she possessed of any value, she endeavoured to earn a frugal livelihood by spinning and sewing; and though reduced to so distressing a condition, she could not forego her long-cherished custom of soothing the miseries of others; so she retrenched something from her scanty repast, that she might bestow a little charity on the poor people she might chance to meet.

Such heroic patience, such invincible mildness, seemed at length to have calmed the fury of her more powerful persecutors, yet sufficed not to call forth any sentiment of pity or gratitude in the hearts of the inhabitants of Eisanach. Not a single trait of compassion or sympathy on their part is recorded in any of the narratives which were written with such minute detail, and faithfully handed down to us, respecting the affecting circumstances. On the contrary, they appear to prove

* Cod. Palat. Heid. 21.

how true it is that ingratitude, like all the other base inclinations of the human soul, is able to stifle the feelings of remorse and a grateful recollection of benefits received, only by hardening the heart with a series of acts that outrage all the better feelings of our nature. Amongst other instances of ingratitude, one of peculiar baseness occurred at Eisanach, so striking an example of what we have just alluded to, that it seems to deserve a place here. There lived about that time an old beggar-woman in that town, afflicted with divers infirmities, who had been for a long while the object of the generous attentions and charitable tenderness of the young duchess. One day, as the latter was crossing a muddy brook, which still flows through the streets of Eisanach, and in the midst of which some broken stones had been cast to assist passengers in crossing it, she happened to meet the same old woman, who, stepping at the same moment on the stones, refused to wait until she had crossed; and giving a rude push to the youthful and tender princess, threw her headlong into the filthy water. Then adding derision to this brutal act of ingratitude, the old hag cried out, "Take that now; you could not live like a duchess, whilst you were one; and so now go like a beggar, and lie in the mud; and I can tell you I'll not be the person to help you up again." Elizabeth, whose patience and gentleness nothing could move, lifted herself as well as she could out of the water, and began to laugh at the effects of her own fall, gaily saying, "Well, how different I look now, to what I was used to look when adorned with gold and precious stones." Then she went, says the historian, full of resignation and boundless joy, to wash her stained garment in a neighbouring fountain, and her patient soul in the blood of the Lamb.

Arrived at this passage, a simple and pious religious, whose words we have already cited, exclaims, with a tender compassion, "Oh, my poor dear Saint Elizabeth, I feel much more for thy sufferings than thou thyself didst feel; and I resent with a just indignation the baseness of those ungrateful and pitiless men, for whom thou didst feel no resentment. Oh, if only I could have been there, how would I have welcomed thee, and all belonging to thee, with all the tenderness of my heart! With what love would I have taken charge of thee, and provided for all thy wants! At least, may my good will be acceptable to thee; and when that dreadful day shall come when I shall appear all alone, and abandoned by the whole world, before the judgment-seat of God, do thou vouchsafe to come to me, and by thy holy prayers, through our Saviour's merits, obtain a place for me in the eternal tabernacles of the just."

CRUSADE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Croisade du XIX^e Siècle Appel à la Piété Catholique à l'effet de reconstituer la Science Sociale sur une base Chrétienne ; suivi de l'exposition critique des Théories Phalanstériennes. Par Louis Rousseau. Paris : Debécourt, Rue des Saints Pères, 1841.

PART I.

It has been remarked that the great commonwealths of the heathen were mainly characterized by their want of feeling for the poor and weak. We do not find in their annals the record of any of those glorious institutions of public and private charity which so proudly illustrate the Ages of Faith. The Christian state is formed upon a type unknown to the heathen legist. The latter was incapable of regarding the public power of his own political community farther than as an abstract impalpable body possessing absolute rights. The higher view of the responsibility of all power was of necessity denied to him so long as the true source of power was to him unknown. This state-idolatry did not confine itself to the pages of codes. It transfused itself into the outward form of a worship publicly rendered in the temples to the state personified as one of the popular divinities. The goddess was authorized to demand from her worshippers the sacrifice of all that they possessed, without yielding anything in return. She was invested with all the rights ; they with all the duties. Much of this it has been the tendency of the modern revival of paganism to bring back again into practice. According to the modern constitutional theory there is no judge in Christendom to expound the laws of nature, of nations, and of Revelation, and each sovereign, so far as the temporal jurisdiction of the Holy See is in question, may do that which is right in his own eyes. Of the jural relations which exist between the individual and the community, Englishmen in particular have a very confused view. Of all the duties which the latter is bound to discharge towards the former, Blackstone and his school content themselves with one, and it is that merely negative one,—protection. The duty of the individual to make himself useful and ornamental to society is indeed recognized and enforced. But his right to look to society, to the state, for the means of doing it, is wholly overlooked ; and while this is generally true of the rights of every class, it is especially so in regard of those for whose behalf the Christian state is bound to be peculiarly solicitous ;—we mean

the lower classes. It was founded for the defence, support, and encouragement of all in need of such ; and surely, in this regard, the poorest and lowliest have the first and chiefest claims upon the maternal anxiety of the state. This truth has been much obscured by the men of the new learning. The want of clearness and simplicity was ever the distinguishing characteristic of heretical views in matters of the ethical order. There is no doubt whatever that the old pagan state-type did actually present itself to the depraved intelligences of the Reformers with all its ancient attractions. And how many are there at this day who cannot discriminate between the law of the land and the law of justice ! Add to this the selfish inspirations of the statesman or of the aspirant to statesmanship, and it will not be wonderful that the moderns should have taken so much pains to unchristianize their states, and bring them back to the ideal types of Grecian and Roman commonwealths. This is the true purport of the parrot-phrase, that religion has nothing to do with politics. Sever the twain asunder, and the task of the politician is lightened of the heavier portion,—his duties to the poor and needy, those especial children of our Redeemer. What remains will be an easy and even a pleasant burden. 'To enumerate and enforce state-rights, unincumbered by its duties, is all that this arrangement exacts of him : and even this occupation is facilitated by the encouragement it offers to his cupidity or ambition. To exceed the path so marked out would very much endanger the credit of any statesman. To depart from routine were little worthy of a man of business. Originality of view would frighten Downing Street from its propriety. It would alarm alike predecessors and remainder-men. Accordingly, we find that in the time of crisis, as in the hour of repose, tapetwisters and men of business are still in the ascendant. *Quod ubique quod semper* is still to be the rule of right ;—transactions that have for three centuries been going on in every ministerial department, from Sadler down to Peel, are still to save the nation ;—the progress of wretchedness and sin is still to go on, and the goal of revolution and anarchy is never to be reached. Confessedly impotent to bind again the warring forces which itself unchained against Christendom, the Reformation still trusts to the neutralizing influences of their antagonist relations. Self-interest misunderstood is to do that which the right intelligence of self-interest has failed to do. The people are to be convinced, if possible, that their happiness is inseparably bound up with the permanent existence of our glorious constitution of Church and state. On these terms they must see the necessity of preserving both amid the wreck of

everything beside them. For all other means of promoting popular happiness or well-being, either in this world or the next, the languid listless statesman has but one suggestion to return to their importunities,—“*Laissez faire! laissez passer!*” Questions already settled by the Protestant legislature must not be lightly reopened. The Act of Supremacy and Uniformity, the Statutes of Premunire, the Act of Settlement, and the securities which flank the perhaps too large concessions made in favour of rebellious Popery, are parcel of the Constitution: and though the people starve, let the Constitution live!

Alas! what if the people should be of another mind? What if they should reenter into themselves, and trace their overgrown and still growing misery unto its source,—detect the history of each increase and development thereof,—and then bethink themselves how that the ascendancy of that heresy, which plagues and vexes them thus sorely, has still to look for the completion of its three-hundredth year—that fated term, which no heresy as yet has been permitted to witness and rejoice! In 1559 the apostacy of England was consummated, by the united voice of her Sovereign and her three estates. In 1859—! Who is blind to the signs of the times? yet who may dare to interpret them? Suffice it for ourselves to know that the destinies of England, as of every other land, are commended to its people and their rulers. And as they use the sacred deposit, or as they abuse it, so shall their retribution be. In this awful alternative those destinies lie hid. It involves not only the lasting weal or woe, in time and eternity, of the individuals who compose the British nation, but the ascendancy, the tranquillity, the very existence of that nation itself. May God so dispose the hearts of our countrymen, that long before the fatal period of her visitation arrives, this once merry England may have undone the past, unthreaded the rude eye of that sharp rebellion, which pierces into the very bones and marrow of her greatness, and welcomed home again discarded Faith, and with it the return of happiness!

The life that perisheth and the life of the soul are essentially knit together by their Almighty Creator. The unseen type and its unseen antitype must be studied in their combination, or remain an enigma—a paradox. That the bodily part of man exercises over his spiritual portion an ever-renewing influence, is a position which, in this sensual country, will be admitted without difficulty. The reaction of the soul of man upon its argillaceous integument is more familiar to minds accustomed to dwell upon the lives and conversations of holy men than it can possibly be to the cold, incredulous worldling. The mind that has

not assayed its native powers, and has surrendered itself to the supremacy of the forces over which it was called to reign, is not likely to entertain a doctrine which condemns its own inertness. Nevertheless, in that Book, less read perhaps, and certainly less studied by the men of the new learning than their extravagant boastings would lead inconsiderate people to suppose,—in the Bible we find the clearest indications of that complete connection between the spiritual and the temporal condition of man, of which our materialized society has only formed a half-conception. Not to speak of the Old Law, and the examples it affords, we hold the promise immediately from our blessed REDEEMER, that to those who seek His kingdom upon earth, and live in His justice, the accession of all blessings of the temporal order shall be the attendant consequence. (Matt. vi. 33.) On the other hand, we are taught by His apostle to the Gentiles, that because of the sins of its lords, the whole creation groans in sore travail, but yet not wholly without hope of a future redemption (Rom. viii. 21, 22); a redemption that is ever obstructed and thrown back by renewed prevarications, calling for renewed chastisements. Thus did sickness and mortality in the flesh avenge the soul-destroying communions of unworthy members of the primitive Church. (1 Corinth. xi. 30.) And, again; as the land of Gessen, where God's ancient people dwelt, was therefore shielded from the scourges that wasted and tormented the guilty country which encompassed it, so now, where a Christian people is faithful to the traditions once delivered to its sainted founders, the land of that people will be blessed by God, for that people's sake; and the peacefulness of its borders, and the plenty of its garners, will be the least among the rewards of its fidelity. Great was their sinfulness, great their blindness, who obscured these simple truths, or denied these holy traditions! Their prosperity, which to-day is green and flourishing, to-morrow is cast into Tophet. Let their economists pretend to account for the change as they may;—their solutions must be vain and idle, so long as their science reposes on other foundations than those of the Gospel of CHRIST. All true science proceeds from God, its centre, and returns again to Him from whom it went forth. On no other terms can it abide the test of time, and the scrutiny of criticism. And all the errors of political economy, under which our community now suffers, would have been spared, had our statesmen deigned to believe that they were *first* to seek the kingdom of heaven and its justice, in their schemes of administration.

There is not a more striking instance of the ascendancy of false principles in matter of science than the past history and present state of

the modern school of political economy affords. Say rather the neglect into which that study has fallen; for, as the Viscount de Villeneuve Bargemont well remarks, whatever may have been the success of the Smiths, Ricardos, and MacCullochs, in the field of Chrematology or the production of lucre, they have not pretended to undertake the culture of that noble science to which it is subordinate. Political economy is the science of justice; the science of mercy; the science of charity or love. The poor of Christ are its immediate objects; for in them it seeks the kingdom of heaven, and in their necessities the accomplishment of heavenly justice. This done, all its other desiderates are superadded as of course. For want of this right method, the processes of the materialist school have failed in even that imperfect mission which they were purposed to accomplish,—the production of capital and the means of increasing it to the capitalist, with the least possible outlay on his part. They have not sought first God's kingdom, and have not deserved the promises. Therefore, pauperism has overspread us as with a leprosy, and we have discovered that opulence and luxury, such as Babylon of old might have envied, are not incompatible with the existence of an amount of human misery, sometimes witnessed within besieged cities, but never till now upon so wide a scale, and on the face of a broad and goodly land. Of what avail is our industrialism now, once the glory of this Protestant island, as the want of it was thought to be the reproach of so many Catholic states? Of what moment is the opulence of thousands,—purchased so dearly by the advance of pauperism and the unnatural development of a brutalized population? Well said Demosthenes and truly, that “the strength of states is not surely to be judged of by their vendibles.” Those vendibles may have been raised too dearly, as ours have undoubtedly been. We have indeed a new body of men, whom their riches have added to the aristocracy of wealth, but this is all we have received from our proud position of workshop of the whole world. Wealth has not brought virtue in its train. Religion has no part in the formation or development of that cold dynamical intelligence which now pervades us. The “vulgar rich” of the new society,—to borrow a phrase from the premier,—offer to the envious regards of those beneath them much to tempt cupidity and inflame discontent, but scarcely anything to excite reverence or affection for the virtues of those stewards of the gifts of Providence. On the other side, the picture is blacker still. If the rich man, abandoned to himself by virtue of the licentiousness which Protestantism proclaims, has manifested in his own person that, in Protestant England, human nature,

unassisted by the sacraments, tends continually towards those depths of degradation wherein St. Paul found it among the heathen Romans of the first century of our era, certainly the poor man is not in a higher position than himself upon the scale of morals. It cannot be said that he does obey those who are his masters,—that he does serve them to the best of his ability, not with eye service, but in the uprightness of heart and fear of God. (Col. iii. 22, 23.) Greedy and inhuman are those masters,—greedy and inhuman he, too, is. The relaxation of the bonds of religious unity and charity was not intended doubtless to affect the framework of the temporal society. It was not imagined that the danger lay in invoking the nature of man, his savage untamed nature, to the aid of a society that had separated politics and religion. The optimists assumed that man's sense of his own interest was an unerring guide to the health and wealth of all his organizations. They argued that, because his interest consisted in his prosperity, therefore, the greater the egotism the greater the prosperity. For those who had not the disposition to study their own aggrandizement, or were without the capacity to promote it, of two alternatives, one,—either the general current of prosperity would be strong enough to bear them with it in their own despite, (in which event they would have reason to esteem themselves singularly fortunate and favored), or it would not. In the latter event, all that could be said was, that Providence had not designed them a place at its banquet, or that they were too late in their applications, and other guests had taken the places that had been left for them at nature's table.

Of these alternatives, unhappily, we too well know that the second has come upon us. And the embarrassment which pauperism at first sight occasions in the theories of our would-be economists, has been actually attempted to be solved in the way we have mentioned. The very language we have used to express it, is borrowed from the Malthusians, who have favoured the world with this solution. It is not likely to content the poor man with his pauperism, nor to stay the progress of the latter. And the rich man will probably not be altogether satisfied at finding himself thus eternally ranked with his order, in the face of those swelling lines of paupers drawn up in hostile array on the other side, and taught by his own apologist and interpreter that their interests and his can never be reconciled,—that between their wretchedness and his splendour, yawns a gulph which he need not, and they cannot, pass. Yet it is this antagonism of interests which forms the respectable creed of every writer upon economico-politics, who of late

has undertaken to enlighten a world upon a subject as high as heaven, and profound as the nether deep. Is this the boasted march of intellect,—the vaunted progress of the species? The old evangel of peace and love, no longer applicable in an England that has become a workshop,—to Englishmen that have become mechanics and machines, is to give way in its turn to the revived apotheosis of force—and *homo homini lupus* is once more to be the maxim of life, and mainspring of human action!

“What remains? The five insatiable senses of man will remain;—the sixth insatiable sense (of vanity);—the whole demonic nature of man will remain savage itself, but with all the tools and implements of civilisation,—a spectacle new in history.”* With such solutions at its command, it is clear that to what has hitherto been styled political economy in this country, we must not look, if we would stay the progress of the frightful plague that is wasting our strength, and threatens utterly to consume us. *Principiis obsta!* The malady must be arrested at its source. When Faith forsook these shores, Charity, her twin-sister, fled far away, and Egotism remained in the ascendant. Faith must be invited back to her ancient shrines and cloisters, before Charity will deign once more to dwell in the rich man's palace and the poor man's cot. When this is done, society will be able to reconstitute itself under the shade of religion. No longer needing to be protected from each other, the classes now so bitter in their mutual enmity will again be drawn into contact and harmony, and upon their union will arise a fairer commonwealth than that lamented one whose progress was, in the sixteenth century, so foully intercepted. All things will be added unto us when we have sought the Kingdom of Heaven, and applied ourselves to remodel after that type the vast terrestrial kingdom which we are permitted to controul, and brought our legislation in conformity with justice. Till then, let no man hope that the scourge will be averted.

Meanwhile, it cannot be concealed from those objects of our interest, the poor, that their condition is mysteriously placed beyond the reach of all human expedients that have hitherto been employed to relieve it. The Political Unions and Universal Suffrage Association, were succeeded by the Trades' Unions, and these again are now replaced by the Chartist Conventions and the Socialist Clubs. As radicals, they had been led to believe that the evils which vexed them

* Carlisle.

daily and nightly could only be remedied by a great political change. Under the specious promise of a permanent relief to their distress, the authors of the Reform Bill made the people their instruments to carry it through the houses ; which done, *laissez faire, laissez passer*, became once more the maxim of Whig ethics. Left to themselves, the Radicals still looked to the great political change that was to be to them an Utopia in happiness, and in wealth an El Dorado. They did not see that the democratic principle of government was not of necessity productive of good to the labourer. Notwithstanding the millions of acres at the disposal of the executive, the condition of many in the United States of America is little better than in our own country. "It matters not," said Lord Byron, "what form of government a man lives under. Wealth is power, and poverty is slavery, all the world over." In 1832 the state of Massachusetts had nearly doubled the proportion which its paupers in 1821 bore to its whole population. Between 1815 and 1831 the poor-rate had nearly tripled its amount in New York. In 1800 there was but one pauper to every three hundred inhabitants in New Hampshire ; in 1832 one out of every hundred was a pauper. If the *Boston Advertiser* has not misstated the proportion, there was in Pennsylvania one pauper to forty inhabitants in 1820, and yet between that year and 1832, the poor-rate had increased five-fold.* These facts have been long familiar to the lower classes of England. A little pamphlet of a very objectionable character is now lying before us, of which we have already made some use, and which will furnish us with authorities for one or two more positions.† It is a curious history of the alarming changes that have come over the minds of the industrial population.

Trades-unions, again, which men looked to for the completion of what the agitation of radical reform had left imperfect, have long since disappointed their sanguine advocates. It was thought that the demand for labour in any one locality being equal to one hundred labourers, and the supply being equal to one hundred and twenty, competition among these last would be effectually cut off, wages kept up, and, sooner or later, employment secured to the twenty surplus hands, — by the union uniting the one hundred and twenty labourers in a trade society, and by opening, among the one hundred labourers who should

* *Croisade du XIX^e Siècle*, p. 206.

† *Chartism, Trades' Unionism, and Socialism ; a Dialogue*. By T. Hunt.

get employment, a weekly subscription for the support of the surplus twenty, until the latter should be able to find work. Supposing the wages of each of the employed to be thirty shillings per week, and the proportion agreed on between them and the unemployed, as the allowance of the latter, to be ten shillings a week, or one-third of a working man's wages, it is obvious that this would be equal to a reduction of two shillings per week in the wages of each working man in the trade, or a total loss to the trade of ten pounds per week, for the support of the remaining twenty in idleness. It is obvious that the proportions of demand and supply are by no means so favourable to the labourer in any trade that can be named, as we have followed the Unionists in supposing them. But even this comparatively insignificant tax would prove an intolerable burden to any trade, when it was found to be permanent. Moreover, there is not a trade which does not contain a sufficient number of individuals who, proscribed by their comrades or seceding from them, are always ready to accept the terms offered them, and seek employment in defiance of the union. The repeated failures of such combinations have gradually brought them into disuse, as confessedly ineffectual to compass the ends proposed.

"Every community," says Captain Marryat, "which works in common, and is provided for in the mass, must become rich." The Socialists, with all their impieties and immoralities, have comprehended this truth. The spirit of association was already strong in the land, when St. Simon, Owen, and Fourier, resolved to extend it to the fields of production and commerce. They did not discover the truth; they revived it after centuries of inaction. Much as they have disfigured it, it still retains, even in their hands, enough of its old Catholic character to deserve our reverence. Absurd and wicked in its application to the new systems which the Socialists are founding, the doctrine of their school is entitled to the merit of a very masterly analysis of the preceding heresies in ethics which it is intended to replace. The modern feudal system, in which the lord is a cotton lord, counting by thousands his emaciated serfs, of every age, and of both sexes, stands forth in shocking relief in the pages of Fourier. That powerful writer was the man, of all others, to pourtray the vices of the system, and their final catastrophe. He has even indicated the remedy. In describing the mutual guarantee in its application to all the acts of social life, he has, says M. Louis Rousseau, laid open to view the true social economy,—the science of man's relations with God and with creation, and the laws of his physical and spiritual nature. It is true, argues that

Christian philosopher, that the immense store of grain which the Socialist has gathered into his garner, consists as much of cockle as of wheat. But let us winnow and sift it, and make our grateful profit of the wheat, and condemn the cockle to the dunghill. The Church may do this with the less scruple, because the first idea of association was hers. It was from her that Socialism has received the principle of their association of mutual labour and mutual profit. To it the principle of commercial accountability has been adapted,—and the mere combination of these two principles is all that is due to the originality of the Socialists. The great and precocious revolution in Church and State, which carried Christianity out of the rudiments of society into the palaces of the legislature, made abortive those precious germs of association which the primitive *agapes* of the Church possessed. In the eighteenth century the brutality of sophists destroyed, by violence, the second endeavour of the Church to realize, upon political grounds, the spirit of Christian associations. We speak of the Jesuit establishments in Paraguay, which were notoriously on the road to that happy organization which would have effectually consolidated and secured them.* Let us hope that the experiment now renewed in France will meet with a fairer fortune, as the exigency which has called for it is confessedly more urgent, and the consequences of failure more tremendous.

But to return to the Socialists. Putting aside the flagitious heresies in faith and morals with which they have chosen to connect their social system, we find it thus enounced by one of themselves.† They represent themselves as being at the mercy of the capitalists, and having no control over the standard of subsistence which the capitalists have set up; mechanical skill and industry superabound, and the elements of wealth exist in superfluity; while they, the industrious classes, are miserably poor. Land and labour, primary sources of wealth, abound, —supplying directly four-sixths of the wants of man. Agricultural produce can never be dispensed with; but as man did for many ages exist without manufactures, so may he continue to exist, when they have perished. Already mechanism and the chemical arts, although in their infancy, have so far increased the powers of production, as to destroy all hope that labour will become more valuable, or even maintain its actual value. But the soil still promises to labour a bountiful return, and on it the lever of industry must be fixed, that is

* *Croisade du XIX^e Siècle*, pp. 12-14.

† *Chartism, Trades'-unionism, and Socialism*, p. 12.

to raise the poor man to a level with the highest. Far from checking those inventive powers which, in the now disjointed times, madden the victims of *free* competition, those wild agents may be disciplined by the hands of wisdom, and made to be the most willing servants of those victims, under their own vine and their own fig-tree. The capital that is wanting for this end, is not so great but that it may be contributed by the trades,—those trades that have so senselessly expended much larger sums in feeding their revolted brethren upon the bread of idleness. This question, therefore, does not interfere with the rights of the employer, but simply asserts the right of the workman to divert his labour into the most productive channel. As to the capital required to effect all these ends, a perhaps sanguine calculation estimates that a weekly loan of one shilling a-head will be amply sufficient. The plan proposed for immediate adoption is the establishment of home colonies, by means of the funds so raised, and the judicious drafting off of the supernumeraries, the aged, the impotent, and the helpless, from among the trades to their respective colonies; there to cultivate land, or to discharge other suitable occupations, for the benefit of the colony itself, and of the trade which supports it. It is calculated that this system of united production and consumption will soon return the capital advanced for the original outfit, and that the additional accumulations of capital will enable each trade to establish similar colonies to an unlimited extent,—in a proportion at least equal to its amount of unemployed labour. The constant labour of one man and horse will supply fifteen people with the necessaries of life. On the other hand, nine-tenths of the expenditure of money and labour, required in the cookery of that raw produce, may be economised, by collecting the consumers together in the same refectory. Upon these subjects we must refer our readers for further details to a very remarkable chapter upon the Shakers and Rappites of the New World, in Miss Martineau's delightful work on America. For these principles are neither confined to one quarter of the globe, nor restricted to one mode of outward manifestation. The great exigencies of any one era are most surely to be judged of by the concurrent and simultaneous assent of minds and hearts separated, not only by space and other conditions of the physical order, but much more so by the habits and prejudices, and the broad barriers of religious belief. The advent of great and momentous changes may be foretold with confidence, when more than one calm judgment begins to speculate on such. It is strange, how simultaneously, and yet apparently without concert, the thinking men of any period will light upon the same

thought, in considering that which is most wanted in the peculiar emergencies of their state. However new — however unlikely to have occurred to more than one original mind, — no sooner is the thought propounded to the world, than it is welcomed to many a contemplative heart as one whose face is already familiar to it, or as a pleasant day-dream unexpectedly realized. Surely there is a hidden mystery in these inspirations.

That a large share of the truth has been gleaned by these poor people, is, in our judgment, evident enough. But we miss the key-stone of their association,—of every association. With the wish to see and shun the incoherencies of Protestantism, they have not as yet received the grace to recognize the Church, and to seek within its sanctuaries the sanction of their new society. Analytically viewed, that society contains the same germ of malady and death which has proved fatal to the societies of the heathens, and is destroying the apostate societies of the Reformation era. The common bond of the trades and their home colonies is the common interest of their members. The system that is to repair the breaches made by selfishness and greed in the fabric of modern society, makes of those scourges the chief agents in the work. Let them be assured that, endeavour as they may, man's nature will wear off all the polish which they can put over it. Unassisted by the sacraments, and the other ordinary means of salvation, the Socialist, in the hour of trial, will approve himself neither better nor worse for his Socialism. It was well to have passed forth as he has done, leaving one tattered heresy at his heels; but if he now stoops to don other rags as loathsome in their kind, his travels will have profited him little. Meanwhile, our trust is in the science which Catholic piety embues. Surely here is a field whereon to practise it. Here is an occasion for enterprise,—whose like the world, sunk in heresy and sin, has never before witnessed—may never see again. The cry of suffering pauperism should be answered by the soothing voice of voluntary poverty. The holy poor, who have embraced a life of privation and sorrow, and perpetual abasement, ought to seek out those forsaken ones, whom luxury and pride have doomed to the yoke which no religious thought, no hope in God, sanctifies and lightens to its bearers. The children of St. Dominic and St. Francis, — where are they in this our agony? Where are the Benedictines and their colonies — they whose founders were also the founders of civilization and society in wild ages that have passed away? And if the planters of Paraguay would undertake the like good work upon British soil, they may be assured that the

blessings which attended their labours among the sullen and indifferent red race, would be more cheaply won, more abundantly deserved, among those restless, uneasy men, struggling for life and freedom, and whose very endeavours to civilize themselves without the Church's help, mutely, but most powerfully implore her direction and encouragement.

The experiment is already on its trial in a neighbouring land. The Anglomania which, of past years, had embarked the French nation upon a course of industrialism, of which the shoals of paupers that infest Lisle, Rouen, Lyons, and other manufacturing towns, are the sad fruits. The steady progress of the plague has been frequently denounced, to the consternation of its beholders. Their ablest men, whether writers or orators, have devoted their time and talents to the painful study of its prognostics, and the choice of remedies. To the *Traité d'Economie Politique Chrétienne*, and the other admirable works of M. de Villeneuve Bargemont, we refer such of our readers as desire a more detailed notice than our space will permit us to afford. Suffice it, that by one and all of her political economists of the present day, the aspect of affairs is considered to be alarming indeed. The school of Say grope idly in the wheel-ruts of their exploded materialism for the specific that shall kill or cure the patient; the Sentimentalists, with Sismondi at their head, raised far above dull earth, seem to be looking for the same specific in sunbeams, moonshine, and other starry influences: but both parties confess the condition of their patient to be exceedingly urgent and alarming. It is almost like our own case,—one of life and death.

In the presence of this great emergency, there has appeared upon French soil, and within the bosom of the Church, one man of a power of mind and purity of heart fully equal to it. M. Louis Rousseau, the author of the work before us, is a Breton gentleman of some property, and one of the directors of *L'Université Catholique*, a periodical which he has enriched with a course of lectures and other papers upon the social sciences. After having made an encouraging experiment of his theory upon his Breton patrimony during several years; in the course of which he had succeeded in reclaiming broad tracts of coast-lands from the sea, and—what was of more account—the poor of his vicinage from pauperism; he has boldly appealed to the public opinion of his country, to aid him in bringing it into exercise upon a far wider scale, and for the behoof not only of Bretagne, but of France. To use his own nervous language, he has “planted his philosophic banner between the

heavy drag of false economy and the Icarian flight of the Socialist school,—between heartless traders and unbridled rhapsodists.”

“We tell the former, that the system to which they pin their faith,—founding the public wealth on the antagonism of private interests, has set up in practice the kingdom of Selfishness. We tell the latter, that their moral digressions, pretending to substitute the most revolting promiscuousness for the austere virtues whereon rests the constitution of family, would turn society into a foul bagnio. To the former, we object the principle of charity; to the latter, that of purity;—eminently social principles, whose heavenly types are Jesus and MARY.”—p. 23.

To present our readers with a summary of M. Rousseau's book, or of his more extended lectures on the same subject, which had previously appeared in *L'Université*, would demand space which our means will not afford. We have, however, made a far more liberal use of our author's valuable labours, in the course of the preceding pages, than is justified by our references. The principle of association,—both of labour and of profit,—is the only point on which M. Rousseau and Socialism are found to agree. After exposing, in a crushing manner, the vices of our political economy, in its principles and its practice,—the increase of profits side by side with the decrease of wages,—the monopoly of riches and the spread of pauperism,—and the mockery of what is called, in the labour market, free competition,—he concludes a powerful demonstration of the necessity of reconstructing society upon a Christian basis, by indicating the means to accomplish this end. Resuming, from Socialist hands, the doctrine of association, just imparted to earth by Christianity, he invokes the mighty working of the Church to reanimate the mechanism with its former life.

“Be the society ever so small at its birth, it must, nevertheless, be provided with a religious institute almost in a state of completion. We may fearlessly interrogate history,—what people have ever prospered, but such as grouped themselves around some altar? And why is it that modern civilization, with immense material means at its disposal, two new worlds to people, and an organization prolific of myriads of poor, cannot accomplish a colony? Because the actual generation has no faith but in industry, and gives to it a monstrous and premature development, and treats the necessities of the soul as of secondary importance. . . . Nor have the colonial establishments answered any better, which, for half a century, the industrial classes have endeavoured to bring about.”—p. 410.

The means which M. Rousseau proposes for the regeneration of social science, and the salvation of society itself, are purely moral and voluntary. He demands of government nothing but its indifference. He

eschews all centralizing influences, whether ministerial or mercantile. His business is with man;—first of all, with man in his individual capacity; next, with man in his ordinary intercourse with his kind; and so upward. Centralization, reverting this order of movement, is powerless to reform,—powerful only to teaze and to pervert.

M. Rousseau passes in review all the various systems of violence and art to which industry has had recourse from the beginning of society down to the period of modern civilization inclusively. In defence of his new ideas, he shows that these old systems are so radically bad, as to leave him no alternative but to get rid of all of them. The predominant feature in each of these is the endeavour to subdue the native inertness of man on the one hand, and, on the other, to gratify his not less native relish for the comforts and luxuries which are the fruit of labour. Rapine, slavery, and serfship, are the three stages by which society has reached its fourth stage—competition, without any perceptible progress towards the solution of the problem. Competition, without freedom to compete, seems a marvellous mockery. The serfship of the glebe was indeed a great progress out of barbarism, and had the Church been suffered to pursue her unmolested course, we should probably have made still further progress on the high road of improvement. But the antagonism of class interests which was brought in by the Reformation, was a tremendous relapse towards barbarism and its offspring slavery. That its advocates affect to see in it the enfranchisement of industry from the bondage of guild-monopoly, is only natural. They are men of the same fashion of mind and heart with those whose highest view of the Reformation itself, presents it as the emancipation of thought and the guarantee of conscience. Whether they will be able much longer to deceive themselves we really do not care. It is fortunate that they have already lost the art of blinding the world to a sense of its appalling perils. Under the new dispensation of competition, the state of the labourer, according to its ablest apologists, Smith and Say, appears to be this. His wages depend upon his contract with his employer, whose interest by no means coincides with his own. The labourers are disposed to combine for a rise of wages: the masters are for a fall. But the latter being less numerous and more wealthy, find their combination more easy of success than the former find theirs. A landlord, a cotton-lord, a merchant, can afford to live upon capital for a year or two, but their dependents cannot. Hence it is that the masters on the one hand are ever and everywhere in a state of tacit but uniform combination to keep wages down, and are always

successful; while, on the other hand, the strikes of workmen are so rare as to excite attention when they take place, and they always terminate by an acceptance of the hard terms of the employers. The necessity of submission admits of one alternative, it is true,—but it is that of instant death by famine. The slave has the alternative of expiring under the lash, should he prefer it to prolonged agonies of his ignominious existence. Servitude itself derived its name from the supposed amelioration of the lot of the captive, by his preservation from massacre to become the chattel of his conqueror. Is there much difference between his condition and that of a workman struggling for employment at *minimum* wages, and holding even that bare sufficiency which supports life upon the frail tenure of his hostile employer's good pleasure or unconcern? The oracles of liberalism whose creed is *laissez faire, laissez passer*, tell us that the class in possession of the land and the capital, has always the legal means to force the class that has nothing, to surrender at discretion, or to die of hunger. M. Say complacently adds: "The condition of subsistence is all that is required to set labour in circulation. Hence labour wages in every country are scarcely higher than what is rigorously necessary to preserve life."* Thus, while the captive slave ransoms his life by means of his labour, the workman at wages by the same means supports his own. It is well remarked by M. Rousseau, that there is nevertheless an immense difference between the two classes. It is the interest of the barbarian master to provide constantly for his slave's subsistence, although he brutally tells him that he has not the right to live. The civilized commercial man, who, in the abstract, admits the right to live, trammels the exercise of that right by subjecting it to his own conditions,—and not only to these, but also to certain accidents of commercial mechanism over which he has no control. It is true that the workman (and we repeat it, they have shared in the depravity of reformed principles as largely as their masters), have endeavoured to indemnify themselves for the state of suffering in which caprice and dishonesty have kept them, by yielding in return the smallest amount of work, and intimidating their comrades to make common cause with them in this regard. But this difficulty has been raised in the generality of cases by the substitution of taskwork for daywork. It was represented to the enterprising labourer, that, under the new system, he would be in a condition to double and treble his ordinary wages, if he chose it,—while the

* *Traité d'Economie Politique.*

employer could have no possible interest in the change. It was indifferent to him whether he paid ten labourers or twenty, so that he obtained in return for his wages the same proportion of work. The bait took. Animated by the prospect of increased means of prosperity, says Adam Smith, workmen who are paid by the piece are very prone to overwork themselves, and ruin their health and strength in a few years. A journeyman carpenter in London and other towns is not longer than eight years in his prime. The same results are remarked by that writer, of agriculture, manufactures, and other occupations undertaken upon the same principle. He adds that it is usual for military officers, on suffering their men to undertake taskwork in their hours of leisure, to stipulate with their employer that they shall not earn more than a certain sum per day, at the task-price agreed on. Unhappily the mischief does not stop here. Taskwork coming into favour among the labouring classes, soon produces competition and underselling in the labour-market. The result is, that, by degrees, the sum of the labourer's earnings by his taskwork falls to the level of his former earnings by daywork, the amount of work performed by him in return being, perhaps, three or four times more under the new system than it was under the old. M. Say is again excessively complacent in detecting this new result. The scale of wages, he says, thus descends to the cipher rigorously necessary to support life and rear the progeny required to replace the parents. "When the demand for labour is not so great as the supply, *wages fall below the cipher necessary to keep up the family to the number of the parents. The families that are most encumbered with children and disease die off.* Then the supply of labour being lessened, its price rises. You see, gentlemen," he triumphantly concludes, "how difficult it is for the labour of the common workman to rise above or fall below the cipher necessary to keep alive the class of which one stands in need (*dont on a besoin!*)"* Well may M. Rousseau indignantly demand of the materialist, "Who is this *on* that thus allows his kind to live so long as he wants his services, and reconsigns them to the ground as soon as he can get rid of them?"

Again, when the workman and the master lived beneath one roof and almost sat at the same table, the moral as well as physical wants of the former were tolerably well supplied. M. Rousseau quotes from the precepts of rural economy compiled by good Oliver de Serres, the course taken by Catholic masters to maintain the religious habits of

* Cours Complet d'Economie Politique, Part v. chap. x.

their domestics and farm-labourers. Now, all the factories, without exception, and all the farms, with some few exceptions in the far West of England, have adopted the fatal suggestions of commercial economy: neither workmen nor labourers are housed and fed any more by their calculating employers; but an allowance in wages is made them by way of compensation. Humanity will not thank them for the improvement. The most parsimonious of masters would deserve to be accounted generous and prodigal in his expenditure upon the domestics of his household, compared to what it would be if left to themselves. The coarsest and least wholesome elements form the diet of the workman who "finds himself." His sole object is economy. He flatters himself that at the year's end he will have considerably more cash in hand than he had when his master boarded him. Alas! he will not be one farthing the richer by the change,—let him starve himself as he listeth! The same fatal deception which brought in taskwork with no increase of wages operates here. Free competition keeps wages down to the same lowest possible cipher, whether the master feeds the man, or whether the man is supposed to feed himself. His economy has had but one result; it has disproved the estimate which demanded tenpence a day for the daily maintenance of his family; it has proved that he and they *can* manage to exist upon fourpence.

The same thing is to be said of the working man's holidays. Granting that the sum total of work done and wages earned is annually greater in an infidel or Protestant country than it is in a Catholic country of the same extent, it does not follow that the wages received are greater. The festival not being the same day of rest for all, it follows that the Catholic workman has nothing to dread from the observance. The abolition of the festival being to all alike a summons to their daily toil, it follows too that the Reformed workman is not one penny the richer for the curtailment of his enjoyment. Free competition remains the same, and wages remain stationary. The advantage is on the masters' side, as every other advantage has been which Reformation has brought with it. As to the labourer, whether he toil five, or six, or seven days in the week, his wages are the same; the work to be done being less or greater.

END OF PART I.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE SOCIETY OF ST. VINCENT OF PAUL.

By the HON. AND REV. GEORGE SPENCER, in a Letter to the Editor of the Catholic Magazine.

SIR,—I desire, through you, to give some information to the Catholic body in England on a subject which has lately been brought under my notice, and which perhaps, in other hands, may be turned to good advantage for the cause of religion.

It is a society which has been in existence for ten years back in France, under the title of the Society of St. Vincent of Paul. In last September, a member of this Society, at Paris, was travelling in England, and visited St. Mary's College, with a letter of introduction to me. I seldom lose the occasion, when I meet with Catholics of other nations, who show some zeal for the cause of religion, to endeavour to interest them in its advancement in our country,—and I introduced the subject to this gentleman. He told me, that his exertions for religion were mainly under the direction of the society above-named, of which he was a member, and that he conceived the establishment of branches of it in England, would be of the most important service to religion. He has, since that time, sent me some copies of the first general Report and of the regulations of the Society, which have been but lately published; and it is from them that I draw the particulars with which I now present you. As has been the case with many of the great works of charity and zeal, which have given glory to the Church of God, this society owed its origin not to any preconceived scheme of its founders, but to circumstances which threw them together as if accidentally, and suggested the undertaking, which has subsequently been so happily carried out.

About the year 1833, a number of young men, prosecuting their studies in Paris, used to meet in conferences to discuss points of literature, history, and philosophy, at a house in the vicinity of the public schools. These meetings were called Conferences. The young men who attended them were divided, as unhappily could hardly fail to be the case in France, between professed Catholics, and others who openly rejected Christianity. It could not but happen that topics of religion would enter into almost every discussion which took place. The members whose religious principles had continued firm, were of necessity called to stand up together in their defence, and without any

previous personal acquaintance became friends, as people naturally do who are ranked together to fight under the same standard.

It was not long before the reflection occurred to them, that the holy faith which they loved and contended for in common, was calculated to bind them one to another by bonds more endearing than what had been formed by being joined in controversies, which, though necessary in their case, were often productive of feelings painful to the pious heart. They resolved on establishing another kind of confederacy, purely in the spirit of the Gospel of peace, whose end should be to serve Jesus Christ in the persons of the poor.

From this idea, sprung the first conference of the Society of Saint Vincent of Paul, which consisted of no more than eight members: They still gave the name of conference to their meetings,—this being the recognised name for all meetings of young men at Paris, in the district of the schools: but as a sign that their object was not to talk about deeds of charity, but to practise them, they chose as their patron, from whom a name should be given to their association, the great Saint; who perhaps stands pre-eminent above all in modern times, for the spirit of enterprise and for success in the humble works of charity among the poor.

Their object in the first instance, was to visit poor families, and administer to them temporal relief. This little company of students were more rich in good purposes than money, and would have had no means to put any of these good purposes in execution, but for an opportunity offered to some of them of writing papers in a literary magazine, the proceeds of which they put into their poor's box. But some better prospects opened to them. Two months after their foundation their numbers amounted to fifteen. Many more soon joined them, particularly young men of the diocese of Lyons, which Church, among all the Churches of France, has preserved in their greatest lustre the faith and virtues which distinguished it in the first days of its existence.

It was afterwards at Lyons, in 1836, that the first filiation of the parent society took place out of Paris. The numbers grew rapidly after the first commencement; so that, at the close of the year 1841, there were 2531 acting members, 848 honorary ones, 15 postulants, and 2139 benefactors. These were divided into eighty-six separate conferences, of which thirty are in Paris itself, three in Lyons, three at Bordeaux, the rest in different towns of almost as many different dioceses,—the bishops of France having uniformly patronised the:

society. The only conferences as yet formed out of France, are two in Rome, one composed of French and other foreign residents, the other of Italians.

The primary end of the society in every place appears to be visiting and improving the condition of the poor. Each acting member undertakes the care in this way of two or three families; some cannot find leisure from their occupations for more than one. The number of families under their inspection at the end of 1841 was 5337. They admit that this is but little to have yet accomplished in this way; and it is remarked that the temporal benefit brought home to the poor is of no importance in comparison with the spiritual good accruing to the members themselves, who, in the midst of worldly occupations and distractions, are thus constantly kept in mind of the wants and feelings of the poor, and habituated to the exercise of works, in however limited a degree, to which so many in their condition of life are strangers. Some of the conferences have adopted a method of enlarging their means of usefulness by offering their assistance to the administrators of relief under the government. It will be worth while to reflect how far this idea might be applicable to our state in England under the poor law system.

The society has attended to many other works of charity. They have paid attention to the state of children, watched over their education, encouraging and assisting parents in keeping them at school. They have continued their vigilance over them in the time of their first entering the world as apprentices or journeymen. They have kept them in the remembrance of their religious duties, provided for them respectable places of lodging while yet single men, and thus preserved great numbers from falling into profligate habits. They have done what they could by visiting prisons and hospitals, into which last they are frequently drawn while following with their care some member of a family committed by the society to their charge.

Another of their good works of which I find notice taken in the report, is the religious care of the inhabitants of poor districts, especially Savoy and Auvergne, who come, it seems, in great numbers to the large towns during winter to earn a little money for their families. These people, it was found, lost much more by contracting the vices of these cities and corrupting the simple good principles of their mountain homes, than they gained by the little money which they earned. The society are on the watch for them in the great towns, draw them to religious instructions suited to them, and have saved many from per-

version. How holy and wholesome a thought would it be to prepare some such means to save the poor Irish labourers, who come among us for the like objects, from the dangers to their religion and morality by which so many fall. None of the secondary good works of the Society appear more interesting than what they have done for soldiers. The report speaks with delight of the good which has been done by attending to young recruits, lately drawn from their village homes, whom the society have preserved from the evil contagion of a military life, and hope to send back to their neighbours, after their terms of service ended, not as seducing abettors of all that is evil, which they might have become, but as influential and enlightened promoters of good principles and good morals.

Such are the works which this yet infant and growing society is carrying on, according to rules which circumstances have led them to adopt, and which are now published in a little tract. The conferences, which, as will appear from the statement above given of the members of the society, consist on an average of about thirty members, elect a president, who appoints the other officers, namely, one or more vice-presidents, a secretary, a treasurer, (in some conferences where there are lending libraries), a librarian, and other officers who may be wanted according to circumstances. At each meeting, the members bring exact accounts of the families under their charge, and of their respective proceedings; each gives what money he can spare himself or has collected from others, and distribution is again made for the wants of the several cases presented.

When there are several conferences in one town, there is a particular council, consisting of the presidents and vice-presidents of all the conferences of the place, which meets at certain times, and decides on matters of general interest. Its meetings, at Paris, are once a week.

Over all there is a general council, consisting of a president-general, elected by this council,—with the advice of all the particular councils, of a vice-president, a secretary, a treasurer, and several counsellors.

Such are the details of this interesting Society, which I am pleased to have the opportunity of proposing for the consideration of your readers. Having done this, I suppose it may be asked, whether I do it by way of recommending its introduction into our country; and perhaps my best answer would be, that I leave that part to others, to whom it more properly belongs. I may say, however, what my feeling is about these matters, without going into a lengthened explanation of its reasons; and it is, that I am well pleased to see working in the midst

of us, all the good plans and institutions which zealous Catholics have devised in any place, so long as they are approved by the Church, and carried on without party spirit, in humility, and charity, and in obedience to our ecclesiastical superiors. It ought, I think, to be most gratifying to us, to hear of our brethren in France, or any other countries, desirous of extending their zealous labours over England; and happy it will be for us, if we can discard all that feeling, which might rise in our breasts, of not liking one scheme or another, because it is not our own. I suppose, that the state of things in England being manifestly different from that in France, some modification in the rules and practice of this society, if established in this country, would be desirable, and would not be objected to. But I do not know what objection can be made to the general plan. I should be well pleased to hear of some zealous youths of our great towns taking a journey to Paris, and after entering a while into the spirit, and feeling, and practice of this society, there at its centre, coming back, and establishing it in England. We have already adopted, of late years, from France, the "Association for the Propagation of the Faith;" we have begun now to enter very generally into the confraternity, established at Paris, of the "Immaculate Heart of Our Lady,"—we show by these tokens, that with taking time, we are ready for every good work; and that our people know how to overcome national prejudices; and who knows how soon this new proposal from Paris may come to some result? If we could be a little more rapid in our resolutions and movements, without throwing aside prudence, it would, no doubt, be all the better. But let us be thankful for what we have attained; let us be ready and willing only to be improved, and God will lead us on to better things, beyond our expectation.—I am, Sir, your faithful servant in Christ,

GEORGE SPENCER.

*St. Mary's College,
5th day in the Octave of the Epiphany 1843.*

PERIL OF IDOLATRY.*

PART I.

MANKIND is, and ever has been, exposed to the "peril of idolatry:" and a warning against it will be always in season, provided he who gives it have the sagacity to discern from what quarter the peril threatens, the honesty not to alarm the credulous with bugbears, and sufficient charity to refrain his lips from guile and slander, and his mind from hasty or malignant construction of his neighbour's conduct.

"As to that kind of idolatry which consists in worshipping stocks or stones, there is no great danger of Christians falling into it at the present day: because, as the prophets long ago foretold (Isaiah ii. 18, &c.) that sort of idolatry has been for many ages abolished in all nations where the Christian religion has been preached by the apostles and their successors, the pastors and teachers of the Catholic Church. The idols that are to be feared now-a-days are of another kind; namely, those of perverse imaginations, errors and heresies, formed *not by the hand, but by the head* of proud and obstinate men, deluding themselves, and seeking to delude as many others as they can, with the inventions of their own brain, or with the suggestions of Satan, which they set up and worship for divine truths, and avouch as the word of GOD, in spite of the Church of GOD, and of her authority, so firmly established and recommended in that divine word."

Thus wrote the learned and devout Bishop Challoner about eighty years ago.† The passage we have extracted forms the sequel of a literal and precise exposition of that portion of the Decalogue which, no doubt, several well-meaning but ill-informed people believe up to the present hour, to have been expunged, if not from our Bibles, at least from our other books of instruction. The good bishop proceeds to denounce, in the next place, the idols formed, "not by the *head*, but by the disorderly affections of the *heart*;" and most feelingly expostulates with the Christian soul on the love of money, the love of pleasure, the love of self. And thirdly, he proceeds to specify and to warn his

* "An Homily against Peril of Idolatry, and Superfluous Decking of Churches." In Three Parts. (Books of Homilies, Oxford Edition, 1840, pp. 157-240.)

"Peril of Idolatry." A Sermon by WALTER FARQUHAR HOOK, D.D. Vicar of Leeds, Prebendary of Lincoln, Chaplain in Ordinary to Her Majesty.

† Considerations and Meditations for every Day in the Year; September 23.

readers against *all* superstition ; which he declares to be contemplated in "the prohibition of idol-worship."

This Catholic Homily on the peril of idolatry is familiar to members of our communion at home, and has been pretty generally read by our brethren abroad. We have seen a French version of the invaluable book of which it forms a part: the Italian version, translated by a friar, and dedicated to the king of the Two Sicilies, lies before us on our table as we write. That the author was fully alive to the "Peril of Idolatry" is obvious ; it is equally clear from our extracts or summary from what quarter he apprehended the danger to threaten.

The Homilists referred to at the commencement of our paper discern the signs of the heavens and the coming mischief otherwise. It might have occurred to an English preacher in 1562, that it would be well to drive home the Scriptural denunciations against self-worship, self-conceit ; against carving a lie, melting down a confused idea of heterogeneous fancies, and fashioning a creed in the mould of individual caprice, and then erecting and "bowing down" before this "idol or image," created by art and men's device. Or again, he might have bethought him of pointing out to those who had dismantled the churches of their "superfluous deckings," the danger of their becoming enamoured with the "profane thing" on which, from the stern necessity of the case, and in vindication of the honour of heaven, they had been *constrained* to lay their hands ; and with the memento that covetousness was identified in Scripture with idol-worship, and that the rapacious are equally excluded from heaven with the sorcerer, have called on them to refund to the starving poor their ravished patrimony.

We would not be too rigid in determining the subjects on which a preacher should address his audience in these days of "Gospel liberty." The Bible is before him : let him follow his discretion in taking his text. Still there is a time for all things : and we verily believe, upon considering the events that occurred, and the tone and temper that manifested themselves in the North of England during the year just elapsed, that Dr. Hook might have addressed his audience, at Clifford Church and at Preston, with more seasonable admonition. Mr. Borrow has avowed a preference of Mahomedanism to "Popery :" we will not insinuate that Dr. Hook entertains a similar preference in regard of Socialism. Yet, if we mistake not, the Establishment of which Dr. Hook is the champion, has more reason to take alarm at the growth of that and other species of infidelity. The *British Critic's* prognostications coincide with our own here. Dr. Hook might have lifted his

voice with some effect against this growing evil, instead of idly beating the air and wasting his energies, as we shall see hereafter. Our first attention must be given to the godly and wholesome doctrine of the Ecclesiastes of the Anglican Church in the days of Elizabeth, whom we believe to be no other than the renowned "Apologist" Dr. Jewell, Bishop of Salisbury. We propose to take a rapid view of the contents of this tripartite homily, occasionally pausing to contemplate some of the rare specimens of logical ingenuity, dexterity in managing history, good Churchmanship, and reverential feeling, which will meet us in our way as we proceed.

The first part lacks the energy and transcendent skill which characterize those which follow, and therefore will not detain us long. We cannot, however, pass unnoticed the address with which the *πρόσσω* is occupied at the outset. The homilist having satisfied himself that the "Scriptures use the two words '*idols*' and '*images*' indifferently in the same sense *always*,"* proceeds to impress this important postulate or axiom—call it which you will—upon his hearers, (in whose minds he confessedly anticipated "a doubt" as to its soundness), by wholesome repetition of the two words in conjunction. "*Idols or images*," "*images or idols*" become henceforth the constant *refrain*. Every available text of the Old and New Testament and "Apocrypha"—which is quite welcome *here* to establish even "doctrine," (vide Article VI of the Thirty-nine)—is duly rehearsed or pointed out. Now, as the destruction of idols is commanded in Deuteronomy, the consequence is clear: and the preacher marks it well. "Here note what the people of God ought to do to images when they find them." However, a curb is discreetly put upon "private persons," and "the redress of the enormities" is declared to be the province of (the *bishops*, some one will say. No.) "the magistrates and such as be in authority," and woes are denounced against rulers who "suffer images undestroyed." Let not any of our Anglican friends who, with a spirit which we cannot but appreciate, are seeking to retrieve the disfigurements of barbarism, and to decorate the house of

* This assertion may be tested by substituting "idol" for "image," in such passages as Matt. xxii. 20; 1 Cor. xi. 7; 2 Cor. iv. 4, &c. Absurdity, or downright blasphemy would thus be obtruded on the text: and therefore the assertion is at once proved untrue. Solomon "made two cherubims of *image-work* in the most holy house."—2 Chron. iii. 10. (Prot. vers.) A man who maintains the words "image" and "idol" to be convertible, must be prepared to assert, that the Most High filled with His glory, and made His name to dwell in, a house of idols.

prayer with memorials that will speak to the heart through the eye, think that they, whilst thus engaged, can be servants of Christ. "It is not possible that we should be worshippers of images and true servants of God also." The homilist proves his position by quoting 2 Cor. vi. 16. In vain will they say that the text cannot apply to *them*: that it is meant for the especial reproof of "Romanists." The homilist will overwhelm them with a dictum which—paradoxical as our assertion may seem—confutes their evasion, if they admit his premises, and overturns the very basis of the fabric he has reared against us. He says: "Which place (the text 2 Cor. vi.) enforceth *both* that we should not worship images, and that we should not *have images in the temple*, for fear and occasion of worshipping them, *THOUGH THEY BE OF THEMSELVES THINGS INDIFFERENT.*" An admission which, we take leave to say, destroys the everlastingly asserted identity of images and idols. Nor again let these zealous decorators hope to escape unscathed, if, obeying the just cited injunction of the homilist, they think it a good work to expend their wealth in rich adornments of the Church, "silks and precious vestures" and the like. They may read their rebuke and the exposure of their delusion at the very opening of the discourse.

Preachers of a certain class are famed for drawing inferences. Our homilist is equal to any of them in this respect. Take this sample. We are God's people, and St. Paul declares whatever was written in the Old Testament was written for our *instruction*; *ergo*, the commands addressed to the *Jews* with respect to "images" (though they be of themselves indifferent) are addressed to *us* also. There was no idol in Jacob nor was there any "image" seen in Israel. (What had become of the brazen serpent and the cherubim?) We are the true Israelites or people of God if we have no images.

The writer must have forgotten both his Bible, (1 Sam. [Kings] xxv. 23; 2 [4] Kings ii. 15, &c.) and the ceremonial observed in the court "of our good Josias king Edward"* the Sixth, and of our "gracious sovereign that now is"† (Queen Elizabeth), when he made the following assertion: "All godly men did ever *abhor* that *any* KNEELING and worshipping or offering should be used to themselves when they were alive." In the pulpit such forgetfulness is convenient: at court it would have been otherwise. The gracious sovereign that then was, would have forced the most stubborn Protestant knee to bend in her

* Homily on Rebellion, 495.

† Ib. 528.

presence, and would have summarily disposed of scruples taken from the book of Revelations.

In his second essay, the homilist gives his hearers the benefit of his researches into those ages when the Church "was much less corrupt" than in his own, and exhibits a wondrous display of historical lore. As to his multitudinous quotations from the Fathers, it were tedious to examine them here in detail: it will be sufficient to show by an instance or two how the preacher adapts them to his purpose. His hearers,—being taught that the "rabblement of the popish Church have from their childhood been brought up amongst images and idols, and drunk in idolatry almost with their mother's milk,"—will, without much hesitation, receive, as anticipated condemnations of the said "rabblement," whatever the Fathers may have uttered against the heathen's belief and practice. The latter, indeed, believed the deities invisibly to reside in their images: in looking on them or praying to them, they expected to be heard by them; as St. Augustine declares: the former abominate these notions as impious:—no matter; what is said to the one tells well against the other, and thus the charge of idolatry is proved by assuming it as proved. So, if St. Augustine declares that none of the dead, nor anything that is made of God, is worshipped as God of the Catholic Christians; this very assertion, which embodies an article which we loudly profess, is cited as *convicting* us of the crime which we abhor!

The homilist incidentally admits that some of the fathers "let somewhat slip out of their pens sounding for images," for which *lapsus* he holds their early education in paganism accountable. Carved or molten figures, and painted representations, are, in his judgment, equally or nearly equally unallowable. Of the pictures to which St. Chrysostom and St. Augustine approvingly allude, he discreetly says nothing: but on St. Epiphanius rending of a linen curtain (having the effigy of our Lord or some other saint) which he saw at the church door of a village in Palestine, he dwells with evident satisfaction, and although generally very chary in praise of saints, he bestows upon this bishop a most elaborate commendation for sanctity and learning. The good man seems quite unconscious—first, that the chief of the two vouchers whom he rehearses as furnishing a high character of St. Epiphanius, who rent a painted curtain hanging at the church door,—namely, St. Jerome,—was the eloquent panegyrist of St. Paulinus of Nola, who beautified the interior of churches with paintings, as we shall see by and by; secondly, that a solitary act does not constitute a rule, especially an act with all the circumstances of which we are unacquainted—

still less an act which *may* have been the result of inconsiderateness.* Else he might, with as good reason, take the fact of this same Epiphanius ordaining, in another bishop's diocese, Paulinian who was not his subject, or his condemning Ammonius and his brethren's work without having read it,†—and hold them up as patterns of the course to be followed by bishops in administering the Church and determining controversies. Thirdly, the good man seems not to have been aware that his establishing so industriously the authority of Epiphanius would be furnishing the body whom, in this homily, he is unscrupulously maligning, with an irresistible argument, *ad hominem*, when they proceeded to submit certain dogmas of his Thirty Nine to the test of examination. One instance will suffice. What would have been St. Epiphanius's judgment on the third clause of the 28th Article? When arguing against the abuse of allegory in interpreting Scripture, in order to prove that many things are to be believed: though we discern them not, he draws an illustration from the Holy Eucharist. He observes, that “when our blessed Lord pronounced the words (Matth. xxvi. 26), there was to the beholder no equality or likeness either to His assumed flesh, or to His divinity.... That, nevertheless, He graciously chose to declare, “This is my body.” Nor is there any one who refuses to believe Him. He who does refuse, forfeits grace and salvation.‡”

We shall now lay before our readers a specimen of the Homilist's skill in disposing his historic lights: with an occasional commentary as may be necessary.

“In the time of Theodosius and Marcian, emperors who reigned about the year of our Lord 460, and 1110 years ago, when the people of the city of Nola once a year did celebrate the birth-day of St. Felix, in the Temple, and used to banquet there sumptuously, Pontius Paulinus, bishop of Nola, caused the walls of the temple to be painted with stories taken out of the Old Testa-

* To those who are conversant with the history of the time, several other instances of precipitation in the conduct of this zealous bishop in this visit to Palestine, and that to Constantinople some years later, will readily occur.

† See the anecdote in Sozomen, book viii. chap. xv.

‡ Ἀληθὴς δὲ ἐστὶν ὁ μετὰ χάριτος τὸ κατ' εἰκόνα τῷ ἀνθρώπῳ δωρησάμενος, καὶ ὅσα ἐστὶν ἀπὸ τῶν ὁμοίων ὁρῶμεν γὰρ ὅτι ἔλαβεν ὁ σωτὴρ εἰς τὰς χεῖρας αὐτοῦ ὡς ἔχει ἐν τῷ εὐαγγελίῳ ὅτι ἀνέστη ἐν τῷ δείπνῳ, καὶ ἔλαβε τὰδε. καὶ εὐχαριστήσας εἶπε τοῦτό μου ἐστὶ τὸδε. καὶ ὁρῶμεν ὅτι οὐκ ἴσον ἐστὶν οὐδὲ ὅμοιον, οὐ τῇ ἐν σάρμῃ εἰκόνη, οὐ τῇ ἀορατῷ θεότητι, οὐ τοῖς χαρακτῆρσι τῶν μελῶν. . . . καὶ ἠθέλησεν χάριτι εἰπεῖν, τοῦτό μου ἐστὶ τὸδε, καὶ οὐδεὶς ἀπιστεῖ τῷ λόγῳ, ὁ γὰρ μὴ πιστεύων εἶναι αὐτὸν ἀληθινόν, ὡς εἶπεν, ἐκπίπτει τῆς χάριτος καὶ τῆς σωτηρίας.—Ed. Petav. ii. 60.

ment, that the people beholding and considering those pictures might the better abstain from too much surfeiting and riot."—p. 178.

The word "about" is a convenient subterfuge. Theodosius had been dead ten years; Marcian three:—and how Pontius Paulinus could be contemporary with both these emperors, seeing that he had enjoyed the honours of the consulate just eighty-two years before the time above stated, and died at Nola, full nineteen years before Marcian succeeded Theodosius, passes all comprehension. This convenient "about" enables the homilist to make Prudentius also a contemporary with these emperors,—Prudentius, who, as he was born in 348, must be considered as belonging not to the fifth but to the fourth century.

Let not the reader suppose that these mistakes are immaterial to the Homilist's argument, or that they are casual slips. Far otherwise: because, at the very time St. Paulinus was decorating the church of St. Felix, at Nola (as to the purpose which the Homilist ascribes to him, and "the sumptuous banquets," we say nothing), at the time when Prudentius witnessed the picture of St. Cassian's martyrdom, at Imola (in the year 405) *he* would have his readers believe that such things were unknown; that St. Jerome, St. Augustine, and others, would never have allowed them.

"And *about the same time* [it was *only FIFTY-FIVE* years before!] Aurelius Prudentius, a very learned and Christian poet," [he was distinguished for invoking saints, paying pilgrimages to their tombs, &c.] "declareth how he did see painted in a church the history of the passion of St. Cassian, a school-master and martyr, whom his own scholars, at the commandment of a tyrant, &c. . . . And these were the first paintings in churches that were notable in antiquity. And so by this example came in painting, and afterwards images of timber, and stone, and other matter, into the churches of Christians." . . .

The reader will do well to recollect these paintings in churches in the year 405 at latest. It is impossible for us to proceed till we have quoted the poet's description of his own feelings and behaviour. If we be idolators, how was he a Christian?

"*Stratus humi, tumulo adolvebur quem sacer ornat
Martyr dicato Cassianus corpore.
Dum lachrymans mecum reputo mea vulnera, et omnes
Vitæ labores, ac dolorum acumina,
Erexì ad cælum faciem; stetit obvia contra
Fucus colorum picta imago martyris
Plagas mille gerens, totos lacerata per artus
Ruptam minutis præferens punctis cutem.*"

Περὶ Στεφαν. C. ix.

We might subjoin another passage on St. Hippolytus, whose representation was placed exactly in that spot (over the altar) where the placing of any such devices is regarded by our Homilist with the utmost indignation. Now we are not going to imitate his bad logic; nor, because he has concluded, from there being no record of any disapproval of St. Epiphanius's act of zeal, that there were then no images [pictures] in churches any where, shall we contend that what Prudentius did, as occasion offered, was done by all Catholics in every place. It is sufficient for us to show that the man's hatred towards us has made him repeatedly prevaricate: but there is far worse to come. And for the better exposure of his dishonesty, we shall exhibit, in parallel columns, his version of a document and our own version, together with certain words of the original Latin. He says:—

"But from learning by painted stories it came by little and little to idolatry. Which, when godly men (as well emperors and learned bishops as others) perceived, they commanded that no such pictures, images, or idols, should be used any more. And I will, for a declaration thereof, begin with a decree of the ancient Christian emperors, Valens and Theodosius, who reigned about four hundred years after our Saviour Christ's ascension, who forbad that any images should be made PRIVATELY; for certain it is that there were NONE IN TEMPLES PUBLICLY IN THEIR TIME"—(namely, in the year 427.)

[MUTILATED VERSION.

"These emperors did write unto the captain of the army attending on the emperors after this sort.

"*Valens* and Theodosius, emperors, unto the captain of the army:

"Whereas we have a diligent care to maintain the religion of God above in all things, we will grant to no man to *set forth*, grave, carve, or paint the *image* of our Saviour Christ in colours, stone, or any other matter; but in what *place* soever it shall be found, we command that it be taken away, and that all such as shall attempt anything contrary to our decrees or commandment herein shall be most

[VERSION TAKEN FROM THE CODEX,
P. 36, ED. 1663.]

"L. i. Tit. viii. c. un.—That it is allowed to no one either to engrave or to paint the sign of Christ the Saviour ON THE GROUND (*humi*) whether it be on flint or on marble.

"The emperors Theodosius and *Valentinian*, A.A. to Eudoxius, Prefect of the Prætorium.

"Whereas we have a diligent care to maintain the religion of God above in all things, [we decree] that it is allowed unto no one, to engrave or paint, WHETHER ON THE FLOOR OR ON flint, or marble LAID ON THE GROUND (vel in *solo* vel in silice, vel in marmoribus *humi positis*) the sign of Christ the Saviour; giving strict orders that whatever [of the kind] is found, be taken away (QUODCUNQUE

sharply punished.' ”

reperitur tolli), inflicting the sharpest punishment on such as shall presume to contravene our ordinances. — 12 Kal. Jun. An. 427.”*

As a sequel of the falsified extract, follows a pedantic enumeration of the names of lawyers (especially ludicrous, considering that the book was intended and enjoined to be read in parish churches), with a good flourish of triumph over “the idolators.” No honest Protestant will echo this triumph,—that we will answer for.

Next comes a rambling tale about the progress of image-worship, in which regard for the reader's patience forbids us to track the author. Some estimate may be formed of the writer's discernment from the following passage. He points to “the utter overthrow of the Christian religion and noble empire in Greece, and all the east parts of the world, and the increase of Mahomet's false religion, and the cruel dominion and tyranny of the Saracens and Turks, who do now hang over our necks also, that dwell in the west parts of the world, ready at all occasions to over-run us.” Mark his instant conclusion! “And ALL THIS do we owe to our idols and images, and our idolatry in worshipping them.”—p. 181.

Like every anti-Catholic polemic, the homilist tells his story of troubles in the East, and of the controversies that raged there in relation to holy images, towards the close of the eighth century. There is one peculiar feature in which we must recognize his peculiar gift of invention. Were it given to him to come from his abode in the other world, as he has resuscitated others four centuries and more after the grave had closed over them, his claim to instant appointment as co-secretary at Exeter Hall with Mr. Dalton would be irresistible. He has given a frightful view of Irene's character, and spoken of her exile and death. This, as most people know, was at the dawn of the ninth century. In the sequel he is “*splendide mendax*.”

“While these tragedies about images were thus working in Greece, the same

* In the same spirit, the Council in Trullo (An. 706) forbade the figure of the cross to be wrought on the pavement. And at a later time St. Bernard censured the placing of representations of angels and saints on the pavement of churches. An Anglican of the present day might similarly blame the working of a cross, the I.H.S., or other religious memorial upon a “pede cloth,” whilst contending for the use of such symbols as fit adornments of a window, a communion table, a chalice, or the like.

question of the use of images in churches *began* to be moved in *Spain* also. And at Eliberi, a notable city, now called Granate, was a council of Spanish bishops and other learned men assembled; and there, *after long deliberation and debating of the matter*, [this is pure fiction] it was concluded *at length* by the *whole* council after this sort, in the 36th article: 'We think that pictures ought not to be in churches, lest that which is honoured or worshipped be painted on walls.' And in the 41st canon of that council, it is thus written: 'We thought good to admonish the faithful, that as much as in them lieth, they suffer *no images* to be in their houses; but if they fear any violence of their servants, *at the least* let them keep themselves clean and pure from images; if they do not so, let them be accounted as none of the Church.'—p. 187.

The date of the great Council of Nice, where Arianism was condemned, is well known: the year three hundred and twenty-five. How many years *before* this, a local council of nineteen bishops sat at Eliberi, and passed that canon which is first quoted by our homilist, critics are not agreed. Some have placed it in the middle of the third century, but without sufficient authority: the year 303 may with more reason be assigned as its date.* This much is certain, in the list of subscribing bishops appear the names of the celebrated Osius of Corduba, a distinguished member of the Council of Nice in 325, and of that of Sardica in 347; and Valerius of Saragossa, whose deacon, St. Vincent, was martyred in the persecution of Dioclesian. This is the council which the worthy preacher has transferred to the times of Irene, that is, to the close of the eighth century. Its canons, eighty in number, are on record: of the "long deliberation and debating" of which we have just been told, the Acts do not furnish a single vestige. Debating a point presupposes some diversity of opinion: and had any memorial of a lengthened debate come down to us, we should be better enabled to settle the disputed meaning of the words: "*Placuit picturas in ecclesia esse non debere, ne quod colitur, aut adoratur, in parietibus depingatur.*"† Two things are obvious to remark: first, that the in-

* Card. d'Aguine, Conc. Hisp. tom. ii. diss. i.

† Some interpreters, laying the stress on the words "*colitur aut adoratur,*" suppose the prohibition to regard representations of the Blessed Trinity; others, dwelling on the words "*parietibus,*" "*pictura,*" suppose the canon to allow tacitly the use of carved figures, and to inhibit the representations on walls, because *they* could not be removed when the church was in danger of being profaned by infidels. Both interpretations are plausible; still, it appears more reasonable to say, with Petavius and others, that the council judged it inexpedient to have any corporeal representations in places of public worship. As Bossuet and others have often re-

junction of a local council could form no irrevocable law for the universal Church in all ages and under all circumstances: and secondly, that the very enactment implies that, at the time, that is at the commencement of the fourth century, pictures were already to be seen in churches, and that reverence was paid to pictures; facts which dispose of the homilist's assertion, that previously to 427 there were no pictures in churches. An observation made with reference to St. Epiphanius is here also applicable. The more the English homilist makes of the authority of the council in question, the stronger evidence he furnishes against his own sect. The council enforced by the strictest penalties (can. xiii.) the observance of vows: the reforming work of which this man was the Apologist, was chiefly brought about by such as set all vows at naught. The council insisted on the absolute indissolubility of the matrimonial bond (can. ix.); his sect allows of divorce and supervening marriage. The council enacts (can. xxxiii.) absolute continence to be observed by bishops, priests, deacons, &c. The Church of England makes no account of this law, declared and ratified as it has been by subsequent statutes of the Western Church. Indeed, as regards celibacy, the author of this homily maintains in his "Apology" that a married bishop serves GOD better than one who is single!

But we must not leave undetected the fraud which lurks in the second quotation, "We thought good," &c. We give the original below,* and leave it to any one to decide whether a provision regard-

marked, Catholics do not consider images or pictures to appertain to the substance of religion, but confess that they may be in certain cases dispensed with, and laid aside.

* "*Admoneri placuit fideles, ut in quantum possunt, prohibeant ne IDOLA in domibus suis habeant: si vero vim metuant servorum, vel seipsos puros conservent: si non fecerint, alieni ab ecclesia habeantur.*"—Coleti, i. 997. Compare this 41st canon with the 59th and 60th. "*Prohibendum ne quis Christianus, ut gentilis, ad idolum Capitolii causa sacrificandi ascendat et videat. Si quis idola fregerit et ibidem fuerit occisus; quatenus in evangelio scriptum non est, &c. placuit in numero eum non recepi martyrum.*" At this time there were temples in Spain, as elsewhere, resembling the Roman Capitol in form, and bearing the name. It is needless to state that in Dioclesian's time the worship of idols was triumphant. The Christian who, actuated by a zeal which the council discountenances, as not warranted by the Gospel or the practice of the apostles, ventured to break them, might be killed on the spot. Christian masters might be denounced by their slaves; and therefore the council, whilst it recommends the faithful to do their best to rid their houses of the *idols* which *their slaves* worshipped, contemplates also certain cases in which it might be dangerous to proceed to extremes, and where the evil must be tolerated.—In the

ing masters who had *pagan* servants—and this a warning to check their idolatry as far as they were able, and when they could not check it to beware of partaking in it,—have any bearing on the question whether the images of Christ and his saints may be had and retained by Christian people? We shudder at the profaneness of the man who could apply what is here said of pagan idols to the memorials of our Blessed Lord and his elect.

Amongst those who subscribed to the council of which we have been speaking, appears the name of Felix, bishop of Accitana or Guadix. At the close of the eighth century, Felix, bishop of Urgel in the Pyrenees, began to dogmatize profanely on the Sonship of our Blessed Lord, seduced many into his new Nestorianism, created great tumults in the Church, and, although brought to a retractation of his heresy by our countryman Alcuin, probably persisted in it till his dying day. The heresy was condemned in 794, by the council of Frankfort: a council which also took up the question of the veneration to be paid to images. Now, will the reader believe that this vile heretic of the *eighth* century, and the venerable father of the *fourth*, have been confounded into one individual?—that the Nestorian bishop of Urgel is made to pass off for the bishop of *Accitana*, under the title of bishop of *Aquitaine*? that a man whom Alcuin met face to face is described as presiding over a council which, as we have seen, was held in the times of Dioclesian? The homilist shall certify to the matter.

“But when these decrees of the Spanish Council at Eliberi came to the knowledge of the bishop of Rome and his adherents, they, fearing lest all Germany also would decree against images and forsake them, thought to prevent the matter,” &c...“assembled a council of Germans at Frankford, and there procured the Spanish council against images afore-mentioned to be condemned by the name of the *Felician heresy* (!!)—(for that Felix, bishop of Aquitania, was chief in that council) and obtained that the acts of the second Nicene council assembled by Irene.....and the sentence of the bishop of Rome for images, might be received.”—p. 188.

It will occasion little surprise to the reader, when he is told that the

year 681, the twelfth council of Toledo, in its eleventh chapter, having cited the text of the Decalogue, &c. proceeds to warn “idol-worshippers, venerated of stones, burners of torches, observers of religious rites towards trees and fountains,” of the sinfulness of their practices. It provides penalties, and makes masters responsible for the better conduct of their *slaves* in future.—Coleti, vii. 1443. *This* enactment is likewise seriously referred to by the Homilist, in connexion with that just noticed, as directed against Christians’ images!

man who talks at this rate palms his inventions upon others. "For much after this sort do the *Papists* report of the council of Frankfort." Then he proceeds to argue that, because the German Synod "was directly made and gathered against that Nicene Council," either there must have been two—a supposition which he rejects on the score of the absence of evidence—"or else, that, after their custom, the popes and papists have most shamefully corrupted the council, *as their manner is* to handle not only councils, but also ALL histories and writings of the old doctors, falsifying and corrupting them for the maintenance of their wicked and ungodly purposes, as hath in times of late come to light, and doth in our days more and more continually appear most evidently."

Upon considering the evidence above-given as to our accuser's trustworthiness, the reader will probably deem any reply to this coarse invective to be altogether superfluous.

END OF PART I.

"O QUAM SORDET MIHI TERRA, DUM CŒLUM ASPICIO."

Ex Verbis Sti. Ignatii Loyol.

AYE! what is Earth? It is a dark, dull spot
That through etherial space unkin is driven;
Inert, and unendued with living thought,
Toiling obscure its beaten gyre in heaven.

Once, in the days of innocence and mirth,—
In Eden's days,—thy course was fresh and fair;
But now, beneath the briar curse, O Earth!
Thy comeliness has waned, and joyous air.

Now, like a sickly load, thy brightest eye
Gleams heavy with the nearing hand of death;
Thy happiest smile becomes a heavy sigh;
Thy birthright is to fade, thy hope to skaith.

There is no mirth to those who, in despair
 Of other joys, cling fast to thine embrace,
 For, uninvited, countless sorrows stare
 Through countless chinks, all ready for the chase :

Mopping and mowing at th' unusual glee,
 Like dogs unleashed they slip, and onward rush ;
 Each over each they spring, all loose and free,
 And, ere 'tis well begun, all gladness crush !

Once like a missioned angel thou didst cleave
 Thy track in heaven, and incense left behind ;
 When God declared each morn and dewy eve
 Both in th' excess of excellence combined.

Once thou wert cloudless,—now art clouded o'er ;
 Dull vapours spread thee o'er with sickly gloom ;
 A garden once of pleasure,—now no more ;
 An Eden once,—and now a mighty tomb.

Once everlasting light around thee shone,
 Sunshine by day, the moon's cool ray by night ;
 Alternately their various beams were thrown
 O'er wood, glade, fell, in fair and chequered light :

And Man the while looked out, and raised his voice
 From these and thee, in accents to His praise
 Who bade the morning and the eve rejoice,
 As each succeeding met his grateful gaze.

How thou art fallen, O Earth! How is thy star
 Now dimmed beneath the vest of sinful spite!
 How is thy beauty tarnished! how the scar
 Of sin remains!—how spreads the leprous white!

Oh! is there aught in thee can woo our love?—
 Whose light doth shine to set in gloom more deep ;
 Whose hopes deceive ; whose fairest blossoms prove
 But cankerous snares ; whose calm is dangerous sleep !

Who then would give his heart to dross of Earth ;
 His soul and vanity to roam together ; --
 His thoughts to wander wide in thriftless mirth,
 To gather flowers that in a day shall wither ?

'Tis not the merry speech and laughing eye
 That tells the heart with inward peace is dewed ;
 Ah! no; for oft a gay and thoughtless eye
 Deceitful shines to veil the inward feud.

It is in vain to seek for peace, so long
 As Earth is all the basis of our rest ;
 For, like the gladness of a passing song,
 It fades, albeit by memory caressed.

Wouldst thou the very fount of gladness find,
 And drink the crystal streams of pure delight,—
 Love God with all thy heart, and soul, and mind,—
 So shall thy peace and joy be infinite.

Earth glides away, and all that it hath given
 Is born to pass with fast and sure decay,
 But steadfast as a rock, the hopes of Heaven
 Remain secure, and ne'er can pass away.

All that is seeming fair, though outward well,
 Bears in its core the seeds of early fading,
 Decay creeps on unseen with footsteps fell,
 And whets the tool for death's assured invading.

Beauty may crown the cheek, and light the eye,
 While sure disease the inward life is wasting,—
 But while the goodly sun shines bright on high,
 His course is to the westward ocean hasting.

Fair are the dew-drops glancing in the sun,
 That deck flower, shrub, and tree, at early morning ;
 But soon in air the tiny gems are gone,
 And leave no trace of fairy-like adorning.

All things this changeful life can boast of pass
 Like these away, and leave behind no trace,
 Save what in memory's reflective glass
 Is writ more airy still, for feebler gaze.

Then check thy heart and give it not away
 To aught but ONE whose worth is for thy love,
 Give thy affections all to GOD, and pray
 That HE may keep them ever fixed above !

Octave Holy Innocents, 1843.

THE PROTESTANT ASSOCIATION.*

FOR a considerable time we took great interest in the proceedings of the above-mentioned body, which we watched with no ordinary curiosity. Somehow or other, however, both interest and curiosity had been gradually subsiding, until we had almost forgotten the existence of "The British Society for Promoting the *Religious* Principles of the Reformation," (and it was only the other day, while scanning the pages of some "Ecclesiastical Gazette," that we were reminded that the *debris* of that society, which was to have eradicated poor "popery" from the land, were still to be seen in the purlieus of Exeter Hall. To satisfy ourselves of the reality, we visited Office No. 9, and for a good popish shilling obtained a copy of the last Annual Report, expecting to receive something like value for our money. We have been disappointed. The report is meagre, and it is evident that its framers were at a loss for materials to eke out their annual story. Everything must have a beginning, and, accordingly, the committee of the Reformation Society, taking courage, commence their fifteenth Annual Report by stating that they "feel many reasons of unfeigned thankfulness for the *privilege* of contending for the faith with which they are *honoured*, and for the measure of success that has attended their labours."

A good beginning truly, but "the measure of success" for which the *honoured* faithful "feel many reasons" (how many they say not) of unfeigned thankfulness," is after all, notwithstanding the flourishing preliminary, a poor affair, for

"The past year has not been crowned with many eminently conspicuous proofs of the efficacy of their toils. They dare not exaggerate. They rejoice to pray and promote the work committed to their care in faith, [what does this mean?] believing that, if privileged to reap the one year, they may be allowed to sow only the next."

So, then, the year ending May 1842, was a sowing year with the faithful of No. 9, Exeter Hall. We shall wait with some impatience till May next, when they celebrate harvest home in the Hanover Square Rooms, to know the results of their "toils." Great expectations, no doubt, are entertained, for the report says that

"The committee have raised a special fund, amounting at this moment to

* "The Fifteenth Annual Report of the British Society for Promoting the Religious Principles of the Reformation." London, 1842.

£.224, for republishing and stereotyping their tracts, and, in the course of the coming twelve months, they hope to have the most important series of Protestant tracts ever presented to the Christian public, for gratuitous and cheap circulation. The object of *this* (!) is to neutralize the poisonous tracts of the [Roman] Catholic Institute, which are stereotyped and circulated with a perseverance and energy worthy of a better cause."

But this is not all: the committee

"Have also resolved on securing the services of one or more able clergymen to preach and lecture on the Romish system, whether developed in the canons of the Council of Trent, or in the 'Tracts for the Times.' One *bold* step they have adopted. [What brave fellows they must be!] They have entered into a correspondence with several *distinguished* clergymen on the subject of delivering three or four lectures on the Fathers, the Church, Tradition, and Justification by Faith, in the Town Hall of Oxford."

The only "distinguished clergymen" named, are the Rev. Edward Bickersteth and the Rev. Robert M'Ghee, formidable champions, no doubt—in their own estimation. The former, however, very wisely and prudently withal, as we think, excuses himself, by pleading the opinion of his "medical adviser" in bar of the undertaking; but he recommends some "faithful men" to do the work, and suggests that "the Rev. W. Goode would well take the Fathers; Mr. M'Neile, the Church; and many a beloved brother, Justification by Faith." Mr. Mr. M'Ghee, however, having no excuse on the score of bad health, undertakes to go to Oxford, "and take the lecture on Justification." He says in his letter of acceptance, that he had been at Oxford on the Sunday preceding the writing of his letter (no date, is given), that he had heard Mr. Newman, and he "confidently" asserts "his principles to be those of pure popery." We have not heard whether any of the proposed lectures have yet been delivered; if anything can match the absolute silliness of the attempt on the part of such men as M'Ghee to preach down Tractarianism at Oxford, its parallel can only be found in the vapouring effrontery of those who proposed it.

As the committee of the Reformation Society do not rely implicitly upon "faith" for success, but depend also upon the extent of their pecuniary means for maintaining "that blessed Reformation which was so dearly gained," we have had the curiosity to look at the "Abstract of Cash Account from April 1 (All Fools' Day), 1841, to March 31, 1842," and we find that, even including the "special fund," which is to work wonders, they are not £50 above the world! The fact is, that the whole affair is a snug job for the benefit of two or three persons, as the fol-

lowing items, set off against the annual receipts, which amount only to £1202, will show :—

" Salary to Rev. R. Parkinson	-	-	£250	0	0
Ditto Rev. J. Cumming	-	-	150	0	0
Ditto Mr. Miller	-	-	112	10	0
Travelling Expenses	-	-	148	15	3½
			<hr/>		
			£661	5	3½

Of course the labourer is worthy of his hire, and we only refer to the subject to show that Messrs. Parkinson and Cumming do not abuse and misrepresent the faith of Catholics for nothing, or for the mere love of abuse.

PASTORAL ADDRESS OF THE RIGHT REVEREND BISHOP CAREW, VICAR APOSTOLICAL OF BENGAL,

*Exhorting the Faithful of Bengal to join together weekly in Public
Prayer for the Conversion of the English Nation.*

WE have much pleasure in laying before our readers the following pastoral of Bishop Carew, Vicar Apostolical of Bengal; and we entreat such as read it, to ponder well on the thoughts which we doubt not its perusal must excite. It is a painful task to be constrained to confess that, in the vast colonial possessions of England, though she has caused countless tribes and peoples to bow to her sway, by the might of her temporal arm, yet, with all the appliances of unbounded wealth, and of a fervent but misguided zeal, her efforts to subdue the conquered nations to the anomalous creed which she herself professes, have fallen as impotent, as assuredly they were unblessed. To us it is a sad, as to the devout Anglican it must be a humiliating, reflection, to be assured that were unforeseen reverses to drive her from her occupation of the vast peninsula of Hindostan, or to cause her to withdraw the machinery of her civil and military establishment, there would not remain a trace to tell that the country had ever been under the dominion of men professing to follow the religion of Christ;—but all would be left as it was found under the delusion of Mohammed, or the abominations of Hindoo

idolatry.* How different the means are by which the Catholic faith is and ever has been propagated, the following pastoral address most amply and contrastingly shows:—

“Hi in curribus, et hi in equis; Nos autem in nomine Domini DEI nostri invocabimus.

“Ipsi obligati sunt, et ceciderunt; Nos autem surreximus et erecti sumus.” (Ps. *Exaudiat*, 8, 9.)

And with these words we cordially commend the following pages to the serious reflection of the reader.—ED. C. M.

Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul, 1843.

“PATRICK JOSEPH, by the Grace of God and the favour of the Holy and Apostolic See, Bishop of Philadelphia, Vicar Apostolic of Bengal, to all the Faithful of Bengal, wishes health and benediction.

“BELOVED BRETHREN IN JESUS CHRIST,—We have already invited and earnestly exhorted you to unite together in prayer, to supplicate the Almighty to avert from Spain the evils which afflict the faithful in that country. You have, we feel assured, already prepared to correspond with our solicitude, and to assemble together in the public temples of religion at the appointed devotions of the Jubilee, in order, by your united prayers, to propitiate Heaven in favour of your suffering brethren. Profiting with joy of the present auspicious opportunity, we now, beloved brethren, propose to your pious zeal for the universal Church of Christ, to join in the holy association of prayers for the conversion of England, which has been lately established in several parts of Europe.

“You have heard, no doubt, with great joy and with warm gratitude to God, that recently, numerous converts, many of them of distinguished rank and abilities, have returned to the one Sheepfold of the one Shepherd, the Ark of Peace, Unity, and Salvation,—the Holy Catholic Church. The piety, not only of those who have grown old in the profession of the Catholic faith, but still more of the illustrious converts who have been lately gained to Christ, ascribes the splendid conversions that have taken place, in a great measure, to the united supplications of the faithful, who have joined together in the association of prayers for the conversion of England. Hence, grateful for the mercy they have themselves so abundantly experienced, many converts of rank and learning eagerly desire that their Catholic brethren in India should join the

* As the most recent instance of tenderness for idolatry by a professing Christian government, we might mention that of the pseudo-Samson and his gates of Sumnath—a feat of boasting we might laugh at, but for the downright paganism which the proclamation of the Governor General so manifestly involves.

faithful of other countries in stated devotions for the consummation of that great and most important event. It will encourage you to be assured by us, that even here in Calcutta, there are among those who have not yet joined the Catholic Communion, persons most anxious for the introduction of the pious exercise now recommended to your consideration. It is our sacred duty as Catholics, and as British subjects, to exert our best efforts for the restoration of England to the pale of Catholic unity. As subjects, we are bound to offer up our prayers, as well for our Gracious Sovereign, as for all classes of our fellow subjects, to supplicate for them every spiritual and temporal blessing, of which they may stand in need. This duty, you know, has been always impressed upon your minds, so carefully, that even in the Catechetical lessons you learned in your youth, you were made familiar with the strong and energetic instruction of St. Paul on this subject. "I desire, therefore, first of all, that supplications, prayers, intercessions and thanksgiving be made for all men. For Kings, and for all that are in high stations, that we lead a quiet and a peaceable life in all piety and chastity. For this is good and acceptable in the sight of God our Saviour." (1 Tim. cap. ii. vv. 1, 2, 3.) Remark, I pray you, beloved brethren, that the inspired apostle is not content with simply informing you that prayer, such as he recommends, ought to be practised, merely because it is good and acceptable in the sight of God our Saviour. No: he subjoins, moreover, to the words already quoted, another most powerful consideration, and incentive to prayer,—one which, on the present occasion, is strongly entitled to our pious notice. That consideration is, 'that God will have all men to be saved, and to come to the knowledge of the truth.' (1 Tim. cap. ii, v. 4.) 'For,' continues the apostle, 'there is one God and one Mediator of God and men,—the man Christ Jesus.' As if he would say, in the economy of redemption, the same order is observed as in the creation of man. Now, in the order of creation, God is the sole origin whence each being derives its existence, and, as according to the apostle the mediatorship of Jesus Christ is co-ordinate with the exercise of the creative power, we are taught to conclude, that as God is the common Creator of all men, so is Jesus Christ their common Mediator and Saviour. It is clearly deducible from reason and natural religion, that, by creating man, the divine attributes demanded, that the Creator should exercise a guiding and superintending providence, in order to conduct the work of his own hands, to the exalted destiny for which man was designed. But the mediatorship of the Saviour is, as we have seen represented by St. Paul, co-ordinate with the work of man's creation. In virtue then of that Mediatorship, graces must have been purchased and prepared by the blood of Jesus, capable of repairing in every child of Adam, the injury inflicted on human nature by sin, and of reconciling lost man to his offended Creator. Great, then,—immeasurably great, must have been the love of God for man, and unspeakable the tender concern of the Almighty for man's salvation. To co-operate with the Almighty in assisting a fellow-creature to attain salvation, must be, therefore, of all other pious works that which is

most pleasing to Him, because it is one which helps to conduct man to the end for which God created him, and because, also, it is one, which gives back to Jesus Christ those souls which belong of right to the Saviour, as having been purchased with the last drop of his all-atoning blood, amidst the horrors and ignominy of Calvary. It is, then, conclusively established, that of all heavenly and holy undertakings, that is beyond comparison the most divine, which tends to co-operate with the Deity in the salvation of souls. Now, call to mind, beloved brethren, the remarkable words which St. Paul employs when he proclaims, that God wishes all men to be saved. 'God,' says the apostle, 'will have all men to be saved, and to come to the knowledge of the truth.' God, then, who wishes all men to be saved, wishes also, that all men should come to the knowledge of the truth. The salvation of man is the great end for which God created man,—that glorious end, for God has so ordained, is to be attained by conducting man first to the knowledge of the truth. This is the indispensable means appointed by Heaven, without which no man can be saved.

"God, says the Holy Scripture, has given to every man a command concerning his neighbour. Every Catholic is pre-eminently bound to co-operate in the fulfilment of that command, according to the ability with which God has blessed him, and to labour to bring his fellow-men, without distinction of clime or country, to the knowledge of that truth, the belief of which is necessary for salvation. This obligation, imperative on each Catholic with respect to all men of whatsoever sect or country, is infinitely more so with regard to those, who are particularly connected with us, by country or by kindred. With such, we are more especially and more immediately linked, as it were, in the endearing bonds of family friendship. For their temporal afflictions, we are justly expected to show more active sympathy and benevolence, than for those which afflict others not equally connected with us. Much more, then, are we bound to evince our deep solicitude for the removal of the spiritual evils, by which those who are thus connected with us, may be unhappily afflicted. But what, and how great, should be our zeal for the spiritual recovery of Brethren thus endeared to us, if we felt assured, that their restoration to Catholic unity would, under Divine Providence, be efficacious, not only in extinguishing great hostility to the Church of God, by arresting the progress of schism, and by removing the dreadful reproach to which Christianity is subjected by the almost daily multiplication of dissensions and sects, but also in disseminating among millions of our fellow-men who sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, the knowledge of the one only true God and of the Redeemer Jesus Christ. Yet such and so unspeakable are the blessings we might confidently anticipate if England were again to be happily restored to the communion of the apostolic see. The British banner waves triumphantly above the heads of almost countless millions of heathens, idolaters, and Mahometans. The sun never sets upon Britain's mighty empire, an empire compared with which, the empires of antiquity sink into insignificance.

Throughout the boundless extent of British dominion, thousands and tens of thousands pounds of money are annually expended, as well by government as by the munificence of individuals, in unavailing efforts to disseminate the doctrines of all the conflicting and contradictory denominations of Protestantism.

"The heathens, who have the misfortune to be evangelized by these self-constituted and discordant usurpers of the sacred ministry, are told by one class of teachers that Baptism is a sacrament ordained by Christ, both to remit, even in the infant, the sin it inherits from our first parents, and for its spiritual regeneration. Scarcely has this important announcement been made, when another teacher of the reformation is heard to hold up infant baptism as an empty unavailing ceremony,—one which owes its origin to the corruption of primitive Christianity. Happy would it be for the Heathens, who are thus scandalized, if the vial of discord were even now exhausted. But no! it is their hard lot, once that they became entangled with the perplexed doctrinal web of the reformation, to be obliged to listen to men, who call themselves the ministers of religion, contending bitterly against each other on the Canonical Books of Scripture, on the nature and prerogatives of the ministry of the Christian Church, on the dignity and efficacy of the sacraments, on grace, and on the appointed means of justification. What do we say,—yes, even on the very divinity of Jesus Christ and the eternal duration of Heaven and of Hell.

"And these awful subjects, the poor ignorant heathen will be often constrained to see warmly contested, as well by men who have assumed the office of the sacred ministry, as by several of the Protestant laity. Is it surprising, when Christianity is thus exhibited pregnant with dissensions and contradictions, that the pagans should reject it with scorn, and pronounce it to be, what it certainly would be, if the estimate they had learned from Protestantism to form of it, were just, viz. an obscure, perplexed, and most unsatisfactory religious system? Can this pagan be reproached, for not embracing a sect which can propose to him no certain or consistent standard of faith or of morality—a system (if the term be not misapplied) whose sole principle of concordance consists in an agreement to disagree in everything, but an endearing hatred for the parent Church, against which its abettors have all alike rebelled? Must it not occur to the mind of the reflecting heathen, if, as his Protestant instructor would have him believe, the Church of Christ fell from its purity, almost as soon as it was founded by the Saviour, and gave way to the darkness of error, for the long interval of ages that elapsed until the Reformation; that then the revelation of the Gospel dispensation proved to the universe a sterile and a merely theoretic benefit, if indeed that can be called such, which, whilst it did nothing practically beneficial to man, aggravated his responsibility and his guilt before God? That a God should expire on a disgraceful cross to introduce so unprofitable a dispensation, and yet that that God should at the same time have had it within the range of his power, to have given

fecundity and stability to the Testament which he had established in his own blood, and not have done so, must appear to the heathen something irreconcilably strange and contradictory. He (the heathen) must say within himself, if the visible body of the Church, of its pastors and people, failed in faith, almost as soon as the Saviour had ascended into heaven, then, after so long a night of error, as that which, we are told, preceded the Reformation, it must have become impossible, without the aid of another new revelation, to separate truth from falsehood. For, it should be held in memory, that the particular doctrines, which the Reformers rejected as unscriptural and erroneous, viz. the real presence as taught by the Catholic Church, the seven sacraments, purgatory, &c. were those in which all the numerous Churches of the East—in short, all the other Christians in the universe—agreed, and still agree with Catholicity in reverencing as divinely established. Now, if those doctrines, in the admission of which all Christendom had firmly and unchangeably agreed, may be justly reputed erroneous by the Protestant, how can the other tenets of Christianity, in favour of which no such agreement exists, be received by the reflecting heathen as certainly of divine origin? How, for example, can the true doctrine of the Trinity be received as divine by him, inasmuch as that doctrine involves the procession of the Holy Ghost from the Father and the son, a dogma against which all the Greek schismatics protest? How again can the several mysterious doctrines, which, in common with Catholics, Protestants generally profess on the Incarnation, be propounded to the heathen as infallibly true, when he is informed, that the Nestorians and the Eutychians, Churches of great antiquity and having numerous adherents, differ from Catholics and Protestants on the important subjects here referred to? Thus, by the reasoning, reflecting heathen, every doctrine of Christianity may, when proposed to him by the messengers of Protestantism, be consistently reputed as doubtful; and as such, it need not be received by him as emanating from Divine authority. It is not, therefore, surprising, that notwithstanding the incalculably large sums of money which Protestantism has expended to multiply its votaries, the curse of sterility should have everywhere marked its efforts to advance. In this country, in particular, is it not notorious, that the only success of its schools and institutions for the natives is, that the youth who resort to these seminaries, are known for the most part in society, as persons who sneer at all the mysterious doctrines of Christianity,—as persons who have indeed renounced their country's religion, but have not adopted any other, save that of the Deist or the Free-thinker. Could the result be reasonably expected to be otherwise, when one of the first effects of the education imparted to the youth in question must be, to make them familiar with the important doctrinal discordances that exist, not only among the almost countless denominations, collectively taken, of Protestantism, but even in each of its particular sects, separately and, as it were, individually considered? But the evil which we now deplore, has not merely rendered barren and hopeless all the efforts of Protestantism for the conversion of heathens, it has, moreover,

raised up many difficulties to counteract the labours of Catholic missionaries. Whilst these holy men had only to contend with the mere gross ignorance and superstition of the pagans, they were enabled to display Christianity in such beauteous colours, as often led to their conversion, and as always excited in the minds of the simple and unsophisticated Gentiles, deep sentiments of admiration and reverence for the Gospel. But since Protestantism introduced the wild, chimerical project of converting the nations by the indiscriminate circulation of the sacred volume, the Catholic missionary has to combat, not with the simple, the rude, and the uninitiated, but frequently with astute and disciplined Infidels, who are familiar with every sophism which the darkness, obscurity, and, sometimes, apparent inconsistency of the Scripture, can supply to weaken the force of the arguments in favour of the Unity and Trinity of God, of the mystery of Redemption, and even of some of the leading precepts of Christian morality. The conversion of England to the Catholic faith would be at once the immediate, the grand, and the efficacious remedy, by which all the evils we here deplore, would be at once mitigated and finally removed. That glorious event would be the signal for the renovation of the apostolic zeal, which in the first and the succeeding ages of the Church gained so many millions to Jesus Christ; religious discord would cease for ever by the restoration of Catholic unity, and the zeal, the talents, the wealth, and the power of England, would be once more marshalled in array, to carry the cross and its saving doctrines in triumph to the very ends of the earth. All these glorious results may be attained by prayer, by the fervent, the pure, the united supplications of the children of the Church, the immaculate and ever beloved spouse of the Saviour. Already millions of our brethren are united in offering up solemn stated devotions to that God who has revealed that it is his will that all should be saved by coming to the knowledge of the truth, to supplicate his Divine Majesty, to look down from heaven with compassion on once happy and Catholic England, to banish from her shores the spirit of religious dissension, which has inflicted there such grievous injury on Christianity, and has converted that formerly peaceful abode of Catholic truth and unity, into a Babel of jarring and of discordant sects.

“ Shall we, Catholics of Bengal, remain unconcerned and indifferent spectators, whilst our brethren are engaged elsewhere in offering, by prayer, a holy violence to heaven for the conversion of their beloved fellow-subjects? Forbid it charity! Forbid it our love for the Church of God, and for the kingdom of His Christ, to whom the Eternal Father promised, that he would give him the Gentiles for his inheritance, and the ends of the earth for his possession. Every motive, even your love for those with whom you are connected by kindred and country, should prompt you to unite cheerfully in praying for the conversion of England to the Catholic faith. If that blessed event should be happily accomplished, think with yourselves, how very different from what it now is would be the condition of the Catholic youth and of the Catholic poor of Calcutta, and of the whole province of Bengal. At the present moment, government frowns upon your little ones, if they ask for bread or for education, and

refuses to open any one of its schools or institutions for them, unless they become apostates from the Catholic faith. To sectarians of every name, of every principle, and of no principle, these establishments are open; but against the poor Catholic child, whose parents prefer to witness the hunger, and even the death of their child, rather than see him an apostate, they are cruelly barred by bigotry and intolerance. Day after day, we have, in the discharge of our solemn office, to appeal to the charity of the faithful, to enable us to provide in our orphanages for destitute children, many of whom would otherwise be lost to the true faith. Need I remind you, that bigotry has also extended its baneful and blasting influence to the poor adult of your communion, as well as to the little ones of whom I have just spoken, and that considerable bequests left by Catholics for education and for the poor, are administered exclusively by Protestants, in such a way as to render them either in a great measure or altogether unavailing to the Catholic community. Let England again become Catholic and all these grievances will cease to afflict you. Those who now disregard unfeelingly the claims of your poor and of your destitute orphans, will then be among the foremost to join in the number of your benefactors, and make ample reparation for their previous harshness and neglect. The arm of the Almighty is not shortened, and His goodness is not less disposed now to bring about the conversion of sovereigns and kingdoms, than when His Church was first founded. Come, then, let us prostrate ourselves in His divine presence with humility, compunction of heart, and a warm, generous zeal and charity for the conversion of England! Let us assemble weekly in the public temples of religion, and with one voice and heart implore the Giver of every good and perfect gift to recal England to Catholic unity; to exalt her not only in imperial grandeur, but still more in that knowledge which will render her children wise unto eternal life, and make her statesmen and her generals the upholders of the Catholic faith in every quarter of the universe. Thus, foremost in arts, in arms, and in religion, England will become again the island of saints; her boundless empire will everywhere repose in the peace of religious unity; and to angels and to men she will be the theme of universal admiration, as well as of gratitude to God for the mercy with which He has visited her people.

“Given at the Catholic Cathedral, Calcutta, this 28th day of October, 1842.

✠ P. J. CAREW, Bishop and Vicar Apostolic of Bengal.

THOS. OLLIFFE, D.D., Vicar General and Secretary.

“ORDER OF THE DEVOTIONS FOR THE CONVERSION OF ENGLAND.

“On each Thursday morning, commencing with Thursday November the 3d, the holy sacrifice of the Mass will be offered up in Calcutta at 7 o'clock for the conversion of the English nation. Before the 7 o'clock Mass, the usual prayers adopted by the faithful in Europe for this devotion will be read aloud. Where the usual formulary of prayers cannot be conveniently procured, the faithful are recommended to recite the litanies of the saints, together with the anthem to the Blessed Virgin, which begins with the words, “Hail, holy Queen.” In the country districts, where it may not be convenient for the faithful to assemble together on Thursdays, the clergy are exhorted to select either the Sunday or some other day of each week for the celebration of the pious exercises here recommended.

THE BLESSING OF THE CALVARY ON THE GRACE-DIEU ROCKS.*

WANT of space prevents us from doing more than quote the preface of this beautiful discourse, in which the occasion of its delivery is so sweetly and gracefully unfolded. To our readers, and to all that love our dear Lord, we cordially recommend this touching and eloquent outpouring of a fervent spirit. Surely, even the words of the title are enough to make the good Catholic think, and in secret to rejoice at the public glory which, on this occasion, was given to the so long obscured lustre of the faith in a country that is even now learning, though too late, to love its ancient beauty.

"On the festival of our Lord's Circumcision, which opened the year of his grace, 1843, was solemnly blessed the first Calvary, in memory of our Lord's dear passion, erected in England since that tempest of the sixteenth century swept over the land, and destroyed all such blessed memorials from amongst us.

"This Calvary has been raised upon the Grace Dieu Rocks, as a place of devout pilgrimage for the inhabitants of the parishes of Grace Dieu and Whitwick. The Grace Dieu Rocks lift their granite heads in a variety of shapeless masses, and crown the mountainous heights of the Charnwood Forest, so famous in our national legends.† The rock which now bears the representation of our Saviour's sufferings, looks down, towards the north and west, upon a vast and diversified scene which extends into five counties. Not far distant, in the one direction, from the ruins of the ancient Cistercian Abbey of Grace Dieu, it is about equally near, in the opposite point, to the Monastery of the same rule, according to the Trappist reform, established within a few years, with a view to the renovation of that devout order in England. At the foot of the rocks stand the schools of St. Aloysius, which are open to the poor of the surrounding neighbourhood. The blessing of the Calvary was in this manner. Early in the morning was chaunted a solemn High Mass of the festival in the chapel of Our Lady of Grace Dieu, according to the Gregorian note of the Roman Gradual. Then a solemn High Mass was also sung in Holy Cross chapel, Whitwick. Then, as evening drew on, we repaired to the Rocks of Grace Dieu, which are situated midway between these two

* "The Blessing of the Calvary on the Grace-Dieu Rocks. A Sermon preached on the occasion, by Dom. W. Bernard Ullathorne, Monk and Priest of the Holy Order of St. Benedict." London: Charles Dolman, 61, New Bond Street. 1843.

† Charnwood Forest was the scene of the predatory exploits of the celebrated Earl of Huntingdon, commonly known by the name of Robin Hood. In a valley beneath the lofty hills of this district, the tournament of Ashby de la Zouch, immortalised by Sir Walter Scott in "Ivanhoe," took place. This forest formerly contained five devout monasteries: and in a sequestered spot within a wood very

chapels. The surpliced clergy stood officiating at the foot of the Calvary; and the devoutly eager multitude, like the multitudes round our Saviour's person, pressed upon them round the foot of the crucifixion. We chaunted the *Our Father* and the *Hail Mary* with many voices in a Roman chaunt. The day was beautiful, the sun shone over the wide scene upon us with his departing rays in a rich red light, and a vast and varied country spread before us under our feet, as we stood absorbed upon those elevated rocks. The Reverend Father Gentili, of the order of Charity, stood upon the steps of the Calvary, and taking in hand the Scriptures, he opened them to the multitude.—‘*As the serpent was exalted in the desert, so shall the Son of Man be lifted up.*’ This was his text. He spoke of the serpent as the emblem of sin, and of its destruction on the cross. The multitude around him were in the habit of hearing this venerable missionary preaching to them under the open air amidst their villages, but they had not witnessed him in a moment of interest so intense as the present. Their attention was earnest, their eyes gazing and softening at the image of the crucified before them, as he drew from it piercing applications to their condition. The sun shone his last upon us profoundly moved with one common emotion drawn from the spectacle before us, as the eloquent missionary concluded. It was one of those solemn moments of existence that sink into the memory with all their circumstances, and suffer no change from time. Aided by four priests, he then solemnly pronounced the blessing of the Calvary from the Roman Ritual, chaunts were sung by the surrounding crowds, and we imprinted with our lips the respect of our hearts upon the sacred sign. But we prayed in secret for our country. When last a Calvary had been erected in England, she was one and happy in faith; only the power of the cross can unite her and heal her divisions. O, let us all humble ourselves and pray, for this kind can only be healed in prayer and fasting. God must do it, not man; the cross, and not the pride of human wit. Let us all make ourselves worthy of so great a bliss, and God will surely grant it in ways best known to Himself.

“Looking back upon that blessed Calvary, we took our way to the chapel of Our Lady of Grace Dieu, where solemn vespers were chaunted chorally; then this Sermon which follows was preached, and our dear Lord blessed us in person with the solemn benediction of his most holy Sacrament.”

near the Park of Garendon is still to be seen a miraculous spring, called to this day Holy Well, attached to which was formerly a Cistercian hermitage. The neighbouring peasantry still visit this well out of devotion, believing that a holy virtue is dispensed by the clear stream which issues from it. This fountain is never known to freeze, and both summer and winter it preserves the same temperature.

THOUGHTS ON DEATH.

Would we indulge in empty mirth,
 In jocund laugh, or noisy cheer,
 If we but thought how, from our birth,
One foot was resting in the bier?
 That while we squander all on earth,
 Death steals a-pace from year to year.

The happy hours and mirthful days,
 How soon they speed, behind us cast;
 How feebler wanes away their trace,
 In memory how brief they last,
 Like flash of light that gilds the face
 Of the dark wave—and it is past.

How sad we look behind and call—
 How few, alas! our voice return;
 How many hearts where mirth was all,
 Now cold or chilled, in absence mourn;
 Or leave affection's tears to fall,
 Sear on a mute and silent urn.

Death ploughs the waste of earth, and leaves
 Behind his share, a bleaker wold,
 The tomb is opened and receives
 All that the heart as dearest holds;
 And sportive wise, man daily weaves
 His winding sheet more dark and cold.

Such is this weary world of gloom;—
 Yet is there lifeful hope still given,
 To change it so, the very tomb,
 Like life, may lose its bitter leaven.
 'Tis this: that earth is not our home,—
 Our only resting place is Heaven!

O Emmanuel, 1842.

ECCLESIASTICAL DOCUMENTS, No. II.

ACCORDING to our promise, we lay before our clerical readers a selection of decisions by the Sacred Congregation of Rites, the department specially charged with the solution of all doubts, and the enactment of new decrees, respecting all matters of a liturgical or ceremonial character. This congregation is further entrusted with the solemn and most delicate investigations which precede and lead to the Beatification and Canonization of Saints. Like every other Roman congregation connected with the government of the Church, it is composed of Cardinals, (one of whom is the prefect or president), whose decisions, however, are not final till they have received the authoritative sanction of the head of the Church. The congregation has a prelate for secretary, and a number of *Consultori* or Councillors, to whom matters brought before the congregation are referred, and who give their opinions in writing. Upon these, as well as on their own study and that of their private theological advisers, the decision of the Cardinals is founded. An authentic collection of the decrees of this congregation has been published in seven volumes quarto, but the work is not yet complete, and many decrees remain inedited.

We have selected, this month, the most important decrees regarding the use of the *Stole*, as being a matter on which great variety of practice exists amongst us. Each decree bears the title of the diocese from which the query was sent which led to it.

1768.

ALEXANEN.

Institutum fuit a Sacra Rituum Congregatione declarari: an in Ecclesia Parochiali Castriniani Alexanen. Diocesis Hebdomadarius possit uti Stola in canendis Divinis Officiis, quamvis Archipresbyter ejusdem Ecclesiæ iis assistens illam deferre consueverit.

Et S. C. respondit, *neutri licere in casu predicto deferre Stolam quæ tantum in Sacramentorum administratione, et confectione adhiberi debet.* Die 7 Sept. 1658.

2094.

DALMATIARUM.

Instantibus quibusdam Episcopis Dalmatiarum pro declaratione Dubiorum ad S. R. C. ut infra videlicet. * * *

3. Utrum Hebdomadarius debeat semper in Choro uti Stola, vel absque ea peragere sua officia? Ceremoniale enim Episcoporum nihil

de Stola mentionem facit in decantandis horis Canonicis. * * *

Et eadem S. C. respondit * * *

Ad 3, non debent uti Stola.

Hæc die 4 Augusti, 1663.

4374.

DECRETUM GENERALE.

Cum, non obstantibus S. R. C. Decretis pluries editis, et signantur in una Alexanen. diei 7 Septembris 1658 (1768), et Dalmatiarum die 4 Augusti 1663 (2094 ad 3), quibus cavebatur, ne Hebdomadarii, Archipresbyteri, alique uti possent Stola in Canendis Divinis Officiis, sed tantum in Sacramentorum confectione, et administratione, eidem S. C. innotuerit, hujusmodi abusum, et viguissse, et in præsens adhuc vigere penès Archipresbyteros, et Parochos Abbatiae Nullius Sarfen.

Eadem S. C. Audita prius informatione Rmi. Abbatis, ad mei infra-scripti S. R. C. Secretarii relationem, declaravit: *Stolam non esse adhibendam, præterquam in collatione, et confectione Sacramentorum, ideoque consuetudinem in contrarium esse abusum per locorum Ordinarios omnino eliminandum. Die 7 Septembris 1816.*

Facta autem per me Secretarium de præmissis Ssmo. D. N. relatione; Sanctitas Sua sensum S. C. approbavit, benigne confirmavit, et Decretum evulgari mandavit.

Die 10 ejusdem mensis, et anni.

NOTE OF THE EDITOR OF THE DECRETA AUTHENTICA.

Non ita convenit Parochis Stola delatio, ut semper, et ubique pro habitu sine discrimine, extra exercitium officii, simulque ordinis, eâ uti possint. Errant qui putant Stola esse jurisdictionis signum. Distinctivam officii est in illis dumtaxat actionibus, quæ sacrum illud exigunt indumentum; et quamquam agatur de actibus, qui omnibus Sacerdotibus communes esse possunt, nequeant tamen exerceri sine speciali mandato, nisi a Parochis. Siquidem Stola Sacerdotale est indumentum, quod omnibus Presbyteris æque convenit, sed non semper: bene vero in conficiendis, et administrandis Sacramentis, ac in Sacramentalibus. Ideo nec Episcopi Stola utuntur, nisi dum Pontificalia, aut Sacerdotalia munera exercent, vel aliud præstant, quod, servata forma *Libri Cere-*
monialis, Stola exigit delationem. * * *

Adhibent utique Parochi Stola in aliis pluribus functionibus, quæ ad ipsas privative spectant; sed ideo adhibent, quia hujusmodi actiones Stola delationem necessario requirant, uti sunt Sacramenta, Sacramentalia, &c., minime vero ad demonstrandum per extrinsecum illud signum, quod ipsi sunt designati Ministri, et jurisdictione fruuntur.

Quod si actio non exigeret Stolæ usum, et nihilominus eam Parochus deferre vellet, inverteretur ordo adhibendi sacra paramenta, Stolæque delatio ut vana quædam ostentatio habenda foret. * *

Quod si alicubi id fiat, reprobandus abusus est, et ad vanam ostentationem referendus, quasi Parocho liceret adhibere Stolam sine actuali exercitio Ordinis per ambitum Parochiæ. Si Episcopus in sua Diocesi Processionem sequitur, in qua vel Canonicus vel alter Sacerdos defert aut Sanctissimum Sacramentum, aut Sanctorum Reliquias non sibi Stolam imponit, quia actu non exercet officium Pontificale, aut Sacerdotale, licet in sua Diocesi plenam habeat, et exerceat jurisdictionem. Eritne permittendum Parocho intra limitas Parochiæ, quod Episcopo in sua Diocesi non licet?—Vol. 6, p. 95.

From these decrees we infer that the stole should *not* be worn :

1. In officiating at vespers, or saying public prayers. If, however, the cope be worn for vespers, and Benediction of the most Holy Sacrament have to follow immediately, *without changing the cope*, the stole may be put on before vespers under the cope ; but it must not be worn even with the cope for vespers alone ; nor if the cope, on account of its colour, have to be changed between vespers and Benediction.

2. In mere attendance on functions, as assisting at high mass, at consecration of Churches, blessing of chapels, openings, processions, &c.

3. At funerals or offices for the Dead, excepting only the one officiating priest.

It should be worn :—

1. In administering any of the sacraments, penance included.

2. In every rite and function that refers to the Blessed Eucharist, which should not, if possible, be carried or touched without it.

3. In all blessings, funerals, or other sacramentals.

4. Likewise in preaching, (except in Rome) as has been ascertained by reference to proper authority.

[We have also been favoured with the following decision relative to Free-masonry, which, we make no doubt, will be equally acceptable as those above to our clerical readers. Ed. C. M.]

DECISIONES S. SEDIS APOSTOLICÆ DE SOCIETATE LIBERORUM MURATORUM.

Beatissime Pater,

Præpæ ecclesiasticæ a plurimis Romanis Pontificibus in eos statutæ sunt, qui societati, quam "Liberorum Muratorum" dicunt, nomen dedissent, atque juramentum de arcano servando in eorum conventiculis emisissent.

Dubium exoritur, utrum ii quos licèt emissi juramenti pœniteat, communicando tamen cum cæteris eidem sectæ adhærentibus, vel eorum conventicula adeundo, vel *alio quolibet modo*, veros ejusdem societatis cultores se palam exhibere perseverent, ad Pœnitentiæ aut Sanctissimæ Eucharistiæ sacramenti participationem legitimè per Confessarium possint admitti. Sacerdotes inveniuntur nonnulli qui hujusmodi homines reapse admittunt. Ut igitur certa Confessariis norma præbeatur, quaeritur, utrum, *in quacumque orbis regione*, hominibus *Liberorum Murtorum* societati aggregatis, qui juramenti de secreto servando vinculis invicem consociati, in unum corpus coalescunt, juramenti exigendi more apud eandem sectam adhuc vigente, *sacramentalem absolutionem* licitè aut validè Confessarius impertiatur, priusquam ipsi *absolutè et positivè* prædictam damnatam societatem *in perpetuum* relinquunt?

Quæritur quomodo se gerere debeat Confessarius?

Huic petitioni sacra Congregatio sancti Officii sub die 5 Julii 1837, respondit: "*Juxta exposita non licere.*"

Cum autem ortum sit dubium, utrum verba illa "*non licere*" includant, in casu exposito, etiam *invaliditatem absolutionis*, exoratur S. Congregatio ut dignetur id declarare. Quod, etc.

Feria IV, die 27 Junii 1838.

In Congregatione generali S. R. univ. Inquisitionis habita in conventu S. Mariæ supra Minervam coram Eminentissimis et Reverendissimis in DD. S. R. Ecclesiæ Cardinalibus contra hæreticam pravitatem generalibus Inquisitoribus, iidem Eminentissimi et Reverendissimi DD. dixerunt, respondendum esse affirmativè juxta Constitutiones apostolicas.

Eadem die, et feria.

Sanctissimus D. N. D. Gregorius divinâ Providentiâ PP. XVI. in solita audientia Reverendissimo Patri Commissario generali sancti Officii impertita, præfata Eminentissimorum suffragia approbavit.

(L.S.)

ANGELUS ARGENTI,

S. R. et univ. Inquisitionis Notarius.

Concordat cum Originali, datum hacce die 17 Septembris 1842.

✠ JOANNES BEDA POLDING,

Archiep. Sydneiensis in Australia, Vic. Ap.

The Catholic Magazine.

THE NAVE OF THE CHURCH.

CHAPTER II.

“O admirabilis *Domus*, et dilectis tabernaculis, et atris concupiscibilibus præferenda. ‘Quàm dilecta tabernacula tua, Domine virtutum: concupiscit et deficit anima mea in atria Domini.’ (Ps. lxxxiii.) Verum multo magis beati qui habitantes in domo tuâ, Domine, in secula seculorum laudabunt te. ‘Si quidem gloriosa dicta sunt de te, Domus DEI.’ (Id.) In tabernaculis enim gemitus est poenitiæ, in atris gustus lætitiæ, in TE SATIETAS GLORIÆ.”*
—*Sti. Bernardi, in Dedic. Eccles. Ser. iv. fol. 69.*

As the traveller, that, way-worn and weary with his long pilgrimage, sitteth down by the margin of a chrystal well, and drinketh sweet refreshment from the cool and babbling spring,—so the Christian pilgrim is wont to tarry ever and anon, in his prolonged journey through this valley of tears, to seek a passing draught of comfort and cheer from the living fountains of God’s Church, such as that which we have just now received in repeating those sweet words, which in secret we said as an Introit to the NAVE.

And, in good sooth, those are most sweet words, which all we are privileged to speak who are permitted to walk in the garden of the Church, and rest in the green pastures which OUR FATHER has provided for us; so full of all contentment, and so plenteously, that all provision is made therein for our utmost wants. For by that FONT which stands to the right of THE PORCH, we are assured, that it is no presumption in us to make use of that most tender of names; and that as little ones in the great family of God’s happy creatures, we may rest

“O wondrous House! and to be preferred before the tabernacles of delight; and the courts of desire! ‘How lovely are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts; my soul longeth and fainteth after the courts of the Lord.’ (Ps. lxxxiii.) But far more blessed are they that dwell in thy House, O Lord, who shall praise thee for ever and ever. In very deed, ‘glorious things are spoken of thee, O House of God.’ (Id.) For in tabernacles, there is the mourning of penance, but in thy courts the savour of joy,—yea, in THEE the FULLNESS OF GLORY.”

secure, that humble and unworthy as we are, yet are we His children, and privileged to call Him FATHER—so long as we can call the Spouse our mother. And who is this Spouse?—It is His Church; that New Jerusalem, and city of the bride, whom we have already seen as a blessed vision of peace, “Whose bridal gift is the dowry of God’s glory.”* Whose gates are shining pearls, which ever stand open to all, to whose attraction they are led, who follow virtue’s guidance, and who, wounded with the love of Christ, meekly bear, for his sake, the sorrows and pains of this vale of tears.—

“HIC MARGARITIS EMICANT
PATENTQUE CUNCTIS OSTIA :
VIRTUTE NAMQUE PRÆVIA
MORTALIS ILLUC DUCITUR,
AMORE CHRISTUS PERCITUS,
TORMENTA QUISSQUIS SUSTINET.”†

For as we have seen that her stones are living stones, which are piled up to the high stars out of the living rock,—

“QUE CELSA DE VIVENTIBUS
SAXIS AD ASTRA TOLLERIS.”‡

so must it needs be that they be shaped from the rough rock, and moulded under the hand of the Master builder; squared, and hewn, and fixed in their places by line, plummet, and hammer, so that by apt persecutions and sorrows of this life, they may be polished and made meet for a goodly place in the temple which is in heaven, and of which the pile before us, all goodly as its structure be, is but a faint and feeble type.

“SCALPRI SALUBRIS ICTIBUS
ET TUNSIONE PLURIMA
FABRI POLITA MALLEO
HANC SAXA MOLEM CONSTRUUNT,
APTISQUE JUNCTA NEXIBUS
LOCANTUR IN FASTIGIO.”§

“Now the temple which he built,” says St. Bede the Venerable, in taking the mystic sense of the building of Solomon; “Whose empire,” as the Prophet says, “shall be multiplied, and there shall be no end of peace.” “*Multiplicabitur ejus imperium, et pacis non erit finis.*”

* “O sorte nupta prospera
Dotata Patris gloria.”

Hymn. in Ded. Eccles. Str. 2.

† Hymn. in Ded. Eccles. Str. 3.

‡ Id. Str. 1.

Id. Str. 4.

(*Esaiæ ix. 7.*) “Templum quod ædificavit, Catholica Ecclesia est, quam de universis per orbem credentibus, quasi de vivis lapidibus, in unam suæ fidei et charitatis compagem aggregat. Quod autem septem annis ædificatum est Templum; significavit quod per totum hujus sæculi tempus, quod septem diebus evolvitur, sanctæ structura Ecclesiæ crescere *nunquam* desinit.”* “The temple which he hath built is his Church Catholic, which out of all those that believe throughout the globe, gathereth together into one mass of its own faith and charity. And as *that* Temple was six years in building,—so is signified that through the whole time of this world, which runs on for seven days, the building of holy Church *NEVER* ceases to go on increasing.”

Such is the blessed vision of peace, which as devout children of the Bride, we are permitted to behold. For as God in baptism is assuredly our reconciled Father, so is the Spouse, into whose blessed company we are there initiated, in like manner our mother; and such she will ever be, so long as we hearken to her voice, and seeking shelter under her brooding wing, meekly learn, that in obeying her we obey Him, who set in her pale those vicarial means of applying to our souls the remedies innumerable, which for every state and condition there as marvellously abound, as they are lavishly dispensed; as mighty in their efficacy as they are most sweet in their appliance; as graciously offered as they are continually poured out; like a fountain, that for all its lavish gushing, is yet exhaustless of living water; yea, rather seems to give the more and purer, as its gifts are sought the more, or its well-spring poured abroad.

Like a banner, an ensign, and a beacon, the Church of God is set on the top of mountains, for our guidance, our rallying point, and our light. Beneath *her* banner of the Cross we must arrange ourselves, in order to fight the battles of the Lord; that is, to dress ourselves in meet array for that warfare, which is perpetual between the world and God, between the carnal and heavenly powers, between death and life, darkness and light. Under the sign of *Salvation* we must go forth on our pilgrimage, be it long or short, and by its virtue we must drive away all the enemies, that at every turn, resting or walking, sleeping or waking, watch us unseen, and pervert the goodly creature, albeit harmless of its own nature, to an unmeet use: and towards that *light* which is set aloft, and *cannot be hid*, thither we must ever move, for there alone is our resting-place, our haven of rest, and harbour of content.

* *Sti. Bedæ Venerabilis Hom. super Evang. Johan. in Offic. Ded. Eccles.*

But were that light withdrawn, or were it obscured by the haze of our passions, or misguiding judgment, how dark and dismal should our lot be. Were the physical sun withdrawn, whose rays fall teeming on the lap of earth, ripening the seed, and causing the verdure of herb and tree to burst forth, and the fruits of the field and orchard, the corn, the vine, and the olive, to give their several goodly vintages,—how fearful should the sequence be ! How should we grope in a cold and chill atmosphere ; our ears uncheered by the sweet songs of birds ; our eyes closed to comely beauty, the grace of form, and harmony of varied colouring ? How fearful it would be, we may gather from the description by the HOLY GHOST, of that one day of palpable darkness, which, at the word of Moses, overspread the land of Egypt, even of “ that night on which nothing could be done, and which came upon them from the lowest and deepest hell,” upon men who “ *Slept the same sleep.*” When sometimes they were molested with the fear of monsters ; sometimes fainting away, their souls failing them, for a sudden and unlooked-for fear was come upon them. Moreover, if any of them had fallen down, he was kept shut up in prison without irons. For if any one were a husbandman, or a labourer in the field, and was suddenly overtaken, he endured a necessity from which he could not fly, for they were all bound together with one chain of darkness. Whether it were a whistling wind, or the melodious voice of birds, among the spreading branches of trees, or a fall of water running down with violence ; or the mighty noise of stones tumbling down, or the running that could not be seen of beasts playing together, or the roaring voice of wild beasts, or a rebounding echo from the highest mountains,—these things made them to swoon for fear.”* And such would man’s state be, were not God’s Church perpetually visible. Alas ! such man’s state is, when responsive to his depraved heart, the exhalations of a diseased conscience are called up by himself, and fostered by the delusions of the evil one, so that he *will* not see the beacon, nor the city of the Bride ; for, as the same unerring authority declares, “ That they were to themselves more grievous than the darkness ;”†—so are they accountable for the exhalations that warp the judgment, and close the eyes, so that, albeit she is seated on the top of mountains, and all are invited to ascend thither, and she is herself visible as the giant Andes, yet they will not see her as she is, for they have called up a false medium, which

* Sap. xvii. 13-19.

† Ib. xvii. 20.

refracts the pure rays of truth, and distorts the symmetry of her matchless form.

But shall this darkness ever hang around the vision, and veil what "cannot be hid?" Ah, no! let but the simple heart lift up its thoughts to the clear sky that is above the vaporous clouds of this dull earth, ever shining, azure, and serene; let the soul but be earnest in her call for light, and forthwith a ray from the sun of justice shall pierce the clouds, and, by its genial influence, disperse the darkness that had enveloped his sinful nature, making the day beautiful, and God's Church as palpably visible to the mental eye, as the towers and pinnacles of this her material temple, which come out with such sharp relief against the sky in a quiet day in June. Then it is that man learns, for the first time, the almost infinite distinction that exists between the opposing powers of nature and grace,—and wonders no more that his vision when seen only under the influence of nature, should be so imperfect, and unlike that which springs from grace.

"A violent and tempestuous storm, in which the wind and snow," says a gifted moralist of our own day, "seem striving each by violence to obtain the mastery,—disfiguring the face of nature, banishing the sun, whose cheering influence casts joy on all around; spreading gloom and desolation in every direction, and imprinting fear and discontent on every heart.—Such is nature.

"So in its demonstrations of passion, be they of gladness or revenge, it is most true to nature that they should break down every barrier that opposes their course, carrying all before them with vehemence and violence. All this is *natural*, but is it excusable, commendable, to be admired, praised, or practised?—No!"

"For *nature*," says the B. Thomas à Kempis, "is crafty, but *grace* walks with simplicity. *Nature* is not willing to be mortified or restrained; but *grace* studies the mortification of her own self, and resists sensuality. *Nature* labours for her own interest; but *grace* considers not what may be profitable or advantageous to herself, but rather, what may be profitable to many. *Nature* willingly receives honour and respect; but *grace* faithfully attributes all honour and glory to God; *Nature* is afraid of being put to shame and despised; but *grace* is glad to suffer reproach for the name of JESU. *Nature* loves idleness, and bodily rest; but *grace* cannot be idle (*Dilectio, vacare non potest*. St. Augustini), and willingly embraces labour. *Nature* seeks to have things that are curious and fine, but *grace* is pleased with what is plain and humble. *Nature* has regard to temporal things; but *grace* attends

to things eternal. *Nature* is covetous, and is more willing to take than to give, and loves to have things to herself; but *grace* is bountiful, and open-hearted, avoids selfishness, is contented with little, and judges that 'It is a more blessed thing to give, rather than to receive.' (Acts. xx. 35.) *Nature* inclines to creatures, but *grace* draws towards God and all virtue. *Nature* gladly receives external comfort, but *grace* seeks for consolation in God alone. *Nature* doth all for her own gain and interest, but *grace* seeketh nothing, and requires none other recompense but God alone for her reward. *Nature* rejoices in a multitude of friends and kindred, in high birth, and wealth, and power; but *grace* loves even her enemies, and sets no store by high descent, or riches, or state, unless when joined with greater virtue. *Nature* on the least occasion complains of want and vexation, but *grace* bears poverty with constancy. *Nature* turns all things to herself, but *grace* refers all to God, from whom she first sprung. *Nature* thirsts after the knowledge of secrets, and goes gadding after news; but *grace* cares not for what is new and curious, and seeks no fruit from all her labours, but that of spiritual profit, and the praise and honour of God. For *grace* is a supernatural light, and a special gift of God, and the more that *nature* is kept down, and held in subjection, so much the greater abundance of *grace* is infused; and the inward man, by new visitations, is daily more reformed, according to the image of God.*

"Now the elements above may rage, but are they not guided and directed by an Allpowerful Hand (for 'stormy winds fulfil his word,'—Ps. cxlviii. 8) which can, in an instant arrest their fury, and only suffers them to exert their violence for His own ends and purposes? But not so is it with the vehemence, violence, and misguided blindness of our own *natural* inclinations, humours, and passions—these it is our's to control, and make subservient to the mild influence of reason, strengthened and made powerful by holy *grace*, which is alone to be received and made fervent by the means which God has put in man's power to hold the reins over Nature, namely by the sacraments, which he has instituted for that purpose in his Church." Now as these fountains are open to all, and a general invitation is given to the weary pilgrim of this world to drink thereof—"O ye that thirst, come ye to the waters of life and drink freely" (Esaie. lv. 1)—it follows hence, that man would be inexcusable, and most seriously to blame, were he to excuse himself on the plea of blindness; or, because he could not

* Condensed from chap. liv. book iii. of the Imitation of Christ.

see God's Church through the perverted medium of his own natural inclinations and prejudices, "for what," says the Apostle of the Gentiles, "if some of them have not believed? shall their unbelief make the faith of God without effect? God forbid." (Rom. iii. 3.) Because men of proud hearts throw off the yoke and say, I will not serve, is the virtue of obedience less obligatory? Or, because wicked men have spoken *evil of dignities*, and despised the authority of God's Church, and the divine government of Christ's vicar on earth; is her dignity less to be revered on that account, that Church less to be loved, that supremacy less to be received? In the words of the apostle, may the faithful again say, "God forbid!" And why?—"because GOD IS TRUE."*

For as "the creature is made fierce against the unjust for their punishment, and abateth its strength for the benefit of those that trust in God," as the HOLY GHOST says by the mouth of the wise man (Sap. xvi. 24)—so the same may be predicated of the Church, which is ever seen by the faithful, but hidden from those that despise her, or who wilfully, or from early prejudice, have their vision sealed to her ancient beauty. But this, as we said above, is but an individual and local eclipse, which, like a body of mist passing up the valleys of a mountainous range, may envelope the traveller in his solitary path, but leaves the whole outline of the hills distinctly visible to such as are out of the little sphere of the hazy influence.

Moreover,—the perpetual visibility of the Church may be shown to be, as it were, a matter of necessity. For whither would the good ship be driven were there not trained pilots to guide her through channels unknown to the navigator, but whose soundings are every inch familiar to the experienced leadsman? Whither would the weary traveller wander over the bleak mountain, alone, amid the everlasting regions of frost and snow, had he no guide to point out the path, to forewarn the danger, and by the snow-marks to lead the way to the warm hospice, where refreshment and welcome await the weary foot? Whither would the pale student follow the mazes of science, were there none to guide his zeal, or to "defecate his standing pool,"* by giving directions to his otherwise fruitless labours? For, oh! into what vagaries has not the ungraced head led the thoughts of man in his search after truth; even unto the deep quagmires of theological despair! Is it not proof sufficient to look around and see how from the same pre-

* Id. in vers. seq.

+ Young's Night Thoughts.

mises, so sad and opposite conclusions are drawn, by the followers of the doctrine of self-conceit, that first begetting schism, ripens into its fouler spawn, heresy ! Can we look into the pages of ecclesiastical history, and not be convinced, that when man leaves the guidance of the Church, he is ever as sure to fall into error, as his disciples again are led into an abyss still deeper ? Who sees not, save only the morally and intellectually blind, that in thus leaving her guidance, there is a continual and progressive falling away ? and who can fail to be convinced of the truth of the sad deduction, that the first step from the fold of Christ may lead, God knows how far, into the remotest desert where her ensign is despised, her banner is forgotten—her beacon light is no longer visible ?

Again : How can the sick man be healed, if he give not his confidence to the physician ? And how can one TELL THE CHURCH, as our Saviour commands, or be LOOSED FROM HIS SINS, as HE has appointed, were it not certain that HIS precepts are capable of being fulfilled to the letter, and that the *same authority* which bound the Neophyte or Catechumen of the first, unlooses the sins of the contrite penitent, of the nineteenth century. “BEHOLD, I AM WITH YOU ALL DAYS, EVEN TO THE CONSUMMATION OF THE WORLD,” said our dear Lord, in his mercy, to his apostles, and by consequence of the continuance in the latter clause, to all their successors ; and therefore, as far as we sinners are concerned, blessed be God, that the world to us is *not* consummated, for till that time, till death loose the bands that fasten on the penitential weeds of the Church militant, that promise is as secure as God is true ; and whosoever lifts up his eyes, may assuredly, by God’s grace, behold that blessed vision of peace, which will break upon him from our holy Mother, whose light is the light of the LAMB, who enlighteneth the world.

Therefore it is that she cannot be hid ; for even in the darkest days of persecution, when every son was a confessor, or a martyr, the faithful knew well whom to apply to, and whom to look to, for the consolation and strength which they required. They knew full well who it was who gave THE BREAD OF THE STRONG, of which partaking they went forth, yea, even tender virgins, boldly to the rack, the stake, the sword, or the Cross. So also did our forefathers in the faith, at the time when there was a famine in our own land, (the sad tale is, as it were, of yesterday,) know to whom to go for that food which could alone support a persecution perhaps more galling than open rack and fire,—and to welcome as children do their father, the homely wayfarer in rude hodden

grey, at whose hands they were to receive that SUPER-SUBSTANTIAL BREAD, in the strength of which, like Eliseus of old, they had to walk for many a weary day before the like refreshment should be theirs again ! And we, too, all cold as the fire of charity has in these days waxen, "*know in whom we have believed*" (2 Tim. i. 12), and in this solemn pile come together, assured by the holy Rood, and by our blessed Mother, and St. John, who stand on either side, that this is the place of our rest, and that *here* we have all that the goodness of God has so bounteously provided for our redemption, our support, our amendment, or our perfection. For countless Angels watch that altar adoring ; our sighs that are breathed before it, are mingled with the prayers of All Hallows ; our longing after glory with their rejoicing ; our tears with the wounds of Martyrs ; and our sobs of contrition with the cheering ALLELUIAS of blessed spirits, ministering and encouraging us unseen. For, as in the simple words of our dear Lord, which we had paused to repeat after HIM, we are sweetly assured that GOD is OUR FATHER ; so, we are in like manner made certain, that his Mother is our mother, his Angels our Guardians, his Saints our protectors, and his Church our guide, and our helper,—our refuge of hope, and fountain of content, wherefrom we may ever drink draughts of cheer, and make our hearts glad, in this our passing pilgrimage through this valley of the shadow of death !

Octave of the Feast of the Purification of the B.V.M. 1843.

END OF CHAPTER II. OF THE NAVE OF THE CHURCH.

CRUSADE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

PART II.

Thus, the progress of civilization uniformly operates in virtue of the same principle. It uses the competition of the destitute to contract the circle of their existence,—now in increasing their tasks, now in straitening their comforts,—until the instrument is made to produce with the utmost economy possible. It is true that there are men, who have raised their voices against the inhuman optimism of the economists; but these advocates of humanity have hitherto been more remarkable for their sentimentality of criticism, than for practicality or sound principle. So often as our society has lent an ear to the doctrines of Sismondi and Malthus, the stranger has had every reason to exclaim, that our last error has been even worse than our first.

“Moreover, we must in justice declare that the working man has deserved his lot. It costs us no more to accuse the vices of the poor than the misdeeds of the rich; and, if our criticism seems to be more particularly levelled at the latter class, it is because, having taken the initiative in the fault, it is called to take that in the reparation. But the workman has been disloyal and base as his master,—has been greedy and inhuman,—paid for his time, he worked too little. Paid by the piece, he worked as hastily and ill as possible. A domestic of his master, he has not consulted his master's views of order and economy. The longer we delay to organise labour, therefore, we can see no other term to this growing progress of his wretchedness, than his utter suppression from society by means of machinery.”*

With respect to machinery, and its substitution for hand-labour, M. Rousseau is no more disposed than the Socialists to raise his voice with Lord Stanhope and the stupid machine-breakers. At the same time, he denies the right of the capitalist to absorb the increased profits derived from this source. Society is called on to avail itself of discoveries having for their object the substitution of extra-human forces for the painful labour of man; but not so as to beget the temporary distress of the working class, far less its social degradation. The large flannel

* *Croisade du XIX. Siècle*, pp. 127-9.

manufacturer of Manchester had every right to make his net profit of 24,000*l.* in one year. But the question is, did he act rightly in pocketing such enormous profits, while he allowed each of his workmen only six shillings a week ?* The point is to discover a mode of industrial organization, in which all the useful discoveries may receive their application to the profit of all, without excluding a class. Meanwhile, the industrialists must follow the routine of cupidity and injustice,—the moralists babble idly of preventives,—the parliamentarians address them to the Speaker,—and, side by side with the few hundreds who have thriven upon this accursed system, we must continue to witness the onward march of the thousand legions of paupers, and the rapid approach of the crisis.

Shall poor-laws stay this destroying plague? Alas ! the land of pauperism is also the land where poor-laws have been for three centuries national institutions,—part and parcel of a glorious constitution of Church and State. We it was, who invented the word pauperism to denote that curse with which Heaven had visited our nation, before and above the other degenerate nations of Reformed Christendom.

“ Pauperism is a mass of indigence large enough to surpass the resources of spontaneous charity, and to convert alms into a burthen which society, when unchristian, bears with impatience and murmurs,—or which the political authorities replace by a tax, appropriated to the relief of the indigent. Such a governmental measure has the grave inconvenience of blotting out the last relations of charity that existed between the rich and poor; the one regarding henceforth, as invasive of his proprietary rights, a tax that takes away a part of his produce, to feed a class that produces nothing; and the other receiving the relief, no longer as a benefaction, but as something which is his due, and of which the enjoyment is guaranteed to him by the law.”†

Sir James Graham asserted in parliament, during the course of the last session, that 1,400,000 persons were at that time in the receipt of parish relief. An alarming number those must think it, who look to poor-laws to cure pauperism ! Our author enlarges upon the rapid extension of pauperism in England, and satisfactorily shows, that although the poor's-rate, impotent to effect its suppression, has frightfully increased from year to year, it is a grave error to attribute to that objectionable tax the increase in question : it is the natural and inevitable

* St. James's Chronicle, Thursday, July 21st, 1842.

† Croisade du XIX. Siècle, p. 200.

fruit of a falsely organised industrialism, sacrificing the rights of the indigent, to the improvement of its own productive capacities.

"It is probable, that the number of the indigent has followed the growing progress of the tax, if it has not rather surpassed it. It would, therefore, follow, that the class reduced to live upon parish relief has multiplied within eight years, in the proportion of 1 to 13, while the whole population of the country has only increased, within the same lapse of time, in the proportion of 1 to 2½, or thereabouts..... It is hard to believe that parish relief can have occasioned the increase of the indigent class by six times the amount of the increase of those in easy circumstances during the same period. But is there room for discussion? Smith and Say have told us, that as soon as the working man's wages rise a little above the cipher directly necessary to support life, the number of bidders swells fast enough by the natural method of generation, to reduce these wages speedily to their minimum. No man can deny that the competition of steam-men must produce the same effect, seeing how in the twinkling of an eye, they start from the ground by myriads, and are so much the more formidable in their competition, because they live only upon coals, and have neither wives nor children. Moreover, the avowal had escaped Mr. Say, that this mischief has developed itself with manufacturing prosperity, and it was so much in accord with our own judgment, that we were obliged to take note thereof against the economists, and make it tell, in demonstrating to them, that their mode of understanding the organization of industry is false."[†]

Discarding thus all the themes of the Protestant makers of systems, just as they had already been discarded by practical experience,—that touchstone formidable to empirics,—this truly Catholic writer proceeds to sketch the general outline of a plan which has cost him years of thought and experiment, before his humility would present it before the public. As we have already mentioned, his own estate in Bretagne was the first locality on which he tried it. The reclaimed lands, of vast extent, once wasted by the tides and sands of the British Channel, are but the types of a nobler regeneration, which his successful undertaking has been the means of effecting among the poor. On a wider scale, the Governor-General of Algeria is said to be at present engaged in an attempt to realise M. Rousseau's scientific theory, upon the rich soil of that African province. The able and Catholic mind of its author is occupied in bringing France itself to the adoption of his views, and a combined introduction of his system. It is to this patriotic, Christian purpose that the world owes the auspicious appearance of the book now before us.

* *Croisade du XIX. Siècle*, p. 210.

Out of thirty-two millions of inhabitants, France contains at least 1,800,000 poor. The French territory occupies 27,000 square leagues of surface, and contains seven millions of hectares of untilled land, only two millions of which are unfit for tillage. M. Rousseau proposes to combine these two negative quantities, and out of the combination to draw the positive quantity he seeks. Out of those thews and sinews, unemployed for lack of method, and those lands, uncleared for lack of industry, it is his noble aim to form a busy working-class, and a productive soil,—to the great profit of the strength and wealth of the entire public. Add to these two elements of his system, the great amelioration and consequent increase of fertility, of which much of the land already in cultivation is susceptible, under the proper employment of many local advantages now entirely neglected, and the most incredulous will confess that, with such data before him, our author's social problem ought not, without a fair and patient trial, to be declared insoluble. But this trial cannot as yet be demanded from the government. Were it to offer its assistance, it might still be doubted whether the offer ought to be accepted. It is a bad movement that begins from the centre, especially a centrifugal movement. At any rate, it were clearly an unwise policy to force the measure upon the government of his most Christian Majesty. The utmost that M. Rousseau asks it to accord him is its protection, or at least its indifference. And we think he is in the right. When the French people have learned the nature of the proposals he offers, and have witnessed their practicability in his own success, they will act for themselves, without needing or inviting the co-operation, far less the control, of their already too much centralizing government.

The mischiefs which M. Rousseau had to guard against have already been noticed. The Protestant system of political economy was before him, teaching of the production, the distribution, and the consumption of wealth, as understood by the materialists. As to the first, he saw that the anarchic system of free competition leaves inert one portion of the producing power, and sets another at division and intestine conflict with itself. As to the second point, it seemed to him that the wealth so realised is not distributed with equity,—that the rights of property, not its duties, are recognised in the operation,—and that the poor man's duty of labouring for the rich is alone insisted on, while his right to live by his labour is scarcely thought of. As to the third point, he found that although society is supposed to be the guarantee of comfort, or at least of subsistence to all its members, there this end is not answered, whether by a want of charity among the rich, or the insufficiency of their

means, or by the operation of both these causes. Hence, production without economy; distribution without equity; consumption without practical charity: these three great vices of the actual society, were to him a slights and beacons, showing the quicksands on which that society lay stranded. Those shoals beset himself, and, unless he had the skill and the happiness to shun them, they threatened shipwreck and destruction to his own adventure.

Of the spirit with which M. Rousseau has commenced his peaceful labour of reconciliation it is impossible to speak too highly. Remembering that the smallest of seeds contains the germ of a mighty tree, he is not alarmed by the magnitude of his undertaking, or the scantiness of the means at his command. His principle is that of associated labour and associated profits; but in the first instance he is contented to apply it upon a limited field. In choosing agriculture as the first scene of his enterprise, he has been obliged to confine himself to the one agricultural establishment which his means have enabled him to found. But if upon that narrow arena he is destined to afford the demonstration of the productiveness which organised and co-operating industry can alone supply, there is nothing more to be desired. His views will spread themselves around him, without further solicitude on his part, and their success in one locality will be their propagation throughout France, and eventually throughout Christendom. But it is scarcely necessary to add, by way of explanation, that we know not Christendom, save as united with the chair of Peter.

"Moreover," adds M. Rousseau, * "although we are careful to surround our agricultural and Christian association with all the elements that seem likely to assure its material success, let us not fear to declare to the generous hearts who will commence with us this glorious social amelioration, that it is in the order of possibilities that they will derive no immediate fruit from their pecuniary sacrifices, or from their personal concurrence. Away then with the speculators, who cannot see in a foundation of this kind anything but an ordinary industrial enterprise! for how can they tell how long the money-profits will have to be looked for? Away, too, with the men of learning or of action, who might be tempted to take part in it, with the hope of reposing themselves all at once in a bed of roses! for, in founding an edifice, the thistles and thorns which obstruct the site are before all to be rooted up. Now, it is very likely that of these thorns and these thistles the first crowns will be made that are destined for the brows of the founders. Hence it is that we have been led to make an appeal solely to the perspicacity of the statesman and the devotedness of the Christian,—and not to endeavour to win to ourselves those who have only in view how to get fortune or renown."

* Croisade du XIX. Siècle, p. 733.

But it is far from his intention that the institution is to subsist upon the generosity of its founders. If the profits are not such as to repay largely the invested capital, his ends will have completely failed him. It is not enough for the charitable rich man, to have relieved the distress of the poor, without affording him a guarantee against its recurrence. The amount at the disposal of charity would, moreover, be but a slender relief in the presence of the tremendous pauperism around us. The especial object which M. Rousseau and his disciples have in view, is the production of a model-society of agriculture, illustrating his philosophy, and affording at the same time the solution of the social problem which the world has now before it. Therefore they are endeavouring to make it the permanent guarantee of the right which every one in need of employment possesses,—viz. the right to live by the work of his hands. And while it does this, it recognises and maintains the capitalist in the untouched enjoyment of his especial right—the right of property.

The association—into which our author has already induced several of his disciples to enter,—is called the Christian Tribe or Family. This patriarchal name eminently denotes the temper of the institute. Still in its germ, it at present confines itself to the education of a few orphan children for the life on which they will immediately enter, when the proper period arrives. Religion is in fact the keystone of this charitable enterprise. And, in the education which these poor orphans are receiving, the good modern notion that religion and politics have nothing in common, does most certainly find no place.

In the outset a new question presents itself. Is the system of large farms, or that of small ones, the one to be followed by the Christian Tribe? Mr. Rousseau concludes against them both. Both of them possess the same radical vice, the antagonism of class interests. In both, the landlord and the tenant are as opposite as the two poles. Rejecting altogether the system of lessor and lessee,—unknown in the better days of Christendom, and brought in originally under colour of reciprocity not understood,—he looks to analogy for the illustration of his thought, and he finds it in the equitable arrangement which subsists among privateers, embarked unequally in one common undertaking, and sharing, unequally but in common, the prizes they make. We believe that a similar arrangement is to be met with among the whalers of the Arctic regions. It is this: the expenses of equipment being borne by the charterers, these receive one-third of the value of the prize; another third goes to the officers, and another to the crew.

Adopting the principle of partition, M. Rousseau applies it in a simpler and juster fashion : he establishes but one class, instead of three. The share of each member in the common undertaking is valued beforehand at a certain amount of interest or produce. Whether his contribution be in labour or in capital, it will be valued as a contribution, and the emolument or interest assessed accordingly. A shareholder, bringing into the fund a capital of 2000*l.* at five per cent. interest, will be entitled to a double share in the distribution, over a labourer whose work has been valued at 50*l.* per annum. The extent of the farm ought to embrace just so many acres, as, by estimate,, will easily support from 1200 to 1500 persons; this being the proposed number of persons to constitute the Tribe. This is to be the scene of enterprise; the Tribe itself will be the landlord, in whom the fee-simple of the land is vested. The members are to share rateably in the profits, without regard to classes. This joint-stock method possesses a great advantage over the artificial one invented by the Socialists, which awards one-third of the produce to the capitalists, one moiety to the working men, and one-sixth to the skilful or inventive class : a division not merely objectionable as arbitrary, but also because it affects to determine the absolute positions of capital, labour, and skill, which are never and nowhere the same. Moreover, the adoption of the simpler rule admits of a higher proportional value being set, by charity, upon the labour-capital of the working members, than upon the money-capital of the pecuniary contributors.

The domestic economy of the tribe is very simple and satisfactory. Its general agricultural character does not stand in the way of some members employing themselves in manufactures of ordinary use. Barter and exchange among themselves will, as far as possible, supersede sale and purchase between the tribe and the world without. For the convenience of those who do not belong to families, a common *atelier culinaire*, with a fixed tariff, is to be provided. But the common table of our ancestors has been so long out of use, that the founders of the tribe have prudently enough declined to insist upon its restoration. The mutual interchange of services, to the extent of the means at their disposal, is to be determined among the members of the tribe, after a system of account and reckoning, which reminds one of the system introduced by the benevolent and able Captain Maconochie among the Norfolk Island convicts. Checks, or marks, having a certain conventional value, are to be employed for this purpose. The angry and hostile operations, called bargains, are to give place to the reciprocal

and dispassionate accountability of men having one common interest. To one objection, the only feasible one that could be made to his theory, M. Rousseau had already, in the pages of *L'Université Catholique*, given a triumphant reply. It was argued, that without the incitement of new gains to fire the cupidity of talent, it would become dormant; and that, to assign a limited compensation, on the one hand, for services exacted by the whole community, on the other, would tend to diminish the value or utility of those services. But to this, M. Rousseau clearly showed that actual experience afforded a complete contradiction. Family-surgeons, surgeons in regiments and on board men-of-war,—salaried legal advisers (where these have existed), are assured of the same fixed though limited compensation, be their work great or be it small. Yet who doubts of their efficiency or zeal for those having the title to demand their services? On the contrary, we know that the system of fixed commutation of professional allowances is more and more coming into fashion amongst us.

The purity of morals is the main pillar of Christian Association. The chastity, of the single and the mutual fidelity of the married, hallow the ties which bind families together. In the Christian Tribe, there will exist a system of guarantees on this head. Decorum has replaced in modern society the grates and eunuchs of barbarism. But decorum is not the safest guarantee. It disposes gentlemen to protect their own indeed, but leaves them at perfect liberty to invade the families of others. Designed to veil the disorders of our relations, it is too transparent, as our author well observes, to effect even thus much. As to the Christian Tribe, it is enough to know that purity is there considered of a primary importance by its founders. Henceforth, we may rely upon its being realized in the practice. We do not ask how;—we have no right to ask it. We know that it will be attended to by pious men, by prudent matrons, and, above all, by the holy almoners of their establishment. We have the programme of the architect, and we look not for the minute details of his building plan.

As far as possible, intermarriages within the tribe will be discouraged. The rivalries and misunderstandings to which such relations might give rise are sufficient motives for the rule. Moreover, it would not be desirable that anything should be permitted to embarrass intercourse among the artless guests of these unceasing Agapes. They should be taught to regard themselves in no other than fraternal relations. The brothers and sisters of each tribe will not need wedlock to ratify the union that reigns amongst them. Other tribes, when they

are formed, or even the anarchic world without, will furnish them with marriages enough to maintain their members. But within the tribe, fraternal equality, under the patriarchate of its manager, ought exclusively to prevail.

This most important undertaking of the Christian order certainly begins with the modesty due to its character. The actual association or tribe is an agricultural, a domestic, and partly a manufacturing capacity; but above and before all, it is Catholic. The adults are few—including the ecclesiastics; but they are enough to form the nucleus of the educational establishment, whereon their future hopes rest. There are not adult materials in the old anarchic world, for a wider experiment. The most pious are more or less infected with journalism, egotism, and other heresies of the epoch. How difficult it is to impress the minds of Catholics with these things! To how few of our readers will the novelty of the doctrines of this book present themselves without the appearance of absurdity! There is, therefore, wisdom in having the least possible contact with the adult world, and in creating a new one out of infant orphanage. The pupils educated for the Christian tribe, and within its bosom, will not, hereafter, have evil habits and old-world prejudices to overcome, in the discharge of their daily functions.

“Raise your men! the whole secret is there. The Christian association is but a collection of persons, each trying to work his way upwards by his neighbour's help. In civilised society, the individual that is uppermost tends to keep down the one below him. But, in the tribe, the whole ambition of the superior is to raise his inferior to himself; whether the superiority and inferiority consist in virtue, learning, wealth, rank, or even family honours. Thus, instead of pushing one another by force or fraud to the foot of the social ladder, men will be charitably drawn up it, the one by the other; and, from the bettermost and highest of all to the lowliest, human society will present one vast chain of love-enkindled hearts, taking their ascent from the sloughs of the actual world to divine regions.”*

But this equality is not that which the old-world republicans have preached. The benefactors and the knave, the sage and the dunce, the wakeful and the sluggard, were never meant to occupy one rank in any society; nor can their families occupy it. Yet in the Christian tribe, the greatest become as little ones by the side of the least,—the worthiest liken them to the lowest. “Let him who is the greater

* *Croisade du XIX. Siècle*, p. 401.

among you become the servant of all," was the maxim traced by Christ to the founders of modern civilisation. The Agapes of the primitive Church testified that those words had not fallen upon slow ears. Nor was their credit quite gone in the Middle Age, when the leaders inscribed upon their banners that pregnant motto, *Richesse oblige !* But a severer equality is necessary before the modern corruption of society can be shaken off. The first stage of the Christian tribe will be an ascetic one. Rich and poor alike must be first weaned from the remembrance of their rights, and taught to know their duties. Between the odious and inequitable subjection of industry to sloth, of skill to boobyism, of righteousness to wrong, and the establishment of the hierarchy of powers to which the Christian tribe is hereafter to attain, there lies an interval of violent equality ;—the more violent, because voluntary ;—a holy violence that wins already upon earth the celestial kingdom ! Consequently, the actual nucleus of the tribe is composed of the four following elements : 1st, Priests, and Sisters of Charity, of the Institute of S. Vincent à Paul ; 2nd, Lay persons of both sexes to cultivate the ground, follow some few household trades, and instruct in both departments the children of the tribe ; 3rd, About thirty children, of very tender age, taken of course from among foundlings or orphans ; and 4th, a man of feeling, to adopt those children and the whole establishment, and to act in all respects as their father in temporals. (p. 408.)

The site is chosen upon a territory of vast extent and of good quality, susceptible of further improvement ; and the sea-coast, with every convenience for fisheries, is close at hand. Above all, the population is pious. Each member of the tribe is registered as a shareholder in the produce of this property. Even the children are considered as such, and each of them has his debit and credit accounts in the Great Book of Stock. The expenses of education and maintenance are set on one side,—and on the other, his contributions in labour or in money, or in both. Up to the present time, the ground has been contributed by M. Rousseau himself, who is also to be the director of the enterprise. He organises labour and directs it ; warrants expenditure, and audits accounts ; but a distinct person is entrusted with the custody of the funds. The selection of that officer was deferred until the first meeting of the members, when a vote was to be had on the subject. The religious instructions and the spiritual management of the tribe are made directly subject to the diocesan. Be it observed in passing, that a fundamental law of the tribe forbids the union of the

three offices of spiritual director, patriarch or temporal director, and treasurer, or of any two of those officers in the same hands. Until the selection could be made, the editors of *L'Université Catholique*, including M. Rousseau himself, were the provisional managers of the institution. As to the other details of it, we think the maubundantly accounted for, in the following sensible observations of its author.

"These are persons, as we know, impatient to learn the smallest gyrations of our social synthesis. It is painful not to be able to satisfy them fully. We ourselves know very clearly where we are going; but we cannot sketch the sites we are to visit on our road, nor the buildings of which the Holy City—blessed goal of our pilgrimage!—is compounded. What are the objects which the Tribe is to produce over and above its own consumption, and export to the outer world? What are those which it is not to produce, but will procure by commercial means? Among the members themselves is the valuation of profits to be anterior, or posterior, to production? To all these questions and a number of other pressing ones, we have only to reply, that when it is done we will let them know. Those who may be dissatisfied with this answer, will thereby show that they have not understood our three-fold method of proceeding to organise labour, and we shall send them back to the Utopians of second-sight, who know how to describe, in the greatest detail, the smallest deeds and gestes that are to be produced, in a society that is to be. As for us, all that we dare to undertake, is to lay down Christian principles, and to seek their application by the way of experiment and analysis."*

In one sense, his plan is threefold, for it embraces: 1st, the economical employment of forces, by the unity of their direction; 2nd, general zeal and contentment by distributive justice; 3rd, personal liberty in the enjoyment, by rigid accountability. But, if the harmony of all its parts be to be regarded, then is this plan most excellent, in its simplicity and unity,—for it is religion itself.

Neither is there any necessity, which deprives the manufacturing classes of the means of adopting it. It is true, that M. Rousseau and his disciples have preferred to limit their own private experiment to an agricultural population. But, even there, manufactures, as we have seen, are not utterly excluded. Besides, there is nothing to prevent it from being made the model of those home colonies which the little tract, already noticed at some length, informs us it is the great desire of the unemployed or ill-paid factory-people to establish. It is also quite evident that there is no soundness in Christian principles, if they are inapplicable to any one branch of industry.

* Croisade du XIX. Siècle, p. 394.

" Besides, 1500 persons, comprising 500 male workmen, planted down on 2,500 hectares of land, compose a more numerous company than the most laborious culture would require for manual labour. Hence, if for the honour of the famous principle of the division of labour, it were deemed necessary to have certain individuals devoted to one exclusive profession, there is not in our association any material obstacle to oppose it. However, we must observe that agriculture employs its arms in so irregular a manner, that without combining some in-door work with that of the field, we shall never succeed in avoiding periods of inaction. Lastly, no mind that is upright and free from scientific prejudices, will comprehend the good public or private economy of 1500 wool-growers, for example, and at the same time consumers of cloth, sending fifty or a hundred leagues from their homes, through a file of commercial agents, their produce, to be there converted into stuff, and then brought back under that new form to its starting-point. Now, what is true of wools is just as true of hems, linens, leathers, and generally all the raw materials produced by agriculture; and of which the ultimate consumer, for the most part at least, is the agriculturist himself."* "Already, agricultural establishments of a certain importance have their forge, their cartwrights, and harness-makers' sheds; their masons, carpenters, joiners, bricklayers, &c. But, moreover, they endeavour, and rightly so, to bring to market, and without disabling themselves, the various produce of the farm at their highest possible value. Some have, as an appendant branch of industry, a flour-mill, a distillery, a feculery, an oil-press, a sugar-factory. Others, as in Beauce, comprise a worsted-knitting establishment, or, as in Bretagne, they weave at their own homes their hems and their linens. Now,—let it not displease the too absolute partisans of the division of labour,—agricultural establishments, which thus comprise some branch of industry, necessary to their own, and within their reach, are those that prosper most."†

M. Rousseau, following M. Dupin, who has recently published an account of his tour into the Nivernois, presents us with a most interesting narrative of a Christian family or community that subsisted in its vigour there during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and has still a relic left in Jault, a retired part of the arrondissement of Clamecy. An old quaint writer, cited by M. Dupin, describes their institute in the most picturesque and touching language. As to the critical value of the details he gives, it is wholly foreign to our purpose. But the circumstance of an institution having existed for centuries, of the origin of which no intelligible account is to be given, and in which this Christian principle of association of labour and profit was the essential basis, was too curious to be passed over in silence.

* *Croisade du XIX. Siècle*, p. 362.

+ *Idem*, p. 361.

"According to the old establishment of field-husbandry in this country of Nivernois, which field-husbandry is the true seat and source of base tenures, many persons ought to join in one family to manage that husbandry, which is very laborious, and consists in many functions in that country, which is hard tilth in itself; some serving to work and handle the oxen,—heavy beasts;—and commonly the ploughs must be drawn by six oxen; others to lead the cows and horses to field; others to lead the sheep and muttons; others to drive the swine. These families, so composed of many persons, who are all employed, each according to age, sex, and faculties,—are governed by one alone, who is called Master of Community, and chosen to that post by the rest; goes on business that offers at towns or at fairs, and elsewhere; has power to bind his parsonners in moveable things that touch the deed of the community; and only he is named in matters of tallages and subsidies. By these arguments may it be known, that these communities are true families and colleges, which, by consideration of the intellect, are as a body compounded of many limbs, howsoever those limbs be apart from one another; but by brotherhood, friendliness, and economical ties, they make only one body. In these communities, they set store by the children, who as yet cannot do anything, by the hope they have, that by and by they will do it. They set store by them that are in strength of years, because of what they do. They set store by the old, both for their counsel and for the remembrance they have, that they have done well. And so out of the three ages and of all fashions, do they maintain themselves as a body-politic, which, by subrogation, is to last for ever. Now, because the true and certain ruin of these village houses is when they are divided and partitioned, by this country's old laws, as well in the households and families of villein folks as in the households whose inheritances are held by base tenure, it hath been appointed to keep them in community, that those who should not be of the community should not succeed to the others; neither also should these succeed to those. Their articles of their personal service define more politically this community; to wit, *when all do live of one bread and one salt.*"*

When M. Dupin visited Jault, the last remaining community of this good old confederation, he found all its thirty-six members absent from home, having gone to mass with Claude de Jault, their time-honoured master, at their head. On their return, he obtained from the latter all manner of information on their present condition, cramped and hampered as it doubtless is by the laws of 1789, and the year 11. Their administration, he says, is very mild, and scarcely employs the language of command. "Every one," said Master de Jault, "knows his duty and does it." There is no instance known of one of that community being

* Croisade du XIX. Siècle, p. 362.

condemned for any offence whatever. How lamentably does the following picture of the unfaithful community of Gariots in its actual state, contrast with that of faithful and primitive Jault ! Gariots is in Préporché, a district once covered with similar communities.

“ That community prospered,” says M. Dupin ; “ but after the Revolution’ its partition was demanded. Out of the number of *parsonners*, some have prospered and are pretty well off ; but others are sunk into a most wretched state. The last master, who now resides at Préporché, has borne off to his own home as a trophy, the community’s great pot. The others remain scattered upon the breast of Gariots ; their great rooms have been divided ; their great fire-place is severed in twain by a party wall ; their dwellings are wretched and filthy ; the inhabitants, somewhat savage, gave signs of disquiet and almost terror at sight of us, and scarcely would or could answer our inquiries. At Jault there was comfort, gaiety, health ; but at Gariots, wretchedness, sadness, and poverty.”*

Reverting to the subject of this paper, we would fain cherish the hope of witnessing ere long the accession of our own countrymen to the new Crusade now preached in France. It was from our shores that the common enemy of all states, pauperism, was first imported into that admiring country, in its time of Anglomania. It is within our shores, that pauperism has still its strongest holds, and its mightiest armaments. And France, on whom we have unwittingly inflicted our own maladies, now timeously comes forward to offer us the remedy. Alas ! before we can accept it, much is to be done ! The reconversion of England must precede the experiment. The Christian Tribe is not designed to flourish on an unchristian soil. And as improbable is it, that a Protestant society will encourage a proposal that comes from Rome, as that its terrors will not be additionally called into action by the partial resemblance of a few of its details to a few of those propounded by the Socialists. But the change is in Almighty hands ; and, till the last hour of the great crisis, we shall not cease to hope. The mighty exigences of the epoch are themselves so many new grounds of hope. They point to one mighty remedy. Every successive novelty that startles the journals and their readers, and makes them wonder what the world is at, is either the symptom of a growing conviction, or the cause of it ; more commonly, it is cause and symptom both. The most unpromising subjects have become imbued with something like a conviction that all is not right. The conviction, indeed, is of the vaguest.

* Croisade du XIX. Siècle, p. 374.

There is no indication of a deliberative effort towards amendment. The remedy is not even guessed at, and perhaps the notion of the presence of malady is little more than a guess. But still there is the conviction ; and, so far, that is a great gain upon the brutal apathy of the past.

The reverend judges of the land have lately done their best towards securing to the poor an interest in the increase of capital. It is true, that the Poor Laws of England are not the materials to which we would have assisted them, could we have had our way. But circumstances so willed it, that the matter before them for decision was an offshoot of those laws, involving a question of rates. Still the point, remotely glanced at by the counsel on both sides, and by the Bench, was the right of the poor to share proportionably in the increasing profits with which the improved machinery at the command of the capitalists had furnished their banks.

To such purpose had Protestantism been, for three centuries, making laws in England, that it was very doubtful whether it were agreeable to our glorious constitution to believe that in revealing to a few men the secret forces of nature and their utility to mankind, it was the will of God, that mankind generally were to profit by that mitigation of the labour-pain ? or, whether it were more constitutional to hold that that grace was limited to the capitalists ? It must be confessed that there were good legal reasons for holding to the side of monopoly. The Rating Acts down to the 3rd and 4th Vict. c. 89, were tolerably restrictive of the duties of property, as legal charity understands the word. The rating of any inhabitant in respect of trade-profits, stock in trade, or any other property than lands or houses, to the relief of the poor, is by the laws of this great commercial nation expressly prohibited. There was, therefore, every reason to contend, with the worshipful appellants, in the late case of the *Queen v. the South-Western Railway Company*,* that the law would warrant the pretensions of the capitalists, to a monopoly of the exorbitant profits with which steam-power and railways had enriched the nation. But outward distress and inward misgivings have wrought their effect, even on those dispassionate minds, for whose behoof Westminster Hall exists. The judges of Queen's Bench have no stomach now for doctrines which might, a few years ago, have been thought very useful auxiliars in the construc-

* Report of the Case by Charles James Gale, Esq. Stevens and Norton, 1842.

tion of acts for relief of the Poor. Monopoly, speaking through Mr. Gale's mouth, scarcely measures the language of its indignation and alarm. But there the decision is, *rage monopoly as it may*. And, because it is a Session's case, court of error there is none to which an appeal might be experimented. Parliament may, and no doubt will, be applied to ; most probably with success. Meanwhile it is held to be the law of England, that the greater the profit the better for the poor, and that, in every farthing earned by machinery, where the same is attached to the soil, the pauper has a vested interest. An endeavour was indeed made to impose upon the court, by those words, once of magic influence, "Free Trade." Leave railway companies, machinery, and steam-power to themselves, and to free competition with single-haunted rivals, above all, with those of the penniless sort, and all will be for the best ! An argument that is beginning to lose its worth in more places than Westminster Hall ! In the case before him and his brethren, the Lord Chief Justice of England thus expressed their unanimous judgment of its worth : "The supposition of a free competition of carriers, on the same railway, is practically little else than absurd. If all difficulties were removed as to the stations, warehouses, landing-places, and approaches, and all these were supposed as much laid open to the public, as the railway itself, the very nature of the mode of conveyance forbids the free competition of rival carriers." (p. 20.) Accordingly, in the matter then before the court, it was decided that the poor-rate payable by the London and South-Western Railway Company, was to be assessed not only upon their tolls, but upon all the profits arising from the use of the railway, and the carriages upon it, although those carriages were supplied by themselves. For the one hundred acres lying in the respondent parish, the rateable value was assessed at £3,800, producing a yearly rate of 90*l.* to the poor. "The only question to be asked (it was observed) would be,—Do the fares increase actually the value of the buildings and lands on which the rate is to be made. If they do, and to whatever extent they do, to that extent, due allowance always being supposed, they must directly or indirectly be included." (p. 24.) We should like to see a more liberal application of the rule. Not that we anticipate any benefit to the poor from the amplest parochial funds. But the principle of admitting the claims of the poorest class to share in the increased prosperity of the richest class, is a good principle. Besides this, we feel that poor-rates, equitably levied, would be so intolerable to the rate-payers, as to dispose them favourably to an instant change of the kind proposed by our brethren in France. However

this may be, we cordially agree with the zealous Mr. Gale, and his indignant clients, that the finding of Sessions, as confirmed in the Queen's Bench, "seems precisely the same, as if, on the question of the rateability of the building in the Strand, used for Coutts's Bank, the case were to find that a lessee would pay 10,000*l.* a year for it, if he were supposed capable of making the same profit, that the firm, called Coutts's Bank, now do." (Preface, p. vii.) "False issues," in law, they may be accounted to be:—false premisses in social economy they are not. May we be so guided and controlled by God's grace, as to award to them the consideration due to their importance, before we reduce them into practice! Change but the organization of labour and the system of its markets, and the awry conclusion from those sound premisses will be made straight. Instead of poor's rates, we shall then have an equitable partibility of profits; and universal harmony and goodwill, in the place of class-interests and of angry appeals to Sessions from the decisions of overseers, and from those of Sessions to the Court of Queen's Bench.

To this work of reparation, M. Rousseau fears not to summon all ranks and degrees of men,—for all are guilty of the sins that brought us to our present anti-social state. Without the generous concurrence of all classes, in the crusade on which he has embarked, his own devotedness will have been exhibited in vain, and this our world will have reached its last hour. The camps of iniquity and death are before us. Against them our last battle will shortly have to be fought out. On the success of the impassioned appeal which closes the work before us, and in which we cordially join, depends the fate of England, of France, of every great European power, in that terrible combat.

"Priests, whom the zeal of the Lord's house hath eaten up,—ye, who should have the lawful ambition of seising once again the reins of that science which hath man's happiness, and the harmony of society for its object, bring your personal concurrence to the Christian Tribe, or lend it the support of your generous eloquence. To the crusade! Good monks, ye, whom the affronts of your cotemporaries deter not from serving them with love and devotedness,—ye charitable friends of the poor man, who have accepted your part in his humiliations and in his pains,—the task before us is no longer to comfort, but to raise him up; and such a work cannot be wrought without you. To the crusade! Holy women, whose hearts, enkindled with charity, are at the service of every suffering being,—ye, whom none among the many infirmities of human nature shock; ye, too, tender teachers of early age, who, happy as the

Saviour of the world, in being surrounded with little ones, have often said to yourselves in the words of the poet :—

‘ Nés pour aimer un jour, qu’ils soient d’abord aimés’ ;

Our task also is to snatch away, by the power of love, some hapless orphans, from the woes awaiting them in their sad social lot ;—your post is there. To the crusade ! Young men of the new generation, ye, who have not heard the stupid giggle of the impious, until it was dying away in a few toothless mouths,—those poisoned and incurable relics of a century, for ever branded in the annals of the human mind ;—ye, whom the holy word finds attentive ;—ye, who have tears for the poor man’s woes, bring us the help of your virtues and of your enlightenment. To the crusade ! Rich men, ye, who now can judge by the political dangers of your position, whether we had no grounds to say that men cannot be happy without one another, learn to conjure the storm away which grows above your heads. To the crusade ! Kings of Europe, enthroned upon the crater of a volcano, would ye appease the boiling of the lava ? take up the glorious title of princes of the poor. Machinery and railways will work well enough, without your occupying yourselves so much about them. But the pauperism which vexes you,—the sedition which gives you so much unrest,—endeavour, after all, to resolve these in a Christian sense ; there is yet time enough ;—march at our head. To the crusade ! And ye, above all, victims of a social order falsified by materialism, and who have no place at the banquet-board of civilization,—ye, who can bring us no succour, but your orisons ; yet is it by these, that you too, poor indigents, may take your part in the Crusade.”†

T. C. ANSTEE.

Errata in Part I. of the foregoing article, in the Number for February.

- Page 76, line 8 from bottom. For “its unseen,” read “its seen.”
 — 80, note. For “Carlisle,” read “Carlyle.”
 — 84, line 5 from bottom. For “by the habits,” read “by habits.”
 — 86, line 7 from top: *dele* “which.”
 — 88, lines 14 and 18 from top. For “cerfship,” read “scrfskip.” Line 6 from bottom, *dele* “are.”
 — 89, line 10 from bottom. For “workman,” read “workmen.”
 — 90, line 7 from bottom. For “his services,” read “their services.”
 — 91, line 11 from bottom. *Dele* “not.”
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* Croisade du XIX. Siècle, p. 447.

LIFE OF ST. ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY.



CHAPTER II.—HOW THE MOST MERCIFUL JESUS CONSOLED THE DEAR SAINT ELIZABETH IN HER MISERY AND AFFLICTION, AND HOW THE MOST SWEET AND MOST CLEMENT VIRGIN MARY CAME TO INSTRUCT AND STRENGTHEN HER.

“Ego, Ego ipse consolabor vos.”—*Is.* li. 12.

“Et absterget DEUS omnem lacrymam ab oculis eorum.”—*Apocal.* vii. 17.

IN the midst of such a flood of tribulations, Elizabeth forgot not for one moment that it was from the hand of God they came to her; so she never once gave way to a murmur or complaint. On the contrary, entirely devoted to prayer, and all the pious practices which the Church with a true mother's feeling hath provided for the consolation of afflicted souls, she sought unceasingly the presence of our LORD, nor did seek in vain. He came to her with all the tenderness of a father, ready to change the trials which she had endured in so noble a manner, into a source of unspeakable consolations. He who hath promised to his elect that he will wipe away all tears from their eyes, could not forget his humble servant, prostrate before him beneath the weight of every sorrow that could overwhelm a mortal being. Not only did he wipe away her tears, but he opened the eyes of her soul, that she might behold beforehand, in the regions of eternal light, that glorious abode wherein a place was already preparing for her.

As she prayed night and day at the foot of the altar, visions of blessed light, frequent revelations of glory and celestial mercy, were sent to recreate and refresh her soul. It was Ysentrude, the best beloved of her maids of honour, who never left her for a moment; and who willingly shared in her misery, after having shared in her prosperity,—who related to the ecclesiastical judges all the sublime instances of these marvellous consolations, the record of which she had so carefully preserved. She often used to remark that her mistress would fall into a sort of extasy, the meaning of which she could not at first understand. One day especially during Lent, the duchess having gone to hear mass, and having knelt down in the church, she fell backwards all at once against the wall, and remained for a long while like one absorbed and lifted up above the scene of this temporal life in a profound contem-

plation, with her eye immovably fixed upon the altar, until after the communion. As soon as she returned to herself, her countenance bore the marks of extreme joy. Ysentrude, who had narrowly watched all her movements, seized the first moment to entreat her to reveal unto her the vision which she doubted not she had received. Elizabeth, full of joy, replied to her: "It is not permitted me to relate to man that which God hath vouchsafed to reveal to me; but I will not hide from thee that my spirit has been overwhelmed with the sweetest joy, and that our LORD has permitted me to behold with the eyes of my soul admirable secrets."

After the last blessing, returning to her humble cottage, she took a scanty meal; and feeling herself overpowered with weakness and fatigue, she sank down upon a bench in front of the window, leaning her head upon the bosom of her dear and faithful Ysentrude. The latter supposed that the duchess was faint, or that she wished to sleep; but it was not so, for, leaning back, she lifted up her eyes, gazing fixedly towards heaven. All at once Ysentrude perceived her countenance lighting up, a heavenly serenity, with deep and lively joy, painted thereon; a sweet and tender smile animated her lips. But immediately afterwards her eyes closed, and a torrent of tears flowed from them: again they opened, joy and serenity reappeared, again to make way for sighs and lamentations; and so she continued until the hour of compliance, with her head continually leaning on the bosom of her friend, plunged in these alternations of joy and sadness in which, notwithstanding, joy seemed to have the larger share. Towards the close of this silent extasy, she exclaimed, with an accent of unspeakable tenderness, "Yes, Lord JESUS, yes, if it is thy will to belong to me, it is mine to belong to thee, and never to be separated from thee." A moment after, she returned to herself; and Ysentrude conjured her to disclose what it was that had made her thus weep and smile, as well as the meaning of the words she had pronounced. Elizabeth, always full of humility, still tried to conceal the graces which she had received from God. At last, however, yielding to the entreaties of one who loved her with such faithful attachment, and who was so dear to herself: "I have seen heaven opened" (said she), "and I beheld our most merciful LORD and SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST, who graciously descended to me, comforting me for all the tribulations wherewith I have been overwhelmed. He spoke to me with an exceeding gracious air; he called me his sister, and his beloved. He showed unto me his most dear mother, the Blessed Virgin Mary; and also his beloved apostle Saint John, who stood by his side. At the

sight of my divine Saviour, how could I restrain the expression of my joy? Sometimes he withdrew his countenance from me, as though he would retire; and then I burst into tears, weeping that I was not holy enough to be meet for a longer sight of his divine person. But he having pity upon me, turned again his heavenly eyes towards me, saying: 'Elizabeth, if it is thy desire to be mine, it is mine also to be thine, and never to be separated from thee;' whereupon I replied, "Yes, LORD JESUS, I do desire to be thine, and never to be separated from thee, neither in prosperity nor in adversity." And henceforwards these divine words engraved themselves upon her heart, as though they were written in characters of fire. This was the sacred compact between her and JESUS CHRIST; and in this close and loving union with the GOD of Peace, the Father of the Poor, and the Comforter of the distressed, she beheld the end of her cruel widowhood, for it was a new and indissoluble betrothing with a Spouse from whom death could not divide her.

Nor was this the only occasion wherein the Heavenly Spouse manifested to her, in an outward and visible manner, his tender and watchful care. One day, on which she had been exposed to a most cruel affront on the part of her persecutors, the exact nature of which has not been recorded, but so cruel, that even she, patient as she was, felt completely overpowered with grief, she had recourse, as was her wont, to prayer, her only refuge. She prayed then with great fervour, shedding floods of tears, begging GOD to bless and pardon her persecutors, who had so insulted her, intreating His Divine Majesty to grant them some especial favour in return for each injury she had received. As she prayed thus, repeating her petition with more and more fervour, at once she heard a voice saying unto her, "Never before hast thou offered me a prayer more agreeable than this: it has penetrated even to my heart. Behold then, in return I forgive thee all the sins thou hast ever committed during thy whole life." Hereupon, in a clear internal light she beheld one by one all her past sins; and as they passed before her, the voice said, "Behold, this is pardoned." Elizabeth, filled with amazement, cried out, "Who art thou that sayest this to me?" Whereupon the same voice replied, "I am HE whose feet Mary Magdalene washed with her tears, in the house of Simon the leper." A little after, feeling distressed that her confessor was not at hand to receive her confession, our LORD bid her go to confession to that blessed saint whom from her infancy she had so tenderly loved, honouring him with especial veneration,—the glorious Saint John the Evangelist. The beloved apostle appeared to her, and she made a general confession to him with a more perfect remem-

brance of her sins, and a more hearty contrition for them, than she had ever experienced when recurring to the ministry of an earthly priest. He gave her a penance to recite, adding certain exhortations so full of tenderness and force, that the weakness of her body seemed strengthened no less than that of her soul.

Moreover it was granted unto her to behold in the course of her devout contemplations, all the circumstances of our blessed Saviour's sorrowful passion. Thus on one occasion, as she prayed with exceeding fervour, she beheld opening before her a hand shining with light of surpassing brilliancy, but excessively thin, with the fingers very long and delicate; and in the midst of the palm a deep wound: from this last-named mark she knew that it was the hand of JESUS CHRIST, yet she felt amazed to see it so thin and worn. Whereupon she heard His well-known voice answering in these words: "It is, because I was worn out by night with watchings and much prayer, and by day with walking from city to city, and through the plains to preach the kingdom of God." She beheld also the blood and water issuing from the pierced side of CHRIST crucified; and wondering to see it so thick, the same voice replied that it was because of the bruises which he had received in all his divine limbs, and from the excessive torments which the Son of GOD had endured for our sakes, as his body was suspended from the nails upon the cross.

The feeling excited in the tender heart of Elizabeth by these wonderful visions, was one of deep compunction for her sins, the expiation of which had cost the Son of GOD such bitter sufferings. One day, as she was shedding a flood of tears at this thought, her Divine Comforter appeared to her, and said: "Grieve no more, my dearest daughter, for all thy sins are forgiven thee. I suffered the punishment for them in all the members of my body, whereby other men are wont to offend their Creator. Know then that now thou art cleansed from all sin." "If then I be thus sanctified," replied Elizabeth, "how is it that I still continue to offend thee?" "Because," answered Our LORD, "I have sanctified thee, not so as to render thee incapable of sinning, but to give thee such a degree of divine love, that thou wouldst rather die than wilfully and knowingly offend me."

Notwithstanding these remarkable graces and favours, Elizabeth, deeply rooted in humility and a delicate sense of her own nothingness, conceived from them no sentiment of over confidence, but rather a deep sense of self-contempt, of self-mistrust, with a growing feeling of her own unworthiness. While she cheerfully carried the cross of her ex-

terior trials and persecutions, which we have already seen coming upon her with such cruel weight, she found even in herself, from the scruples of her delicate conscience, and the fears excited by a deep humility, an abundant source of bitterness. But that good GOD, to whom she had exclusively consecrated her heart and life, watched unceasingly over His precious treasure: and that He might make her a partaker of the choicest consolations, which He is wont to bestow upon the children of His predilection; that He might draw her and unite her to Himself by graces at once the most admirable and the most efficacious, He charged His own blessed Mother, Her, whom with the Church we salute each day as "the health of the weak," the "refuge of sinners," and "the comforter of the afflicted," to heal all the wounds of her young soul, languishing, weak, and desolate as she was with an excess of divine love, at a moment when there was a danger lest this very excess of holy love should betray her into transgressions contrary to the other theological virtues,—hope, and faith. Henceforth our Blessed Lady, whom rightly holy Church salutes as queen of heaven, became the visible channel of all the graces and lights, which her divine Son bestowed upon this innocent spouse, whom he had chosen from her very cradle. Thus we find the same intimate familiarity between Mary and our Elizabeth, which the annals of Christian history record in the lives of St. Bridget of Sweden, and of other celebrated saints. Many times did she appear to her, instructing, enlightening, and fortifying her in the ways of GOD, wherein His divine majesty called her to walk. She, whom the Church, with our present holy father, Pope Gregory, names so often, as "the mother, the queen, the guide, and mistress of all men," disdained not to guide each step of this young and humble soul,—the beloved of her Son. The history of this sacred intercourse, gathered from the statements of Elizabeth herself, has been handed down to Catholic posterity in the annals of the order of St. Francis, and above all, in the invaluable records collected by the learned Jesuits of Belgium, with a view to completing the celebrated edition of the *Lives of the Saints*, published by their predecessors, of the same order, under the title of Bollandists. Thanks to these precious records, we have it in our power to contemplate at a humble distance that holy and maternal familiarity with which Mary partook of all the emotions and struggles which agitated the tender and scrupulous soul of our dear saint Elizabeth, as well as the assistance which our Lord's Mother rendered to her in those interior trials, which are so common in the souls of GOD's predestinate. And though worldly prudence might prompt us to pass by these affect-

ing circumstances, we shall not listen to its dictates, but rather shall we lay them before our readers, though necessarily in a brief space; with that feeling of confidence and pious admiration which ought to be excited by them in every true Catholic heart.

Nothing can be more touching than the narrative of these heavenly communications. One day as this afflicted widow sought the presence of her divine Jesus, in the depth of her soul, with great fervour and anxiety, but without being able to realize a sense of His presence, her thoughts all at once arrested themselves on the causes of the flight of our Lord into Egypt, and she felt a strong desire to be instructed on this point by some learned monk. At this moment the Blessed Virgin appeared to her, and said: "If thou desirest to be my pupil, I will be thy mistress; if thou wilt be my servant, I will be thy lady." Elizabeth not daring to think herself worthy of such an honour, replied: "But who art thou, that askest me to be thy pupil, and servant?" upon which the Blessed Virgin answered, "I am the Mother of the living God, and I tell thee that there is no monk who can better instruct thee on this point than I can." At these words Elizabeth clasped her hands, and stretched them out towards the Blessed Virgin, who taking them between her own, said: "If thou art willing to be my daughter, I am willing to be thy mother; and when thou art become obedient, and well instructed, as a good pupil ought to be, and a faithful servant, and devoted daughter, I shall put thee again into the hands of my Son. Avoid all disputes, and shut thy ears to all the evil things they say of thee; and moreover (in reference to the inquiry thou didst make), remember, that my Son fled into the land of Egypt in order to escape from the snares of Herod."

Notwithstanding, this remarkable favour did not suffice entirely to set our Elizabeth at rest; her diffidence in herself, in fact, increased; but the Blessed Virgin, who had so graciously promised to be her mother, abandoned her no more. On the feast of St. Agatha, as she was bewailing her disobedience to the instructions of her heavenly mistress, that sweet comforter of afflicted souls suddenly appeared to her, and said: "Oh, my daughter! why all this violent affliction? I did not choose thee for my daughter, to do thee such evil as this; oh give not way to despair, because thou hast not perfectly obeyed my precepts; I was prepared to expect that thou wouldst not succeed completely, but repeat once devoutly my angelical salutation, and this offence shall be blotted out."

A few days later, on the feast of St. Scholastica, Elizabeth wept

again, uttering the deepest sighs. Her unwearied comforter appeared again, and on this occasion, having in her company the glorious St. John the Evangelist, the special friend and patron of our Elizabeth from her earliest childhood. "Thou hast chosen me," said the blessed Virgin, "for thy Mistress and Mother, and thou hast given thyself to me, but I wish that this choice of thine should be confirmed before a witness, so I have brought with me the beloved disciple John." Elizabeth thereupon joined her hands as she had done on a former occasion, and placed them within those of the Blessed Virgin, saying: "do with me, O my Lady, what shall seem good to thee, for I am thy servant." Then she confirmed this consecration of herself with a vow, to which St. John bore witness.

Once at night, as Elizabeth was reciting the angelical salutation, she, to whom she addressed that blessed prayer, appeared to her, and amongst other things said to her as follows: "I desire to teach thee all the prayers, which I used to offer up, when I was a child, dwelling in the temple. Above all, I used to beg of God, that I might love Him above all things, and that I might hate my enemies. There is no real virtue without this unreserved love of God, by which the plenitude of grace descendeth into the soul; but when the grace of God hath descended into the soul, it abideth not there, but subsides like into water, unless the soul truly abhors her enemies, that is to say, her sins and evil propensities. He then, who would preserve the grace, which he receives from on high, must learn to unite together this love and this hatred in his heart. I desire that thou shouldest do, what I also did. I arose always at midnight, and I went and prostrated before the altar, where I begged of God to enable me to observe all the precepts of His law, beseeching Him to grant me the graces, of which I stood in need, in order to become agreeable in His eyes. I begged of Him especially, that I might live to see that holy Virgin, who was destined to give birth to His Son, in order that I might consecrate my whole being to serve and venerate Her." Here Elizabeth interrupted Her, "O most sweet Lady," said she, "wast thou not then already full of grace and virtue?" Our blessed Lady replied, "be assured that I thought myself as guilty and as miserable as thou believest thyself to be; and therefore it was that I begged of God to grant me His grace."

"The Lord did with me," continued our blessed lady, "what the minstrel does with his harp, when he so disposes and regulates the notes of each chord, as to produce an agreeable and harmonious sound; singing himself while he plays upon it. So was it, that God tuned my

soul, my heart, my spirit, and all my senses, into accord with His own divine mind. Thus directed by His infinite wisdom, I was often transported by the angels even into the bosom of God, and there I tasted such joy, such sweetness, and consolation, that I remembered no more that I had ever dwelt upon this earth! I was, moreover, so familiar with God, and his holy angels, that it seemed to me as though I had always lived in that blessed court. Then, again, as soon as it pleased God the Father, the angel carried me back to the place where I had been praying. As soon as I found myself on earth again, and began to reflect where I had been, the recollection inflamed me with such a love of God, that I kissed the earth, the stones, the trees, and all created things, out of love for their Creator. I wished to be the servant of all the holy women who dwelt in the temple; I sighed to be subject to all creatures, out of love to their heavenly father; and this feeling continually came upon me. It is thy duty," added the blessed Virgin to Saint Elizabeth, "to do the same. But, on the contrary, thou art always discussing with thyself,—'Why should I receive such high favours, since I am so unworthy?'—and then thou fallest into a kind of despair, and puttest no faith in the mercies of God. Beware not to speak so any more, for it is very displeasing to God. He is a good master, and he can dispense His favours to whom He pleases; He is a wise father, and He knows what is best for us. Lastly," concluded the Mother of God, "I am come to thee by a special grace; it is permitted me to pass this night with thee; ask me, then, what questions thou desirest, and I will answer them." Elizabeth did not at once venture to use the privilege; but our blessed Lady again encouraging her to do so, she ventured to ask:—"Tell me, then, O blessed Lady, why thou so ardently desiredst to see the Virgin who was destined to give birth to the Son of God?" The Holy Virgin hereupon related to her, how, as she endeavoured to console herself during the absence of supernatural favours, she would spend her time in reading the Prophets, by means of which she was led to this idea; how, in consequence, she resolved to consecrate her virginity to God, in order to be more worthy to serve that Virgin, who was predestined by God to be the mother of His Son; and how finally, God revealed to her by the angel Gabriel, that she herself was the chosen virgin.

Some time afterwards, Elizabeth being engaged in fervent prayer, the Mother of Jesus appeared to her again, and said to her:—"My daughter, thou thinkest that I received all these graces without its costing me any pain; but it was not so. In truth do I tell thee, that I

did not receive one of these graces from GOD without suffering much trouble, continual prayer, ardent desires, profound devotion, many tears and trials. Be assured of this, that no grace cometh to the soul but by prayer, and the mortification of the body. When we have given to GOD what we can ourselves, however little it may be, HE himself will come into our soul bringing along with Him those sovereign gifts, which, as it were, make the soul melt away, and forget all that it has ever done of its own agreeable to GOD. The soul then becomes more vile and contemptible than ever in its own eyes. But what is its duty then? It must return devout thanks to GOD for His favours. When GOD beholdeth the soul humbling itself, and thanking Him, HE maketh it such promises, as surpass all its greatest desires, uttered in secret. It was thus that HE dealt with me, when HE sent his archangel Gabriel to me. What did I do then? I knelt down, and joining my hands together, I said: Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it done unto me according to Thy word.' Then GOD gave unto me His own Son, and the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost: and why so? Because I believed in Him, and humbled myself before Him. I tell thee these things, my daughter, because I wish thee to correct thy defects in point of faith and hope. When the Lord maketh thee a promise, say with me: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it done unto me according to thy word," and rely with full faith upon the fulfilment of this promise, until it be accomplished; and if it be not accomplished, then say that thou hast committed some fault against GOD, by which thou hast ceased to merit the fulfilment of what HE had promised thee."

One Christmas-eve, Elizabeth was beseeching our Lord to grant her the grace to love Him with all her heart, when the Blessed Virgin appeared to her again, and asked her: "Who is he that truly loves GOD? Dost thou love Him?" The humble Elizabeth dared not say yes, and yet would not deny it: as she hesitated to answer, Mary continued:—"Dost thou wish me to say who loved Him? The blessed Bartholomew loved Him, the blessed John, and the blessed Laurence loved Him; wouldst thou consent like them to have thy skin torn off, or to be burned alive?"

Elizabeth was still silent, and our Lady continued:—"I tell thee a truth, when I say, that if thou consentest to be deprived of all that is dear to thee, all that is precious and desirable, and still more, if thou wilt get rid of thy own will, I will obtain for thee the same merit in GOD's sight, as Bartholomew had when he was skinned alive. If thou

wilt patiently endure injuries, thou shalt have as much merit as Laurence on his gridiron. If thou wilt make no reply to injuries and reproaches, thou shalt have as much merit as John in his cauldron of boiling oil: and on all such occasions I will be by thy side, to help and strengthen thee."

One day as Elizabeth was pondering over all those prayers, which the Blessed Virgin had told her she used to offer up in the temple, and was wondering how that immaculate soul had demanded graces, which she could not have failed already to possess, Mary herself came to answer her inquiries, with an inconceivable sweetness and familiarity: "I did," said she, "what the man does, who wants to make a beautiful fountain. He goes to the foot of a mountain, and carefully examines from what part the water-springs issue. He bores, till he has found them, and then he directs them to the spot where he wants to place his fountain. He adorns and cleanses the spot, so that the water may remain pure and clear; he surrounds his fountain with a stone fence, and builds a sort of column, in which he makes channels for the water to pour itself forth in gushing streams for the consolation of all. I did in like manner; I went to the mountain, when I devoted myself to the study of holy Scripture; I found out the spring, when reading and prayer revealed to me that the source of all happiness is to love God with all our heart; I prepared the spot for my fountain, when I conceived the desire to love all that he loved; I took means to keep the water pure and clear, when I resolved to avoid and hate sin; I fenced it round, when I joined humility, patience, and mildness, to the fire of divine charity, carefully preserving these blessed virtues even to my death; I built the column, and constructed the channels, when I came forth as the refuge of all sinners: for I am always ready to pour forth consolations and graces from on high in copious streams upon all who invoke me, for themselves, or others. I have revealed to thee," said our blessed Lady in conclusion, "the prayers I offered up, that thou mightst learn by my example to beg of God with confidence and humility all that thou wantest. Dost thou know why it is that virtues are not equally distributed amongst all men? It is, because some know not how to ask them with sufficient humility, nor to preserve them with so much care as others. That also is why God desires, that he who is deprived of virtue should be helped by those who possess it. Moreover, I desire that thou shouldest pray with fervour and devotion for thy own salvation, and for that of others."

These sweet conversations ended, Elizabeth saw one day a fair tomb

covered with flowers, from which her dear comforter, the Mother of God arose, borne on the wings of multitudes of angels, even to the highest heavens, where they conducted her to the bosom of her divine Son. An angel then came to explain to her this vision of the Assumption,—which was sent her as a heavenly favour, at once to sustain her under her present misfortunes, and as a sweet foretaste of the glory which God reserved for herself, as He had done before to his Virgin Mother,—if she remained faithful to the end, and conformed to His divine will.

The humble servant of Christ, in relating these admirable wonders, declared that she had seen and heard them with such a convincing and clear evidence of their reality, that she would prefer death to denying their existence.*

Thus did God begin to repay this faithful servant. A solitary widow, He gives Himself to her for a spouse; a young woman, discouraged and dejected, He gives her His own blessed Mother as a mistress and a mother, yea, her who is the mother of sorrows and of mercies; a soul deprived of all the goods of this world, He opens to it here below, the unfading treasures of the kingdom of heaven.

* Supplement to the MS. of Theodorick at Cassel.

ANE ORATIOUNE,

MADE BE MASTER QUINTIN, COMMENDATOUR OF CROSSRAGUEL,
IN THE JAIR OF GOD, 1561.

IN laying the conclusion of the Commendator of Crossraguel's Oratioune before our readers, we would premise that to such as are familiar with the modern Scottish dialect, which the fictions of Sir Walter Scott have made so widely known, the general meaning of the following may be easily understood, as there is no great difficulty, or difference of expression between the vernacular of the present day, and the compositions of the time of Queen Mary, further than what naturally results from the circumstance of the one being that of the peasantry, and the other (like the instance before us) the composition of a highly educated man of gentle birth, and a learned ecclesiastic;—the one, namely, being the colloquial, the other the classical dialect. But still, we fear that much of the raciness of the language, of its conciseness and force of expression, and of the full meaning of each particular word and phrase, must necessarily be lost to the southern reader.

One of the leading features of the Scottish language, is that of its being peculiarly adapted to the expression of *humour*. Hence, even in the Oratioune before us, there is perceptible, a certain dry wit, which, to Scottish ears, tells with a force which it would be as difficult to convey a notion of to the Southern, as it would be impossible to infuse it into the English language,—the genius of which is not susceptible of such a powerful auxiliary in giving force to the expressions in which thoughts are couched. The student of "Blind Harry," "Lindesay of Pitcote," or "Gawain Douglas's Elsie," will fully bear us out in these remarks, a perusal of whose works, we are assured, would amply repay the reader's time, not in amusement only but in the higher pursuit of philological inquiry.

But if this principle of humour be so common, that language is no less adapted for the expression of the pathetic. Many such examples will doubtless occur to those who are familiar with the early ballad-lore of Scotland; but a better instance, *in prose*, could scarcely be found than what occurs in the following Oratioune, where, after mourning over the barbarous effects that flowed from the perversity of the "pestilent prechouris," he breaks out into that splendid passage, "Than had nocht the poliey of this realme," &c. which he winds up

with a touch of national humour in deploring "what hes bene in this realme sene* this devillis dangeruss dance first began."

At another time, we may return to the older authors of Scotland. Meanwhile, we shall let the good Commendatour of Crossraguel speak for himself in his quaint and homely, but most forcible vernacular.

iiij Fer. in Oct. Epiph. 1843.

Now will we call to remembrance ane other testimonie of Scripture, improperlie appliit, quharby Knox, and diuerse otheris factious prechouris to the congregation, hes sterit† vp seditione amangis the membris of JHESUS Christ, quilk is ane familiar falt to him, and all deplorit heretickis, quhilkis euer hes bene sene‡ the fayth first began. It is writtin in the Scripture of Almychti GODE, how the Lorde commandit to distroy the ydolatouris, and all places quhair into thair ydolis wer had in reuerence, and honorit as the leving GOD (Deut. 7 et 12); quharwith hes Knox and diuerse otheris, malhereux precheouris to the congregation, sterit vp with zeale but§ knowlege, to wrak ane grete part of the policy of this realme: Quhairfor, in fauouris of the congregatiōe, we sall schaw gud will (according to our vnderstanding) to mak thame cleirlie to consider, how impropirlie, falsly, and wickitlie, ar thir places of Scripture gadderit, and appliit to persuade this wickit pretence and opinione. Treuth it is, the Lorde commandit to distroy the ydolatouris, and all places quharinto that ydolis wer had in reuerence, and honorit as the leving GOD (and that justlie), he rasone thai biggit|| thair templs, and all other places of prayer, to the entent that thair ydolis sulde be werschippit tharinto as the leving GOD. Be the contrar, I am mair nor assurit, thair wes never Cristin man quhilk euer biggit ane tempill or kirk, or ony other places of prayeris, bot to the entent that the leving GOD sulde be deulie worschippit tharinto: quharfor, it wer the dewtie of all Christiane menne, to quhome it appertenis to tak ordour in materis concerning religione, in case thair wer abusione, to correct the abusione conforme to the practice of the Euangel, and nocht to mak plane destructione mysordourlie, as menne dois in thir days. Did nocht our Saluour correct the abusione, quhilk he fand into the temple dedicat to the honour of GOD, without distruction of the samin? quharby we ar manifestlie instructit, that all temples and places, biggit be Cristiane menne, to the honour of GOD

* Since.

† Stirred.

‡ Since.

§ Without.

|| By reason that they built.

(in case thai war abusit), are to be correctit, and nocht vtarlie destroyt, as places biggit be the ydolatouris to ydolis. Thus may we cleirly persauē qubat abominatione and wicketnes, quhat furie and wodnes, oft tymes procedis of thrawin* interpretatiōne, and impropir applicatiōne of the Scriyturis of Almichty GOD. Gif Knox, or ony othir, will affirme, that the templis and kirkis of Cristiane menne ar to be destroyt as housis of ydolatrie, because the mess is said and honorit in thaim (quhilk he callis ydolatrie), it is also false as GOD is trew; for quhy, the mess wes institut be JHESUS Christ our Saluour, in his latter supper, as, GOD willing, we sall mak the congregatiōne and all otheris cleirly to vnderstand, be our little werk, quhilk is all reddy to be sett furth, concerning the sacrifice of the mess. Gif it had plesit GOD, in dew tyme, to haif sterit vp the hartis of thais of the congregatiōne, diligently to haif aspiit and markit how this testimony of Scripture, and diuerse otheris, ar peruersitlie appliit be thare seditiouse prechouris (Exod. 7), contrar the godlie menyng of the samyn (Exod. 22), than had nocht the policie of this realme bene put to vter confusiōne and wrakment, as it is, and that nocht without grete calamite, miserie, and hurt of the commoun wele. Than had nocht the antiquities and monumētis of this realme bene schaimfullie destroyt, quhilkis in all other realmis ar heichly prysit and regardit, be all men of godlie leirnyng and iugement. Than had nocht sa mony pure menne deit miserably vnder dikes through hunger, calde, and powertie for laik of cheritie, quhilk is waxt calde through the iniquity of thir pestilent prechouris. Than had nocht honest menne bene banist fra thair leving, incontrar all gude rasone, kyndnes, and conscience. Than had nocht sick fremmitnes bene amangis Cristin menne, quham amangis GOD and nature requiris maist tendernes, fauour, and hartlines. Than had nocht sick suspitiōne bene amangis the nobilite of this realme euerilk ane lukeande daly for otheris wrakment and mischeif. Than had nocht bene sic intollerable disobedience incontrar all magistratis baith spirituall and temporall, quhilk of all synnes maist horriblie steris vp the ire and wraith of Almychti GOD (as the Scriptour planelie techis ws), conforme to the wourdis of the Apostol, sayande, He that resists vnto the hear† power risistis vnto GOD and wirkis his avne dampnatiōne. I will nocht be sua balde (because it is GODDIS priuate to aggrege the incredible and wouderfull mistemperance of the air, quhilk continualie hes bene in this realme sene this diuillis dangeruss

* Forced, wrested.

† Higher.

dance first begwn. Alace, alace, with sorofull hart, weping, and teris, I am constranit to desist fra farther aggravatione of this miserable purpose: for gif I had all the eloquence that euer had Cicero or Demostenes, I amme nocht hable to discrib the hundreth part of the samir. Nochtwithstanding, gif I wer of worthines to geif consale, to thais to quham it appertenis to tak ordour toward the gret misordour quhilk hes bene, and is sterit vp daly in this realme (be Knox and otheris factious prechouris), I wakde wyss thai sulde schaw thair elemencie, mercie, and gentilnes, to the subjectis tharof, as ma stande with the commone wele of the samyn, because the falt (principalie in tymes bypaste) was in the magistratis, quhilkis did nocht provide sic sufficient prechouris and pastouris as wer hable to hafe done thair dett and denor to the flok of JHESUS Christ committit to thair cure, quharof but dout hes procedit cheiflie ane grete part of the misordour: for it is oft tymes seyne, because the hear poweris and magistratis dois nocht provide sufficient pastouris and prechouris, quhilkis ar hable to gif sufficient instructione to the subjectis, first to do thair dett and dewite to Almyghti God, thareftir to thair magistratis, God permittis and sufferis the subjectis to rebell, and be disobedient to the lawis and commandementis, nocht onlie of the hear poweris bot als to the commandmentis of Almyghti God, takand the place of autorite misordourlie upone thaim selfis, quhilk is ane of the cheif panismentis permittit be God to cum vpon the magistratis for thair negligence.* The exempill is sa familiar, that we mister nocht to tak pane nor tobe curious in cersing of the samir, praying God this falt be mendit in tyme cuming be the magistratis present: for I dar bauldly say onto the tyme that sufficient prechouris and pastouris be sterit vp to feid the flok of JHESUS Christ, sall neuer, heresy be suppressit, nor misordour flemit out of the kirk of God.

To testify the favour and gret gude will that I heir to the congregatione, I will mak thaim to consider how incredible and wounderfullie

* How strikingly might this principle be illustrated by the anterior history of every nation that has fallen a prey to the punishments of schism and heresy: embracing, as it might be made to shew,—first, the grasping propensity of the civil power, whether kingly or that of a corrupt nobility; and secondly, the continual struggle of the Church to maintain not only her own liberty, but that of her children! How the successors of St. Peter exerted themselves in this contest, the student of the middle ages well knows; and the Christian philosopher who reasons from facts, can assuredly come to no other conclusion than this,—that if the Church had not been governed in God's providence by a succession of Popes, all Europe had now been in the state of serfage, and Christianity, if existing at all, a dead letter.

thai ar circumvenit, abusit, and dissavit (and that nocht without grete danger to thair saules), be thair mischeant ministeris, in ministratiōne of thair communiōne. And for the mair perfite vnderstanding of the samyn, I will call to remembrance the sayings of quhilkie ar writtin to the redar, in thair buke callit the forme of prayeris, as eftir followis, viz. As for the wourdis of the Lordis supper, we rehers thaim nocht bicaus thai suldo change the substance of the breid and wine, or that the repetitiōne tharof, with the entent of the sacrificear, sulde make the sacrament (as the papistis falslie belevis). Lord God quhat deuillische disdane is this, quhilik constrainis thame to alter the ordinance of JHESUS Christ oure Saluour, towart the ministratiōne of his sacrament? Did nocht oure Saluour commande his Apostolis to do as he did, sayande, Do this in remembrance of me? Did nocht our Saluour consecrat the breid and wyne be thir wourdis, sayande, This is my body? Quhy, than, will your wickit ministeris be so blindit, through disdane, that thai will nocht consecrat the breid and wine, rehersande thir wourdis, This is my body, as Christ did? Dar ye be balde to say, that Christ consecrate nocht the breid and wine be thir wourdis, and that this terme consecrate is laitlie inventit be the Papistis? I will call to remembrance the ancheant Godlie writare Crisostome, to beir witnessing betuix yow and me, towart the vse and vnderstanding of this profunde misterie, spekand onne this maner:—It is nocht manne that makis our Lordis body and bluid of the breid and wyne sett furth upone the table to be consecratit, bot it is Christ that wes crucifit for us. The wourdis ar pronuncit of the preist, and the breid and wine ar consecratit be GODDIS wourdis and grace; he said, This is my body. The breide and wine quhilkis ar sett furth ar consecratit be this wourd (Homil. 48. in Joanne.)—Hidderto Crisostome. Mark how this Godlie doctour and bischope xj^e. lvii yeris bipast testifeis, that the breid and wine are consecratit be the wourdis of the latter supper. And ye think na schame falslie to affirme thir wourdis to be laitlie inventit be the Papistis. Ambroae (ane godlie doctour, approvin be the kirk of God xi.^e lxxvj yeris bipast) writis on this maner: Afore that it be consecrate it is breid, bot efter that Christis wourdis be cum tharto, it is Christis body. (Lib. 4. de sacramentis.)—Cypriane (quha wes martherit for the fayth of JHESUS Christ, xij^e. iiij.^e xvj yeris bipast) writis onne this maner: This breid, quhilik the Lorde gaif to his disciplis, beande changeit nocht as towart the outward formes, bot as concerning nature, is made flesche be the almighti powar of the wourde.—Mark quhat preeminence, force, and effect,

this marthir rackinnis* to be in the wourdis of the latter supper, quilkis ar sa sclenderly lukit onne be thir new evangelists. Attour, † dois nocht Luther (quha wes ane patrone of all peruersitnes aganis the Papistis) affirme the reall presence of the Lordis body in the sacrament of the altar? and that be the force and effect of the wourdis of the latter supper (This is my body) deuly pronuncit be the minister. (In captivitate Babilonica.) Likewys Melancthon, speckande onne this maner: It is grete fule-hardenes to sett furth ony other doctrine concerning the vnderstanding of this profunde misterie of the supper of the Lorde, nor sic‡ as hes bene approvin be the kirk of aulde, affirm-and that it wes euer the doctrine of the kyrk, the reale presence of the precius body and blude of oure Saluour to be in this sacrament (Tract de cena Domini contra anabapt.);—and to preve the samyne he callis to remembrance the ancheant fatheris of the kirk, sick as Cirill, Cipriane, Chrisostom, Theophilact, and otheris diuerse. Thus ma ye persaeue quhat force and effect is rackinnit to be in the wourdis of the latter supper (This is my body) be thais quha in thir days are plane inimeis to the pape, and all Papistis. Treuly the breid and wyne, beande ministrat and ressaut efter this maner, be the quhilk the wourdis of the latter supper (This is my body) are tint in the telling, ma weill be callit and thocht ane simple signe in deid, or ellis na thing bot as other commone breid and wyne, quharby ane Cristiane manne is also mekill refreschit in his saull as ane thristie manne in his body, goande by ane taverne behalding the syng of the samyne. Quharfor it is to be considerit, that thar are sum signs quhilkis onelie signifeis and ar bair signis in deid, as is the signe of the taverne. Thar is sum signis callit *Effectuis signis*, quhilkis nocht onely dois signify bot als ar the samyn thing quhilk thai do signify, as breid in ane baxtaris buyth wyndo|| signifys breid to be saulde, and is brede the self quharwith menne ar corporalie refreschit: sua the blissit sacrament of the altar is nocht onelie ane signe of the Lordis body, bot als the Lordis body is realie contenit therein, quharwith oure saulis and bodeis ar refreschit, confortit, and supportit, be grace, be the quhilk we may cum to the eternale glore, conforme to the wourdis of our Saluour, sayande, He that eit is my flesche and drinkis my blude hes euerlestand life. Quha likis to se farther in this purpose, lat him reid our litill werk concerning the reall presence of [our Lor]dis body in the sacrament of the altar.

Now will we brevelie collect the effect and substance of our oratioune, contenit in thre heidis. In the first heid is abundantlie and

* Reckons.

† Moreover.

‡ Than such.

§ Baker's shop-window.

sufficiëntlie confutit Knox disagisit syllogisme, quhilk is his fundement quharupon he gadderis and biggis all his furie, mokerie, and dispite aganis the mess, quhilk being subuertit (as it is in deid be scripturis propirlie appliit) the rest (be rasone) biggit upon this ruinouss fundament gois to the grounde. In the secunde heid is maid manifest quhat calamite, miserie, and hurt, hes the commoun wele of this realme daly sustenit and sufferit be Knox and otheris factious prechouris to the congregatioun, throwand the scripture of Almycti God by* the godlie menyng of the samyne, to be scheilde and bukлар to thair lustis and hereseis. Into the thrid, we testify our affectiounne and grete gude will to all thais of the congregatiounne, specially sick as are onleirnit, gevande thaim cleirlie to vnderstande, how Knox thar mischeant minister, and the rest, plays the juleour in ministratioun of the blissed sacrament of the altare, contrare to the ordinance and institutione of JHESUS Christ our Saluour, according to the doctrine and interpretatione of all menne of godlie leirnyng and good lyfe, quhilk is ane of the cheif sacramentis quharby JHESUS Christ our Saluour hes appointit for salvatione of manne, the frutt of his deith and passione, tobe daly renewit and appliit. And thus we conclude, nocht deutandef† bot [the congrega]tiounne (specialie thais [of leirning and sober] jugement) will take this our [godlie doctrine to hert] or at the least suspend thair [opiniounne] and jugement, vnto the time thair ministeris and precheouris mak sufficient ansuere and confutatioun to this our oratiounne. Quharfor, with all my hart exhortis, prays, and but mercie appellis thar pestilent precheouris‡ puffit vp with vane glore, quhilkis rackinnis thaimselfis of gretar knowlege nor Christis haill kirk, cumand but§ authorite, subuertand, subornande, and circumuenande the simple peple, cersande thair pray like the deuillis rachis,|| barkcand bauldly like bardis,¶ aganis the blissit sacrament of the altare, the sacrifice of the mess, and all other godlie ordinance of JHESUS Christ and his kirk, to preiss thair wittis and inginis, and to streik all thair pennis in my contrar, makande the congregatioun and all otheris to understande, gif I do propirly, treuly, and godlie, or nocht, invey aganis thair deuillische doctrine and doyingis. Failyeande tharof, recant, for schame, recant (ye famouse precheouris) and cum in obedience to the kirk of God, quhilk ye haue stubbornlie misknawin this lang tyme bipast (and that nocht without grete dangere to your avne saulis

* From.

† Not doubting.

‡ Knox, Willock, Winzame, Gudinane, Dowglase, Heriot, Spottis[woode] and all ye rest. § Without. || Ceasing their prey like devil's hounds. ¶ Mongrels.

and many otheris,) thairfor recant, in tyme recant, as
 ye lufe your saluatioun, and cry God mercie:
 To quham, with the Sone and Haly
 Gaist, be prayse, honour, and
 glore, for ever ande ever.
 Amen.

*Progenies viperarum fugite a ventura ira, nam securis ad radicem
 arboris posita est, PENITENTIAM AGITE.*

MATH. iii.

SELECT FRAGMENTS FROM THE HOLY FATHERS OF THE EASTERN CHURCH.

No. I.—THE SECOND EPISTLE OF ST. CLEMENT, BISHOP
 OF ROME.—CIRCA A.D. 68.

“CLEMENT ALSO, AND OTHER MY FELLOW-LABOURERS, WHOSE NAMES ARE
 IN THE BOOK OF LIFE.”—*Philip iv. 3.*

MY BRETHREN, it becomes us so to think concerning Jesus Christ as
 of God, as of the Judge both of quick and dead; and it becomes us not
 to think unworthily of our salvation, for in deeming unworthily of this,
 we deem unworthily of those things which we hope thereby to receive;
 and whilst we listen to such tidings as of little moment, we sin, not
 discerning in what manner we have been called, and by whom, and to
 what place, nor what things Jesus Christ deigned to suffer for our
 sakes. What return then shall we make to Him? or what fruit worthy
 of that which He hath bestowed upon us? What recompense of holi-
 ness do we owe to Him? For He has graciously bestowed upon us the
 light; as a Father He hath called us His sons; when we were lost He
 has saved us. What praise shall we make to Him, or recompense of
 reward for the things we have received from Him? We, enslaved in
 mind, worshipping stones and blocks of wood, gold, and silver, and
 brass, the works of man; and our whole life being nothing else than

death. Enveloped in night, and having our vision clouded by so great darkness, we received power through his will, to raise our eyes, casting aside the mist in which we were shrouded. Moved with compassion and yearning in love for us, beholding in us naught save error and perdition, seeing that we had none hope left but through Him, He redeemed us, calling us when we were not, and out of nothing willing to raise us into life.

"Rejoice thou barren who hast not given birth ! break forth in joy thou who hast not travailed ! For the desolate hath many more children than she that hath a husband." When He said, "Rejoice thou barren who hast not given birth !" He spake unto us, for barren was our Church ere yet children had been given her ; but when He said, "Cry out in joy thou who hast not travailed !" thus He signified that we should in simplicity offer our prayers to God, not vociferating in the manner of those who labour, giving birth. Again He saith, "The desolate hath many more children than she that hath a husband," signifying that whereas our people seemed in time past to be deserted of God, now, being faithful, we have become many more than those who were thought to possess God alone. Another Scripture saith, "I have not come to call the righteous, but sinners," He thus speaking, whose office is to save them that are lost. This indeed is a great and wondrous work : to support and bind up, not those that stand but those who have fallen ; and thus was the Christ pleased to save the lost ones, redeeming many when He came, and calling us who were already utterly lost.

He, therefore, having shown such mercy towards us, it first of all behoves us, who live, not to sacrifice or offer adoration to dieties which are dead, since through Him we have obtained knowledge of the Father of Truth ; and what else is the knowledge of the Father, but that we should not deny Him through whom we have known the Father ? As He saith : "Him that confesseth me before men, will I also confess before my Father." This, therefore, is our reward if we make true confession of Him through whom we are saved. But in what manner should we confess Him ? In doing according to His words, in not disobeying His commandments, in honoring Him not with our lips only, but with our whole heart and our whole understanding. For He saith, in Isaiah, "This people honoureth me with their lips, but their heart is far from me."

Not alone, therefore, should we call Him, Lord ; for this cannot save us : as He himself declareth, "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall be saved, but he that doeth righteousness." There-

fore, Brethren, in works should we confess Him, and by loving Him; in not committing adultery; not slandering nor envying one another; but living in temperance, compassionateness, and goodness; in rendering mercy to each other; in forsaking the desire of lucre: by such works, and not by their opposite, may we make confession of God; nor should we have any fear of men, but of Him only. Wherefore the Lord saith to us who do these things, "If ye be gathered together in my bosom, and do not my commandments, I will cast you out, and say unto you, Depart from me, for I know ye not, ye workers of iniquity."*

Therefore, brethren, no longer making this world our home, let us do the will of Him who hath called us, and fear not to depart, when we are summoned hence. For the Lord saith: "Be ye as lambs in the midst of wolves. But Peter answereth Him, What and if the wolves rend the lambs? To whom JESUS, The lambs need not fear the wolves after they have died; and ye, fear not those who slay you, but have no power to do more unto you: but fear Him, who, after He hath slain you, hath power to cast soul and body into the hell of fire." And this ye know, brethren, that the sojourning of our flesh in this world is but for a little time; whereas, the promise of Christ is great and marvellous; the rest of the kingdom that is to come, and of eternal life. By what works, then, shall we obtain these things? If not by having our conversation in holiness and justice, holding the things of this world in contempt, and having no desire for them: for in setting our hearts on the possession of these, we fall from the way of righteousness.

The Lord saith, "No servant can serve two masters." If we wish to serve both God and mammon, we have no advantage to look for: since, if a man gain the whole world, but lose his soul, what shall it profit him? This present life and the life to come are two enemies; the one teaching adultery, corruption, avarice, deceit; the other renouncing all these. We cannot be friends of both; but abandoning one, must devote ourselves to the other. Methinks it is wiser to hate the things of the present life, being vain and of short duration; but to love those of the future, which are holy and incorruptible. Thus doing the will of Christ, we shall find peace: but if not, nothing can save us

* This and the following quotation are supposed to be from the "Gospel according to the Egyptians," or some other apocryphal work, which the Church had not, at that time, formally rejected.

from the eternal woe appointed to those who disobey his commandments. For the Scripture saith in Ezekiel, "If Noah, and Job, and Daniel, should rise again, they could not save their children from the captivity." If, therefore, such righteous men cannot, by their righteousness, rescue their children, we, if we preserve not our baptism holy and undefiled, with what confidence shall we enter into the Kingdom of God? or who shall be our advocate, if we are not found having the works of righteousness and justice?

Wherefore, my brethren, let us contend manfully, knowing that eternity is set before us; and that many strive together in the corruptible race, but not all are crowned, only those who toil exceedingly and strive nobly. Let us so contend that all may be crowned. So let us run in the straight path of the incorruptible contest, that many may arrive at the goal, and struggle that we may win the crown, which if we cannot all obtain, let us at least all reach near to it. We should know, that he who contends in the corruptible race, if found unworthy and depraved, is given up to the chastiser, and cast out of the stadium. What think ye? He who dishonoureth the contest of immortality, what shall he suffer? Of those who have not preserved the seal, it is said, "Their worm dieth not, and their fire is not extinguished, and they shall be a spectacle unto all flesh." (Isaiah lxi. ult.)

As long, therefore, as we are upon earth, let us repent; for we are as clay in the hands of the artificer: and as the potter, when he makes a vessel, moulds and kneads the clay in his hands, and afterwards fashions it; but if precipitately he casts it into the furnace of fire, can no longer make it profitable; so we, as long as we are in this world, let us repent of the evil we have done in the flesh with our whole heart, that we may be saved by the Lord, whilst we have time for penitence. For after we have departed from this world, we shall no longer be able to make confession or repent, there whither we are going. Therefore, brethren, doing the will of the Father, and preserving our bodies in chastity, and keeping the commandments of the Lord, we shall receive eternal life. As the Lord saith in the Gospel, "If ye have not been faithful in little things, who shall give unto you the great? For I say unto you, he that is faithful in the least is faithful in much." Therefore, also, it is said, "Preserve the flesh in chastity, and the seal unspotted, that ye may obtain eternal life."*

And let no one of you affirm that this flesh shall not be judged nor

* From one of the apocryphal writings before quoted.

raised again. In what have ye been redeemed? in what have ye been restored to sight, but in this flesh ye occupy? It therefore becomes us to guard the body as the Temple of God; and as ye have been called in the flesh, in the flesh ye shall come. The one Lord Christ, by whom we are saved, being at the first spirit, became flesh, and thus called us; so then in this flesh we also shall receive the reward.

Let us therefore have love one to another, that we may reach the Kingdom of God. Whilst there is time for us to be healed, let us surrender ourselves to the Almighty Physician, paying Him the debt we owe. And what is that debt but repentance from a sincere heart? For all things are open to His knowledge; and the most secret things of the heart are not concealed from Him. Let us therefore send on high our praises to Him, not from the lips only, but from the heart, that He may accept us as sons, for the Lord himself saith, "Ye are my brethren, if ye do the will of my Father."

Therefore, brethren, let us indeed do the will of the Father, who hath called us, that we may live for ever; let us rather follow virtue and abandon vice, which is the precursor of all our sins; let us flee impiety, lest evil overtake and capture us. If we are diligent in good works, peace will follow us wheresoever we go. For this cause they cannot find the Lord, who are subject to the fear of men, because preferring rather the pleasure of this world to the promise of the world to come. If this were all, they might be tolerated, but now they persevere instilling evil doctrines into the minds of the unwary, not knowing that they shall receive double condemnation, both those who teach and those who listen.

But let us with pure hearts serve the Lord our God, and be righteous; for if we serve Him not, through our unbelief toward the promise of God, we shall be miserable. As the Word of Prophecy saith, "Accursed are they who are of double minds and uncertain hearts, who say, All these things we have heard from our fathers, but we their sons have waited day after day, and have not seen them come to pass." Ye fools! compare yourselves to a tree—take the vine: first it bears leaves, then buds, then appears the unripe grape; after this the fruit in maturity. Thus have my people borne tribulation and afflictions, but after these, shall receive the good that is in store for them. Therefore, my brethren, let us not be unstable in mind, but persevering in hope, that we may obtain our great reward. For He is faithful, who hath promised to recompense unto each according to his works; and if we do righteousness before God, we shall enter into His kingdom and receive His

promises; which "ear hath not heard, nor eye seen, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive."

Let us therefore every hour expect the kingdom of God, continuing in love and holiness; since we know not the day of the epiphany of our God. For when the Lord was questioned by a certain one, when his kingdom should come, He answered, "When two shall be one, and that which is without as that which is within, and the male with the female, as neither male nor female."* Two are one when we speak the truth one with another, and in two bodies there is but one soul, without hypocrisy. "That which is without as that which is within," thus signifying, the spirit, that is within, is spoken; the body, that is without, speaketh. In the same manner as the body is manifest let your spirit also be manifest in good works. And "the male with the female, as neither male nor female," that is,†

* From the "Gospel according to the Egyptians,"—this quotation being verified in the "Stromata" of St. Clemens Alexandrinus.

† The genuineness of this epistle, or rather fragment (the conclusion being lost), has been disputed, but the high authorities, by which it has been defended, sanction its insertion in every edition of the collected works of this father.

**LINES ON THE DEATH OF A POOR MAN,
WHICH TOOK PLACE DURING MASS, IN THE CATHOLIC CHAPEL AT
CHELTENHAM.**

A FEW weeks ago there appeared in the morning papers a paragraph which mentioned the death of a poor man in the Catholic chapel of Cheltenham. He had been several weeks out of employment, and lived upon the scraps of food given to him by neighbours almost as destitute as himself. One morning he went to mass, and, kneeling in prayer, in that posture expired! May the following lines, suggested by the above touching incident, awaken the sympathies and charities of the rich towards the poor!

BEHOLD the patient sufferer, day by day
To hollow want and poverty a prey!
His strength is wasting with the fleeting hours,
And child-like weakness prostrates all his powers!
From his sunk cheeks the flush of health is fled,
His visage pale as is the shrouded dead;
The vulture hunger on his vitals preys,
While casual scraps eke out his nights and days.
He sits, he saunters,—faint his steps, and slow;
His knees are sinking, and his head droops low;
Wasted his form—the genial life-blood gone—
The man has dwindled to a skeleton!

To him the past is grief, its joys are fled;
Around the present deepest gloom is spread.
Life's future course to him is blank despair—
Only the grave, the cold, dark grave is there!
Safely the anchor stays the wind-toss'd bark,
The Pole-star guides it through the billows dark!
The wished-for haven is the sheltering bay,—
There end the terrors of its troubled way:
'Tis God that is the sufferer's guiding star,
His anchor Hope, his haven seen afar.
He seeks the temple of his God, and there,
On bended knees, with hands upraised in prayer,
He breathes his dying orison; his eyes
Were glazed in death, ere closed the sacrifice;

The priest turned round,—said “*ITE MISSA EST*,”—
 The man was dead, his spirit was at rest !
 Uprose the worshippers, the service done ;
 He heard not, saw not, stirred not, breathed not—lone
 Still knelt, a praying form, a statue—stone !

Horrors on horrors, gaze upon that frame,
 For curse or blessing, life or death, the same
 Shall be raised up a *sign* at the last day !
 For, turning to the rich, the Judge will say,—
Crumbs from your table you to him denied ;
In him I hungered, fainted, thirsted, died.

DERMIAD.

May the *rich* of every congregation be mindful of the *poor* ;—let them place alms in the hands of their pastors, who will prudently and seasonably distribute them. Thus many a poor man and woman, especially the *aged*, will be saved both from the pangs of starvation, and from death.

Feast of St. Gregory, 1843.

THE CROCUS.

“*Memor fui Dei et delectatus sum.*”—Ps. lxxvi. 4.

Too soon have sunbeams lured thee forth, young flower ;
 And breezes, softly sounding from the west,—
 To thee familiar tones,—from wintry rest
 Have charmed thee, fenceless in a treacherous hour.
 But yester eve the north resumed his power,
 And heaping snow-flakes o’er the late green earth,
 Hath stilled the lamb’s, stream’s, bird’s awakening mirth.
 Yet, those unbent beneath the freezing shower,
 Lone, amid snows unwelcome, rearest still
 Thy golden chalice glittering to the sun.
 Thus past the hour of heavenly joy for me,
 When tears mine eyelids, sighs my bosom fill,
 Just as I deemed o’er sin the triumph won,
 Hopeful, O God, my heart shall look to thee.

J. S.

The Feast of St. Romuald.

THE LAST OF THE STUARTS.

THE doctrine of succession to the throne of England is defined in the following terms by Justice Blackstone, the uncompromising champion of royal prerogative.

"The crown is, by common law and constitutional custom, hereditary; and this in a manner peculiar to itself: but the right of inheritance may, from time to time, be changed or limited by act of Parliament, under which limitations the crown still continues hereditary....

"The doctrine of 'hereditary' right does by no means imply an 'indefeasible' right to the throne. No man will, I think, assert this, that has considered our laws, constitution, and history, without prejudice and with any degree of attention. It is unquestionably in the breast of the supreme legislative authority of this kingdom, the king and both Houses of Parliament, to defeat this hereditary right, and by particular entails, limitations, and provisions, to exclude the immediate heir, and vest the inheritance in any one else. This is strictly consonant to our laws and constitution, as may be gathered from the expression so frequently used in our statute book, of the king's majesty, his heirs, and successors. In which we may observe, that as the word 'heirs' necessarily implies an inheritance or hereditary right, generally subsisting in the royal person, so the word 'successors,' distinctly taken, must imply that this inheritance may sometimes be broken through, or that there may be a successor without being the heir of the king."

* * * * *

These passages, from the celebrated text book of our great constitutional lawyer, furnish authority for asserting that, numerous as have been the mutations in the dynasties which have ruled England since the Norman Conquest of 1066, unjust or uncalled for as those mutations may have, at the time, appeared to various parties in the country, —their recurrence has never once violated any known or fundamental principle of English law.

When Charles the Tenth was driven from the throne of France by the popular revolution of 1830, a lineal succession of many centuries, hallowed by the law and usage of the country, was rudely broken: when the act of settlement excluded the House of Stuart from the government of these realms, King James might have remembered that within the three preceding centuries, Richard II, Henry VI, and Richard III, had met with a fate more disastrous than his own, and

yet all those monarchs had been dealt with in strict accordance with the law of England, as laid down by high constitutional authority.

To trace, indeed, the history of our sovereigns from the reign of the Conqueror to the accession of the House of Hanover, is to exhibit a strange jumble of the *lex fortioris*, of rights disputed, and rights misunderstood, of parliaments by turns imperious and servile, and of successions overturned and altered by the personal ambition of individuals, or the political and religious animosities of the many.

The right to the crown of England conferred upon William I, by the defeat and death of the luckless Harold, was at the best based upon utterly unjustifiable usurpation.

It would be difficult to say upon what principles the younger sons of the Conqueror successively reigned, to the exclusion of their elder brother, Robert.

The maternal descent of Stephen from William of Normandy, furnished but a barely colourable pretext for positive invasion.

Parliament unseated the royal House of Plantagenet, and ratified the accession of Henry IV.

Parliament ratified the deposition of his grandson in favour of Edward IV.

Parliament again confirmed the precarious title to the crown which the victory of Bosworth Field had conferred upon Henry VII.

Under Henry VIII, Parliament lent a servile sanction to every alteration and limitation of the succession which the whim or circumstance of the time had suggested to their despotic master.

Under Charles I, despots in turn, Parliament carried into effect the judicial murder of their sovereign.

In 1660, Parliament ratified the restoration of the House of Stuart.

In 1688, Parliament deposed James II.

Parliament exercised the right of limiting the succession by the act which placed William III upon the throne, but postponed his issue by any other wife than the Princess Mary, to Princess Anne, and her children.

Finally, the act of settlement conferred upon the direct descendants of the Electress Sophia of Hanover, being Protestants, the sovereignty of these realms, leaving unrepealed the statute of William and Mary, which excludes from the crown all "who should profess the Popish religion," and making it incumbent upon every successor to the crown to join in the Communion of the Church of England as by law established.

Blending, therefore, the language of a Catholic with that of a constitutional lawyer, it may be truly remarked, that at the present day, firmly established as Queen Victoria may be upon the throne of England, she would at once 'forfeit the crown and the allegiance of her subjects by renouncing error for truth.

Such is the state of the law; clearly proving that at all periods of British history, subsequent to the rise of Parliament, the choice of the people, made manifest by Parliamentary enactments, has controlled the indefeasibility of hereditary right.

The rebellions, therefore, of 1715 and 1745, organized for the restoration of the exiled house of Stuart, high-minded and chivalrous as those were who supported and sacrificed their lives for its fallen fortunes, were, in fact, tragical misapprehensions of the truth of a grand national axiom: that the will of the majority, not the right of the individual, constitutes the rule by which the hereditary principle ordinarily governs the monarchical succession in Great Britain.

From political and religious sympathies we might in those days have inclined to join the banner of the banished princes; the romance of history was on their side: they united in themselves the descents of English and Scottish kings, and the tragedies of Fotheringay and Whitehall had thrown a mournful celebrity around the Stuart name, which might well awaken in their behalf the still unextinguished chivalry of generous minds. On the other hand, the first princes of the house of Hanover united in themselves none of those attractive qualities that were calculated to win over the wavering allegiance of those who clung to the memory of their predecessors. With the vanquished of Culloden, we may therefore fully and cordially sympathize; but dispassionately considering, at this distance of time, that the people of Great Britain undoubtedly possessed a national right to alter the succession to the crown, and that they had exercised that right by the voice of Parliament, and with the general consent of the country, it becomes manifest that the defeat of Prince Charles Edward and his gallant followers, so calamitous in its individual results, can only be regarded as a measure of retribution called forth by the attempt to substitute the supremacy of individual right for that of national prerogative.

Perhaps when mature years had sobered the once high and ambitious aspirings of the youthful prince, a calm retrospect of English history may have reconciled his mind to that downfall from illustrious station, which had been the fate of so many of his predecessors. In

the case, at least, of prince Henry, subsequently called Cardinal York, and commonly spoken of as the last of the Stuarts, the philosophy of religion appears to have sustained him through life, proof against those pinings for worldly greatness with which the promises of his birth might have inspired him.

But a question here arises, to which no one has yet given a satisfactory answer, although all the world have seemed to regard it as conventionally settled.

Was Cardinal York indeed the last lineal descendant of his royal house? or may there not have survived male issue of the body of Charles Edward? Nothing is more common than to assert that he left none; but, after all, upon what evidence is such an assertion grounded? It is not the frequency, or the positiveness with which alleged facts are stated, and received as truths, that necessarily establish them to be such, unless undeniable proofs can be adduced, in support of their veracity. Now, in the instance before us, there is not only a lack of the evidence required to disprove the birth of any son of Charles Edward, but abundant reasons may be quoted to prove the expediency of concealing such a circumstance from the world, had it in reality occurred. It should be borne in mind, that, from the time when vanquished at Culloden, the prince escaped from Scotland a fugitive adventurer, until the period of his marriage with the princess of Stolberg, a period of many years elapsed, during which the history of his life is most imperfectly known. Who can dispute the possibility of his having, in the course of that time, contracted a clandestine marriage? Assuming, for the sake of argument, that the prince might have taken to wife a person of inferior station, the strongest reasons would have existed in such a case for keeping the event secret. Had the birth of an heir been the result of such a union, occurring at a time when no marriage act restrained the Royal family of England in the selection of their consorts, the "*mésalliance*" would not have impaired the entirety of that son's hereditary pretensions, could the circumstances of the time have rendered them otherwise available. Again, although usually discredited, there is no sound reason for denying the possibility, that by his avowed marriage with the Princess of Stolberg, the prince may have had a son, the fact of whose birth it may have been deemed expedient to conceal. The princess is said, indeed, to have declared in after life, that she had never brought forth a child; but would not the same reasons which had suggested the concealment of the fact when it occurred, have rendered the denial of it at a subsequent period, matter of high expediency?

Now, if by any clandestine, or avowed marriage, a son and heir had been born unto prince Charles Edward, among other motives for keeping such an occurrence secret, may be mentioned the following: unwillingness to draw down upon himself the jealous observation, and perhaps troublesome "surveillance" of powerful enemies; natural, and most praiseworthy reluctance to make his child acquainted with supposed rights, in the attempt to enforce which, he had been himself so bitterly disappointed; anxiety to bring up his son in utter ignorance of the lofty accident of his birth, and thus obviate the possibility of his embarking, at a later period of his life, in the mad and desperate attempt to restore the once splendid fortunes of a fated and fallen house. To have adopted a course of mystery and concealment in regard of the birth of an heir male, was exactly that course, which in mercy to his son, prince Charles Edward, as a good and prudent father, would have most reasonably pursued. That such might have been the case, is not within the power of the most sceptical to deny. That such was the case, there are not wanting persons who readily believe.

Impressed with the widely diffused notion, that, in the person of cardinal York the last lineal descendant of the royal house of Stuart had departed, we were unprepared to adopt an opposite conviction for some time, even after an acquaintance had been formed with the personages intended to be referred to in these pages. It was not until after that acquaintance had ripened into respect and regard; until opportunities had occurred of personally appreciating the characters of those gentlemen, and of observing the degree of estimation in which they were held by persons whose good opinion was most valuable; until, in fine, we had been admitted to the privilege of inspecting a correspondence of a remarkable and interesting nature, that we discovered reasons for modifying opinions formerly entertained; and for admitting, as a matter of very high probability, the existence of direct male heirs to the house of Stuart.

To attempt any closer scrutiny of facts which have hitherto been rather surmised and received by friends, than advanced as such by the individuals whom they mainly concern, would be to meddle prematurely with matters of family delicacy and importance. Suffice it to observe, that if the son of prince Charles Edward be indeed existing, he has chosen to set up the staff of his rest in a foreign land. His children, secure in the possession of their time-honoured name, and content to share, with other subjects of Great Britain, that allegiance to the reigning house, which, however once rudely diverted from the

Stuart family by revolutions of popular feeling, has now become a principle sanctioned by time, and by universal concurrence,—have returned to the land which was the cradle of their high but fallen race; and there, in the attainments of science, and the pursuits of art, elevate and adorn the retirement of private life.

If these pages should haply chance to meet the eye of those gentlemen, let them not impute to their writer any intention to drag forth into the notoriety of the world's notice, names and passages in their domestic annals, with which, perhaps, for the comfort of family privacy, it is desirable that those only should be well acquainted who have dwelt within the immediate circle of their friendship or acquaintance.

Will they accept in the spirit in which they are tendered, those preliminary remarks by which we have attempted to prove from the past history of these countries, that the constitutional legality attendant upon occasional changes in the dynasty, should take from deposition its sting, in the minds, at least, of the remoter descendants of the dethroned family?

Will they consider a sufficient apology for this direct reference to their personal annals, a sincere wish of imparting to those who take delight in national and historical associations, some portion of the extreme interest with which we have ourselves been led to regard their peculiar and romantic position in society?

Under the shelter of such aspirations, we venture to transport the reader to one of the most singularly picturesque spots in the Highlands of Scotland,—that region of romance, consecrated alike by the sublimity of nature, and the legendary associations of old time.

It is an island, formed by the river Beaulay, which diverges into two channels; the one a brawling rapid, the other a deep, clear stream. The latter rejoins the natural bed of the river, along which its shallower branch had descended, by a series of impetuous cataracts, over which a wooden bridge has been thrown, connecting the island with the main land. From the centre of that bridge, the spectator may survey scenery of the grandest character. He sees around him lofty and beautiful hills, clothed with forest trees, and crowned with heather. Glimpses break on him of the narrow gorge through which the river pursues its rocky course; but the object which mostly rivets his attention is the mad, wild leap of waters beneath him, dashing down a channel narrowed and broken by huge projecting rocks, with a force and fury that seem to threaten the stability of the bridge upon which he stands. The roar of the falls breaks the silence of the glen; their raging waters,

white with foam and spray, contrast with the shadows cast upon them by the immediately overhanging mountains. Upon the island, occupying a gentle eminence, and standing forth from amongst luxuriant plantations of forest trees, breaks on the view an old-fashioned looking manor-house. Over the projecting porch that forms the entrance of the mansion, an inscription greets the eye, that tells at once the tale and the feelings of its inhabitants:—"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

This appropriation of a sublime passage in holy writ, seems peculiarly apposite, as marking the abode of those, who, mindful of ancestral glories, resignedly submit to a destiny, not the less honourable, because the more obscure.

Armorial escutcheons and trophies of the chase adorn the external entrance: within, a hall, on each side of which are the morning room and a refectory, discloses to view, when the folding-doors that close them are thrown open, a suite of admirably proportioned apartments, furnished after the most approved fashion of antiquity, and rich in the spoils and relics of olden days. To wander through these chambers, surveying by turns the historical portraits which dignify their walls, the ancient arms of departed chieftains, and the wassail cups that graced their hours of revelry, is to be carried back in imagination to a feudal age. From oriel casements, the eye wanders over the beautiful glen; with its background of stupendous hills crowned with forest trees, and the ear catches the distant din of raging waters, alone breaking the stillness of that peaceful solitude. Should the casual visitor be fortunate enough to possess the acquaintance of those to whose correct antiquarian taste the sequestered mansion is indebted for its olden embellishments and appurtenances, he has the advantage of beholding in the brothers that stand before him the very living impersonations of another age; from whose hands, as he successively receives and examines the pistols of Rob Roy, or the ribbon and garter worn by Charles Edward at Culloden, he seems to himself to be holding converse with the personages, while he is handling the memorials of departed times.

In appearance and deportment, indeed, these latest scions of a royal house stand before the stranger in a light which seems to blend history with romance. No attentive observer can fail to remark the resemblance which exists between the lineaments of the elder Stuart and those of the first Charles, with which Vandyk has so familiarized our fancy, that we all seem to have beheld with our very eyes that chivalrous champion of kingly prerogative. On the other hand, the features

of the younger brother forcibly recal to mind those of the prince, who, upon the field of Culloden, beheld the final ruin of his desperate cause. Arrayed in the graceful and picturesque garb of the Gælic chieftain, so correct in every point is their minute adherence to the peculiarities of that characteristic costume, that the great novelist of the north might have borrowed from their aspect and air the very happiest of his Highland portraitures. A forthcoming work on the national dress of Scotland, from the pen of these brothers Stuart, will doubtless place their reputation for antiquarian knowledge and research, in the estimation of the universal world, on a footing with that which they already enjoy within the province of their own mountains. For their skill in the mystery of Highland accoutrement is not merely a dry and obsolete pedantry,—it is daily called into practical use,—by the chief who would in nicest conformity with ancient precedent organize the festivities of his hereditary halls, and the rustic games of his clansmen : by the laird, who, in assuming the dress of his forefathers, would arrive at an accurate knowledge of that which they had indeed worn : by the artisan, who, in the reproduction of those brilliant colours which blend in the national tartans, would, to the intrinsic beauty of their texture impart the additional charm of identity in stripes and hues with the apparel of other days. All these have recourse to the brothers of Eilan Aigais, as standard and unfailing authorities. Their knowledge upon matters connected with the chronicles of their country, and the general history of Europe, is extensive and valuable. A listener will indeed not fail to observe that whatever topic of conversation, literary or scientific, be introduced in the presence of these Highland brothers, it is sure to elicit from one or other of them some original remark, some fresh information, or practical suggestion. Their minds appear to have been so trained to reflective habits by education and experience, that from every conceivable subject, however barren, they contrive to extract something which it may be useful or agreeable to remember. Leading an habitually retired life, and devoting their time to the cultivation of the fine arts, it is only at certain seasons that they can be induced to exchange the solitude and quiet of their islet home for the hospitalities of their many friends. But, upon such occasions, how joyous an addition to the attractions of a social and festive party, is the company of the brothers Stuart. Whether as the keen and unwearying companions of morning sport, or the friendly and convivial associates of evening revelry, they are alike the life and soul of the gay company. Who that has had the fortune to hear the old soul-inspiring pibroch of Donnal Dhu sung in

harmony by them at the banquet table, will ever forget the enthusiasm and delight which have followed such a performance?

Who that has attentively watched the air and bearing, and courtly demeanour of these remarkable brothers, does not recognize in them a certain nameless and innate nobility, which recalls to him the images he may have formed in his mind of the chivalrous manners of old time?

Various as have been the circumstances under which it has fallen to our agreeable lot to enjoy the opportunity of contemplating the brothers Stuart, there is one aspect under which we have looked at them with more peculiar interest than any other. It has been on a Sunday morning, when bright sunshine streaming down on the dark deep waters of the river Beaulay, has revealed the distant view of a light skiff steered and rowed by the last of the Stuarts. And whither, in the gorgeous costume of bygone days, are they shaping their course? It is to join in the worship of their forefathers at the beautiful Catholic church of Eskadale,—a monument of the pious munificence of a nobleman, who alone, in the peerage of the Highlands, upholds the ancient religion of his country. To that solitary temple of Truth, surrounded by nature's most sublime scenery, from many a distant hill and glen, flock those scattered mountaineers of the far north, in whom the light of true religion has not been extinguished by centuries of error and persecution. And there, before the restored altars of our venerable creed, are to be seen kneeling the latest sons of a royal and ill-fated race, resignedly bowing their heads before that God who holds in his hands the destinies of empires. Have they indeed forfeited their birthright? No—the crown which sat upon the brow of their ancestors has passed from their house never to be restored: but the faith of Mary Stuart still lives in their hearts,—an inheritance which no human power can alienate,—an inheritance, the loss of which the sceptre of the world could not supply.

ALMS DEED.

Oh! charity is broad and deep,—
 A vast and an exhaustless well;
 The more is drawn, the clearer leap
 Fresh waters with increasing swell.

For there's a holy blessing given
 To Alms-deed done through love to God,
 That wins sweet flowers of grace from Heaven,
 With unexpected means bestowed.

Like one whose skilful hand can sweep
 The sounding harp in tuneful art,
 So practised alms-deed sinks more deep
 And sweeter tunes the virtuous heart.

Its glowing warmth brings heavenly dew,
 To make more fresh the goodly mould,
 Whence fairer flowers shall spring anew,
 And fruits more precious far than gold.

Sow here the seed with lavish hand—
 Give, as to thee thy God hath given,
 For angels round approving stand,
 To note thy high reward in Heaven!

Nor fear the spring shall e'er run dry,—
 The more is given the more shall flow,
 And with it grace from Heaven on high,
 To make the heart more brightly glow!

Feast of St. Francis of Sales, 1843.

THE CATHOLIC INSTITUTE AND THE SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.

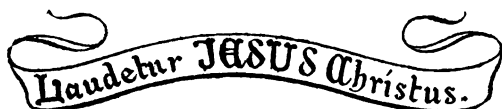
THE Right Rev. Dr. Brown, Vicar Apostolic of Wales, in his Lenten Pastoral, for 1843, just issued, thus speaks of the above societies:—

“ But whilst we are most thankful for the smallest alms bestowed upon us and our necessitous district; and whilst, moreover, we feel strongly that English Catholics owe no light retribution to Wales, for having detained, during the centuries of persecution, more than their just proportion of missionaries, whereby Wales, through an almost total privation of pastors, *gradually* and slowly ceased to be Catholic, though the majority of her population could never be induced to accept the doctrines of the Established Church; yet we are far from wishing to set up an exclusive claim to the charity of our brethren in or out of our vicariate. We shall rejoice, on the contrary, in witnessing this vital virtue of Catholicity circulating vigorously through every portion of our Catholic body, as in the healthful ages of faith, when it gave life and energy wherever its action was needed. Hence we earnestly invite your attention at this holy season, dearly beloved, to two institutions having certain paramount claims upon true Catholic charity, on account of the high order of merit they unfold, the solemn recommendation of the supreme pastor of the Church, who has signalized them by many spiritual favours, the approbation bestowed upon their objects by the faithful of every class, bishops, clergy, and laity, and the easy conditions whereby the richest treasures of merit are brought to the very door of almost the poorest amongst you:— we mean the ‘Association for the Propagation of the Faith,’ and the ‘Catholic Institute’ of this country. Both, too, have an especial claim upon the co-operation of this vicariate, as both have directed their aid to us; the former by a donation which we have gratefully commemorated above, the latter by printing, for gratuitous distribution, many thousand copies of the ‘Declaration of the Catholic Bishops,’ translated into Welsh, and by supplying gratuitously some of our poor missions with valuable tracts, moral and controversial. So small is the amount of subscription required from each individual, that although we know and lament the grievous poverty of the great proportion of our missions, we are not satisfied that mere poverty, and not rather a culpable indifference, is the chief cause why so few in the Welsh district seek the honour of God, the salvation of their neighbour, and the great benefit of their own dear souls, by connecting themselves with those approved associations.

“ The ‘Catholic Institute’ receives you for an associate, if you subscribe to it only *one shilling* a year, or less than one farthing per week: and admits you as a member if you contribute one shilling for three successive years; or if you collect from ten persons one shilling each in the same year. The highly meritorious objects of the institute, whereof your mite will render you a rich participator before Almighty God, are the inculcation of Catholic morality, and defence of its calumniated and misconceived doctrines; the protection of our fellow-Catholics in Great Britain and its colonies, who are unjustly oppressed on account of their belief; and the redress of all grievances inflicted on account of our holy religion. Those who may desire further information on the above heads, and how they should proceed in order to connect themselves with these admirable institutions, we are compelled, by want of space, to refer to their zealous pastors.”

The Catholic Magazine.

OF THE ANTICHRIST.



OF all the evidences of the truth of revealed religion, there is perhaps not one, which holds so important a rank—not even miracles being excepted—as prophecy. That this is so, reason alone must convince us; who but God can possibly know what is still future? A man well acquainted with history, versed in the experience of the past, or who has studied the hidden depths of human nature, may assuredly form conjectures, more or less probable, of what is likely to happen in the times immediately bordering on his own; for, independently of what is called the philosophy of history, which may assist him in some slight degree to unfold the gloomy curtain that hangs before the future, there is no event of great magnitude, which must not have been prepared at least by a series of smaller events, the chain of which he already finds commenced, so that its coming (to use the beautiful expression of our wise poet) “casts its shadow before it.”

In this sense, the politician, the philosopher, the poet, may be said to prophecy. In this sense, aided, too, no doubt by the superior craft and experience of evil spirits, as the holy fathers of the Catholic Church abundantly prove, the heathen oracles foretold, and foretold correctly, many events.

But who does not see the infinite difference between such predictions as these, whether natural or preter-natural, and the prophecies of our sacred scriptures? Prophecies, which, made many thousand years ago, foretell the events, which are to take place even unto the consummation of the world? Prophecies which foretell what the free-will of unborn millions in the remotest ages was foreseen by the mind of God

as certain to accomplish? Prophecies in fine, which not only lay bare the future, but reveal the great and glorious purposes of the Almighty, which He intended to accomplish and bring to perfection out of a series of acts, having no individual reference the one to the other, nor indeed ordained as though by a fate inconsistent with the freedom of the human will; but which, foreseen by Him as the certain result of that very free will, of which He was the author and creator, were made subservient by Him to that unity of gracious purpose, which could never appear so glorious as when triumphing over a chaos, that must have baffled the highest created intelligence; nor so beneficent as when turning the abuses of man's freedom, at once to the benefit of the creature so abusing it, and to the greater glory of the Creator, so offended and so dishonoured by it?

Truly, when we contemplate the wonderful prophecies of our sacred Scriptures, we may well exclaim, in the devout and humble language of St. Paul, "*O altitudo divitiarum sapientiæ et scientiæ Dei! quàm incomprehensibilia sunt judicia ejus, et investigabiles viæ ejus!*"*

But if we may say of these divine prophecies of God, that they constitute perhaps the strongest evidence of the truth of that Revelation, of which they form a part, and in which they hold so conspicuous a place, it is no less true that their fulfilment, manifested by the event, is their only certain and satisfactory expositor. This truth is beautifully expressed by the prince of the apostles,—the glorious St. Peter:† "*Et habemus firmiorem propheticum sermonem: cui benefacitis attendentes, quasi lucernæ lucenti in caliginoso loco, donèc dies elucescat:*" while we learn, from the same words, that the great object of prophecy, separate from that still higher one of serving as an evidence of Revelation, is "to shine as a light in a dark place," or in other words, to enable the Christian to read the designs of God on the dark face of events.

Amongst all the various events foretold by the prophecies of God, there are two which appear to hold a place conspicuous amongst all the rest, and to which the others hold a subordinate relation: the first of these is the coming of the Messiah,—that is, the CHRIST; the second

* Rom. xi. 33. "Oh! the depth of the riches of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how incomprehensible are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!"

† Epistola B. Petri Apostoli 2, i. 19, 20, 21. "We have also a more sure word of prophecy; to which ye do well to give heed, as unto a light shining in a dark place, until the day shine forth"—[that is, until the event manifest its fulfilment.]

is the coming of the ANTICHRIST. Of these two great events we may say, that as, on the one hand, Almighty God has made every human event subservient to his great and glorious designs, manifested and accomplished in the Incarnation of his Son,—that is, in the coming of CHRIST; so on the other, man's great enemy, Satan, has endeavoured to render the same subservient to that grand scheme, which he devised to counteract the work of God, namely, the coming of ANTI-CHRIST. Hence, the whole history of the human race may be compared to a sublime epic, in which the contending powers are in the invisible world,—Almighty God, with his blessed angels, against Satan and the rebel angels; in the visible world, Christ and Anti-Christ;—whilst the opposite camps are the city of God (that is, the holy Catholic Church) on the one hand, and the city of the Devil (that is, fallen human nature warring against God) on the other. And as Almighty God, like a skilful general, turns all events to the glory of His cause,—that is, to the good of His holy Church, of which Christ is the head, so that the whole chain of divine acts is, as it were, riveted to that single divine purpose, namely, the coming of Christ and the establishment of His spiritual kingdom;—so the devil, in all his contradictory plans and schemes, would at least make the wickedness of all of them subservient to the single diabolical purpose meditated in the coming of Anti-Christ, and in the establishment of his iniquitous kingdom.

It would seem that the glorious apostle, St. John, viewed Antichrist in this light, when, in his first epistle he thus wrote: “Filioli, novissima hora est: et sicut audistis quia Antichristus venit: et *nunc Antichristi multi facti sunt.*”^{*} That is, besides the general evil and malice meditated by Satan in the acts to which he tempted and directed all his agents and instruments, from the foundation of the world, he had an especial reference to the coming of Antichrist, as the full development of all his designs. So that, as all the holy personages who went before Christ were so many types of Christ, so, in like manner, all the servants of Satan who were to precede Antichrist, were so many types of him, and might therefore be termed, not inappropriately, so many Antichrists—“et nunc Antichristi multi facti sunt.”

It is the object of the present treatise to endeavour, humbly treading

^{*} Epist. B. Johannis Apost. I. ii. 18. “Little children, this is the last hour: and like as ye have heard that Antichrist is to come, even so now (I tell you) there are already many Antichrists in the world.”

in the footsteps of Catholic tradition, to unfold the prophecies of God which relate to this masterpiece of Satanic malice and craft, manifested in the coming of Antichrist.

CHAPTER I.—Of the prophecies relating to Antichrist, his coming, the period, and locality of it; his kingdom and the duration of it; his general characteristics; his final destruction; and of the great triumph of the Church of God thereupon.

CHAPTER II.—Proof that this great Antichrist was Mahomet, and the Mahometan Apostasy: that the duration of his kingdom was to be for twelve hundred and sixty years; that his final destruction is to usher in the conversion of the Jewish people, and the glorious period of the Catholic Church upon earth, figured in the Apocalypse by the binding of Satan for a thousand years; and the first resurrection.

CHAPTER III.—Of the state of the Catholic Church, as foretold in prophecy, during the period of Antichrist's reign, with a comparison of its actual history with the predictions of Prophecy.

CHAPTER IV.—Refutation of the heretical interpretations of these prophecies.

CHAPTER V.—Some remarks on the state of the Church during the Millennium.

CHAPTER VI.—On the state of the Catholic Church subsequent to the Millennium.

CHAPTER VII.—Of the Prophecies relating to the final Day of Judgment; of the glorious state of the Church triumphant subsequent to the final Judgment; of the renovation of the earth, as foretold in prophecy; of the beatitude of the elect; of the eternal torments of the damned; and of the position of hell.

CHAPTER I.

OF THE PROPHECIES RELATING TO ANTICHRIST, OF HIS COMING, THE PERIOD, AND LOCALITY OF IT; OF HIS KINGDOM AND THE DURATION OF IT; OF HIS GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS; OF HIS FINAL DESTRUCTION, AND THE GREAT TRIUMPH OF THE CHURCH OF GOD THEREUPON.

IN this chapter, we shall endeavour to lay before the reader, in as clear a manner as we can, the various prophecies relating to Antichrist, contained both in the Old and New Testaments, following as much as possible the order which we have already marked out in the title of contents prefixed to this chapter.

We read in the seventh chapter of the Book of Daniel, the following words: (verses 1 to 14.)

"1. In the first year of Balthassar, King of Babylon, Daniel saw a dream: and the vision of his head was upon his bed: and writing the dream, he comprehended it in few words; and relating the sum of it, in short he said:

"2. I saw in my vision by night, and behold the four winds of the heaven strove upon the great sea:

"3. And four great beasts, different one from another, came up out of the sea.

"4. The first was like a lioness, and had the wings of an eagle: I beheld till her wings were plucked off, and she was lifted up from the earth, and stood upon her feet as a man, and the heart of a man was given unto her.

"5. And behold another beast like a bear stood up on one side, and there were three rows in the mouth thereof, and in the teeth thereof; and thus they said to it, Arise, devour much flesh.

"6. After this, I beheld, and lo, another like a leopard, and it had upon it four wings as of a fowl, and the beast had four heads and power was given unto it.

"7. After this, I beheld in the vision of the night, and lo, a fourth beast, terrible and wonderful, and exceeding strong; it had great iron teeth, eating and breaking in pieces, and treading down the rest with its feet: and it was unlike to the other beasts which I had seen before it, and it had ten horns.

"8. I considered the horns, and behold another little horn sprung out of the midst of them; and three of the first horns were plucked up at the presence thereof: and behold eyes, like the eyes of a man, were in this horn, and a mouth speaking great things.

"9. I beheld, till thrones were placed, and the Ancient of Days sat: his garment was white as snow, and the hair of his head like clean wool; his throne like flames of fire; the wheels of it like a burning fire.

"10. A swift stream of fire issued forth from before him: thousands of thousands ministered to him; and ten thousand times a hundred thousand stood before him: the judgment sat, and the books were opened.

"11. I beheld, because of the voice of the great words, which that horn spake: and I saw that the beast was slain, and the body thereof was destroyed, and given to the fire to be burnt:

"12. And that the power of the other beasts was taken away ; and that times of life were appointed them for a time, and a time.

"13. I beheld, therefore, in the vision of the night, and lo ! one like the Son of Man came with the clouds of Heaven, and he came even to the Ancient of Days ; and they presented him before him.

"14. And he gave him power, and glory, and a kingdom : and all peoples, tribes, and tongues, shall serve him ; his power is an everlasting power that shall not be taken away : and his kingdom that shall not be destroyed."

In these sublime and mysterious words, does the prophet Daniel lay open to us the whole mystery of God, containing the prediction of all the principal events from his own time even unto the end of the world. All commentators agree that the four beasts signify the four great monarchies or empires, which were destined to arise on the earth, successively holding dominion over all nations. Nor is it possible to form any other interpretation, seeing that it was expressly revealed to Daniel, as we find in the same chapter, from the 16th to the 28th verse, that this was the meaning of the vision. The same great revelation had already been made to King Nebuchodonozor, as we find in the 2nd chapter of the same prophecy (Dan. ii. 31-45), under the figure of a vast statue composed of four different materials, answering to the four beasts in Daniel's vision : the only difference between the two visions consists in this,—that the second contains a fuller development of future events than the first, the ground-work of both being evidently the same. In the sequel, we shall observe that still fuller developments of the mighty events connected with these four empires, and subsequent to them, are revealed to the prophet.

The four empires spoken of in these prophecies, are universally admitted by all commentators, following the explanation given to Daniel by the Angel of God, as we shall find in subsequent chapters, to be first, the Assyrian or Babylonian ; secondly, the Persian, founded by Cyrus ; thirdly, the Greek or Macedonian, founded by Alexander the Great ; and fourthly, the Roman, which the prophecy clearly designates as the most powerful of them all. But, besides these four empires, the prophet speaks of a fifth, which he clearly intimates should be different from all the rest, which should be the Kingdom set up by Almighty God himself, and that its first establishment should take place before the expiration of the period allotted to the four empires before named. This is revealed to us in the 44th verse of the 2nd chapter, in these words : "*But, in the days of those kingdoms, the God of Heaven*

shall set up a kingdom that shall never be destroyed." What kingdom is this, but that spiritual one of Jesus Christ, His holy Catholic Church, of which Jesus Christ, the founder, may well be compared to a stone cut out of the mountain without hands (Dan. ii. 34 and 45), both on account of his supernatural conception in the womb of the Blessed Virgin Mary, having no man for his father, and because of the pacific and spiritual means, by which he ordained that his kingdom should be founded and established? The *stone* cut out of the mountain without hands is also a most appropriate symbol of the apostle St. Peter, to whom our Lord gave this very name of *πeτpoς*, or stone, declaring that upon this foundation stone, *πeτpa*, he would build his Church; the accomplishment of which we behold literally fulfilled in the grand fact that the Holy Roman Church, as the Church of St. Peter, and his especial see, is held and has been ever held to be the foundation and the very centre of Catholic unity, the Mother and Mistress of all the Churches; the totality of which Churches closely cemented together by this common bond, is rightly designated the Church Catholic.

The prophet having described the foundation of this fifth kingdom, which was God's own kingdom, a spiritual kingdom,—namely, the holy Catholic Church,—he goes on to describe the foundation of another, the distinctive characteristic of which was that it would make war with the saints of God,—that is, with the fifth kingdom, or the Catholic Church.

Having described the fourth great monarchy, or the Roman empire, under the figure of a beast "terrible and wonderful" (Dan. vii. 7, 8), "and exceeding strong, having great iron teeth, with which it devoured and brake in pieces, treading down the rest with its feet;" he adds, "that it was unlike the other beasts, and that it had ten horns." Now what can this mean, except that the Roman empire was not to be supplanted, like the other great monarchies, by another universal monarchy, but that when the period of its dissolution should arrive, it should be subdivided into ten kingdoms? In the 6th verse of this same chapter (Dan. vii.), the third monarchy, or the Greek empire of Alexander, had already been described as having four heads, because, on the death of Alexander, that empire was divided amongst his four generals, who founded four distinct kingdoms out of it: but here, in the 7th and 8th verses, we find the Roman empire dissolved into ten kingdoms, which the prophet foresaw under the symbolical figure of ten horns. What ensues thereupon? Listen to the prophet: "I considered the horns, and behold, *another little horn* sprung out of the midst of them: and

three of the first horns were plucked up at the presence thereof ; and behold eyes, like the eyes of a man, were in this horn, and a mouth speaking great things." And a little further on, in the 11th verse, he continues, "I beheld, because of the voice of the great words which that horn spake ;" and again, in the 21st verse, "I beheld, and lo ! that horn made war against the saints and prevailed over them ;" and again, in the 24th verse, "And another horn shall rise up after the other ten horns, and he shall be mightier than the former, and he shall bring down three kings, and he shall speak words against the High One, and shall crush the saints of the Most High ; and he shall think himself able to change times and laws, and the saints shall be delivered into his hand, until *a time*, and *times*, and *half-a-time* ; after which," concludes the prophet, "judgment shall sit, that his power may be taken away, and be broken in pieces and perish even to the end."

Now, who is this little horn, of which such great and terrible things are here foretold ? The holy fathers of the Church with one consent declare that it is that great opponent of God and of His Church (which is described by Daniel as the fifth monarchy established by God himself, in which all peoples, tribes, and tongues shall serve him (Dan. vii. 14), which, in the prophecies of the New Testament is denominated *Antichrist*, and in this interpretation all later commentators, whether Catholic or heretical agree. The only question agitated between them is, *Who is this Antichrist ?*

It is not the place to answer this question as yet,—we shall do so bye and bye ; let us now confine ourselves rather to those characteristics of Antichrist, which are clearly foretold in this prophecy, reserving it for our interpretation of other prophecies both in Daniel and elsewhere, fully to develope who the great Antichrist really is. In the prophecy before us, this at least seems quite clear, that Antichrist was not to appear in the world, until after the dissolution of the Roman Empire, and its consequent subdivision into ten kingdoms ; that he was to rise up amongst these, and to subdue three of them ; that he was to speak great things against God and against his saints,—in other words, against God as the revealer and founder of the Christian Church, which was, as we have already seen, the kingdom of the saints, or the fifth monarchy, which the prophet told us God would found "in the days of those kingdoms" (Dan. xi. 44)—that is, during the period allotted for the duration of the four great monarchies,—in other words, before the dissolution of the Roman Empire. Finally, this prophecy contains a prediction of the period for which this kingdom of Anti-

christ was to last, namely, a *time, times, and half-a-time*,—that is, for one year, for two years (the word *times*, both in the Hebrew and Greek versions, being in the *dual number*), and for half-a-year; that is altogether, for three years and a half. What is meant by this symbolical period of three years and a half, we shall discuss later. In fine, in these two prophecies of Daniel, contained in the 2nd and 7th chapters, we have the prediction of *Christ's* kingdom, and of *Antichrist's* kingdom; that the former was to be founded before the dissolution of the Roman empire, the latter shortly after that dissolution; that the former was to last for ever, and that the latter was to last for the symbolical period of three years and a half.

Now let us proceed to the eighth chapter of Daniel. In this chapter, the prophet relates a vision which he had concerning two of the four great monarchies, which formed a portion of the vision related in the last chapter. It may perhaps here be asked, of what use could it be to shew to the prophet so many visions concerning the same thing? Some, who have asked this question, have gone on to answer it in a way, which has brought them to the conclusion that every separate vision of Daniel as well as of other prophets of holy writ, must necessarily relate to some separate, distinct, and essentially different fact or assemblage of facts; for, add they, you would otherwise accuse the Holy Ghost himself of useless repetition. We shall presently see the exceeding folly of this view. In the first place, it plainly contradicts the express word of God, who, by the mouth of his angel Gabriel, has warranted us in our interpretation of the prophet Daniel, to lay it down as a certain fact, that the Almighty has manifested several different visions of the same thing. And surely there is an obvious reason for this: it is not that there is any useless repetition of the same particulars in each vision, but, on the contrary, new developments relating to the same thing. Thus the seventh chapter of Daniel gives, as it were, an epitome of the whole subject of the entire book: it is a brief but forcible sketch of the history of the world to the end of this terrestrial scene, leaving it to other visions to develop more fully the several parts only glanced at in this; which parts again are brought more prominently forwards by their position in the several visions, which exhibit in succession the different features, of which a general view had been already presented to us in the comprehensive prophecy of the seventh chapter. No one, who reflects for a moment on this arrangement of the prophet, will doubt its propriety. An artist gives us first a general picture of a city, reserving it for a series of other

drawings to give the minuter details of the grand whole comprehended in his first picture. So it is with the prophets: and we may confidently say, that had they acted otherwise, they would not have acted even with the common propriety observable in mere human writers. But as we said before, we have the authority of God himself for such an interpretation, for in the seventh chapter we have the vision of the four great monarchies, of the establishment of the Catholic Church, and the reign of Antichrist in opposition to it; whilst in the eighth chapter, we have the vision of two out of these four monarchies, together with the establishment of Antichrist's kingdom as coming out of the second of these two monarchies, though, as the prophet says (chap. viii. 23), *after their reign*. By and bye, we shall see the exceeding value of this prophecy, in a Catholic point of view, as establishing the date as well as the locality of Antichrist.

Let us now attend to the words of the prophet in the 8th chapter. He tells us that the vision, to which our attention is now directed, was revealed to him in the third year of King Balthassar, in the castle of Susa. "And I lifted up my eyes," says the prophet, "and saw: and behold a ram stood before the water, having two high horns, and one higher than the other, and growing up." (chap. viii. 3.) The interpretation of this verse is given by the angel Gabriel in the 20th verse of this same chapter, in these words: "The ram which thou sawest with horns is the king of the Medes and Persians." In other words, the ram is the Persian monarchy, and the two horns are the two great nations coalescing together in the formation of that empire, viz. the Medes and Persians. In the 5th verse, the prophet describes the vision of another beast, which he saw under the form of a he-goat,— "and behold a he-goat came from the west on the face of the whole earth, and he touched not the ground, and the he-goat had a notable horn between his eyes." The prophet goes on to describe the violent combat which took place between the he-goat and the ram; in the seventh verse he declares that the he-goat shall overcome and destroy the ram, but in the eighth verse he describes the breaking off the notable horn already mentioned, in the place of which four other horns arose. Now, before we proceed further, let us look on to the 21st verse of the same chapter, and we shall find all these figures interpreted by the angel Gabriel. The he-goat is declared to be the Grecian or Macedonian monarchy; the notable horn which came up between the eyes of the he-goat, is the first king or founder of this monarchy,—that is, Alexander the Great; and we are then informed by the same an-

gelical interpreter, that immediately upon his death his empire should be sub-divided into four portions or kingdoms, of which his four principal generals became the four first kings respectively. All which, history informs us, was literally accomplished upon the death of Alexander the Great, when the mighty dominions of this extraordinary conqueror were subdivided amongst his four generals;—Antipater taking possession of Macedonia; Lysimachus, of Thrace and the Hellespont; Ptolemy, of Egypt; and Seleucus, of Syria, including Babylon, part of Arabia, Persia, and the other Asiatic provinces of the old Persian empire.*

The Prophet here at once proceeds to the subject of Antichrist, for all interpreters agree that it is of Antichrist that he speaks in the 9th verse. "And out of one of them came forth a little horn, and it became great against the south, and against the east, and against the strong; and it was magnified even unto the strength of heaven, and it threw down of the strength, and of the stars, and trod upon them: and it was magnified even unto the prince of the strength; and it took away from him the continual sacrifice, and cast down the place of his sanctuary, and strength was given him against the continual sacrifice because of sins: and truth shall be cast down on the ground, and he shall do and shall prosper." In the 13th verse, which follows, Daniel hears a saint, who was present in the heavenly vision, asking another saint how long the dominion of the little horn, concerning which such terrible things are here predicated, should continue, to which question the following answer is returned: "Unto evening and morning two thousand three hundred days: and the sanctuary shall be cleansed."† This prophecy is, perhaps, one of the most important in the whole book; it means, of course, symbolical, or prophetic days, according to the interpretation given to the word *day* in the prophecy of the seventy weeks of days, in which a *day* symbolises a *year*. According to this interpretation, which is the one *commonly* adopted, both by Catholic and heretical commentators, it follows, that from the date symbolised by the word *evening*, to that symbolised by the word *morning*, a period of two thousand three hundred years was to elapse; at the end of which the glorious event signified by the cleansing of the sanctuary, should take place. What is meant by this last expression, we shall examine on a

* Vide, Goldsmith's History of Greece, vol. 2, chap. 15 and 16; Catechism of Grecian History, by Pinnock, p. 60; Mahometanism Unveiled, by the Rev. C. Forster, vol. i. p. 178; Bossuet's Histoire Universelle, i. 540. † Dan. viii. 14.

future occasion. As to the period from which we should date the commencement of the two thousand three hundred years, some slight difference of opinion will occur to commentators : I should be inclined to date it from the period when Alexander began to reign,—that is, from the moment when the he-goat commenced his struggle with the ram : because it is out of the precincts of Alexander's empire that the little horn is said to spring, and consequently when the vision describes the dominion of the little horn, it not unnaturally dates back from the very commencement of the Grecian monarchy (the he-goat), out of the geographical limits of which empire this little horn, or Anti-Christ, was destined to rise. It may, however, perhaps be objected here, that the period assigned would seem to belong to the dominion of the little horn, and the taking away of the daily sacrifice, and that, if so, the period of desolation assigned to the little horn, in the eighth chapter of Daniel is very much longer than that assigned in the preceding chapter (verse 25), to the dominion of the same little horn, when described as issuing out of the Roman beast,—of which beast we must remember that the Macedonian beast was to form a part. But this difficulty is cleared up, by a reference to the twelfth chapter of Daniel, which contains a still fuller revelation of the events foretold in the eighth chapter : if we look there we shall find it is again predicated of the dominion of Anti-Christ, that it shall be for *a time*, and *times* (in the dual number), and *half a time*. So that it is clear, that in this place, when the Prophet is speaking of the period of two thousand three hundred days, he *does but include* the period of three times and a half, or 1260 days, dating back from a period antecedent to the commencement of these 1260 days or years, and onwards, perhaps to a period subsequent to the termination of the same 1260 days, probably to the glorious period of the Church, of which it is said (Daniel xii. 12): “Blessed is he that waiteth, and cometh unto a thousand three hundred and thirty-five days.”

It may be as well here to notice another objection, which might be brought by superficial readers to this interpretation, viz., that some of the ancient fathers were of opinion that the prophecy of the little horn, contained in this eighth chapter, was fulfilled in the person of Antiochus Epiphanes ; to which opinion it is clear that some of our old English divines, in the reign of queen Elizabeth, inclined, as appears from the notes in the Douay version of the Scriptures. But then, in answer to this it must be observed, that the fathers, who like St. Jerome regard the character of Antiochus Epiphanes as fulfilling, in some degree, the

things predicated in this prophecy of the little horn, always regarded this same Antiochus Epiphanes as *a type of Anti-Christ*: whatever, therefore, be the amount to which Antiochus may be thought to have fulfilled the terms of this prophecy, it is clear that Anti-Christ was destined to fulfil it in a much more eminent degree. A prophecy which relates to *a type*, can only relate to it in a *secondary* sense, its *primary* reference must be to the *antitype*; besides which it is an undoubted fact, that the great body of commentators agree in applying this chapter of Daniel, and the symbolical description of the little horn, to *Anti-Christ*: and it is true that we, who live in the nineteenth century, are in some respects more qualified to interpret the prophecies than they who lived so many hundred years ago, and who, therefore, had not witnessed all that series of events which have taken place since their time, of which common sense would show that they must have thrown *some light* upon the obscure and symbolical language of prophecy.

While we are upon this subject, of the dates connected with Antichrist (or the little horn springing out of the Macedonian he-goat, as detailed in this 8th chapter of Daniel), we will lay before our readers a computation which we have made of these dates, which may not be altogether uninteresting to them, and which, assuming that we be correct in dating the commencement of the 2300 years from *the commencement of Alexander's reign*, may probably give us something correct as to the period when the most glorious state of the Catholic Church is destined to commence. In the following sum, which contains a notice of the most important prophetic epochs contained within the whole period, the reader may see the conclusion to which our own reflections on this prophecy have brought us.

Before Christ, anno 343 Alexander began to reign, evidently the commencement of the symbolical Macedonian he-goat.

After Christ, anno 622 Hegira. The Mahometan era. According to *our* interpretation, the commencement of the little horn foreseen by the prophet as coming out of the Macedonian Empire,—that is, out of its geographical limits.

1,290 Total period foretold for the duration of the power of the little horn, dating from the year of our Lord 622.

45 Period of years foretold beyond the termination of the 1290. (Dan. xii. 12.)

2,300 Total amount of prophetic days or years as given in Dan. viii. 14.

"And I heard one of the saints speaking, and one saint said to another (I know not to whom that one was speaking): How long shall be the vision concerning the continual sacrifice, and the sin of the desolation that is made; and the sanctuary and the strength be trodden under foot?" (Dan. viii. 13.) "And he said unto him: Unto evening and morning *two thousand three hundred days*; and *the sanctuary shall be cleansed.*" (Dan. viii. 14.)

Now let the reader just turn on to the 12th chapter of this same holy prophet, and he will find *twelve hundred and ninety days* specified by the angel as the positive duration of the desolation caused by the little horn. The words are these:

"And from the time when the continual sacrifice shall be taken away, and the abomination unto desolation shall be set up, there shall be *a thousand two hundred and ninety days.*" (Dan. xii. 11.)

From these two texts compared together, it is clear that the latter period of 1290 days is *included* in the first-mentioned period of 2300 days; consequently that the last-named period is to be dated back long before the commencement of the 1290 days; for as in the 12th verse of the same 12th chapter, only 45 days beyond the termination of the 1290 days are specified as destined to elapse before the arrival of the Blessed Period, as it is *there* called, or "*the cleansing of the sanctuary,*" as it is called before (Dan. viii. 14); so if the whole period of 2300 days was not dated back from an era long antecedent to the commencement of the 1290 days of the little horn, as the angel fixes its *termination* at a given date, viz. 45 days after the expiration of the 1290 days, it would be impossible to make out the entire sum of 2300 days.

Now, in the same degree that we have solid reason for looking for the dominion of the little horn, as likely to arise within the geographical limits of that of the he-goat, and the very terms of the prophecy expressly declare this,—*in the same degree*, we may add, have we solid reason to date the whole period of 2300 days from the *commencement* of the he-goat's career,—that is, from the *commencement of Alexander's reign*, which was in the year 343 before the birth of Christ.

If, then, we deduct the 343 years before Christ from the whole period of 2300 days or years, the remainder will be 1957. In other words, our opinion is that we may look for the glorious event, implied by the prophetic expression, "*the cleansing of the sanctuary*" (Dan. viii. 14), as likely to take place towards the year of our Lord 1957, that is about 114 years from the period in which we are now living. We use the word *about*, because we should deem it presumptuous to

speak with more positiveness, as it is possible that chronologists may have made a mistake of some years in the date, which they assign for the commencement of Alexander's reign, and the reader must observe that it is from that date that we make our calculation. When, therefore, we fix the year 1957, after Christ, for the ushering in of the glorious period of the Church, we by no means tie ourselves to it—the true date may be earlier, or it may be later. One thing is clear, the year 1957 will not be far distant from the end of the 20th century after Christ,—that is, from the end of the period of 2000 years: now, all the great religious periods of man have hitherto lasted 2000 years:—2000 years for the patriarchal dispensation,—2000 years for that of the Mosaic law revealed by God on Mount Sinai. Now if it be true, as it is, that the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ is the perfection and completion both of the patriarchal and Mosaic dispensations, it would seem not unnatural to expect that its duration should equal, at the very least, that of both the other two put together. Let, then, the reader observe that the Catholic Church, *i. e.* the gospel dispensation, has already lasted nearly 2000 years, and that her career during that period has been, from first to last, one of continual persecution, one of fierce combat with the powers of Satan and the world; that if she has enjoyed any moments of calm or of sunshine, during this long lapse of years, these have been vouchsafed her only in some particular spots of the earth, more favoured than the rest, and that it is most true, that at the very moment she enjoyed these little foretastes of glory in one part of the world, she was enduring grievous and overwhelming persecution in some other quarter. Those who love the Church of Christ, feel their hearts glow, when they read or hear of those holy kings and queens of the Primitive and Middle Ages of the Church, who made it their highest glory to be unto her as “nursing fathers” and “nursing mothers.” When they hear of whole kingdoms making themselves tributary to the peaceful and holy rule of the chief Bishop of Christendom, when they hear of “the truce of God” proclaimed by the Vicar of their Redeemer,—the Vicar of the Prince of Peace; when they behold the rival claims of sovereigns and their subjects, by the universal consent of Western Christendom, submitted to the arbitration of the Holy See, and so countless civil wars nipped in the very bud; when they behold the glorious cathedrals and churches raised by our devout forefathers to our Redeemer's honour; when they hear of the jewelled shrines, of the gorgeous colours and adornments of the sanctuary, of the golden lamps and candlesticks, of the goodly worship and the sub-

lime chaunts of the faithful, which for so many centuries resounded from all the nations of the West, they are tempted to mistake these bright gleams of sunshine, breaking forth as they did only from time to time, mere types of better things, even in this world reserved for the glory of our Holy Church; they are tempted to mistake them for the fulfilment of those glorious prophecies, which have never yet had their accomplishment; they are tempted to mistake the shadow for the substance, and the distant glimpse, seen at a passing glance, for the possession of that sublime land of promise reserved even here below for the enjoyment and recompense of the Catholic Church. Yes, the day shall come, and all prophecy bids us look forward to it, when the cathedrals of the Middle Age shall be to the still more glorious edifices of a still more glorious period, what the heavy basilica of the Byzantine period was to the sublime cathedral of the thirteenth century, when the dominion of the Church even in things temporal shall be to the glorious conceptions of St. Gregory VII, what the developments of his Age were in comparison with her condition under the first Christian Roman emperors. Yes, we firmly believe this, and believing it, we do not think 2000 years too long a period to usher in the development of such a state of magnificent glory.

We have thus laid before our readers those portions of Daniel's prophecy which relate more especially to the coming of Antichrist under the symbol of the little horn; we have endeavoured to arrive at some general conclusions respecting this enemy of the Church of God from the expressions of the prophecies at which we have glanced; we have shown that *the period* of his coming would seem, by comparing these visions of Daniel together, to be fixed as that which was immediately to follow the destruction of the Roman Empire and its subdivision into what the prophet terms ten kingdoms; we have shewn that the prophecy relating to the he-goat, or the Greek empire, proves *the locality* of the little horn, or Antichrist, to be within the geographical limits of what constituted Alexander's empire; that the expression of the prophet, that this little horn was to grow up within these limits *after* the time (Dan. viii. 23—"after their reign") allotted for the duration of the four monarchies into which Alexander's empire was to be subdivided (for how else can we interpret the expression "after their reign"?), warrants us in looking for the coming of Antichrist after these four portions of Alexander's empire should have ceased to be independent kingdoms, that is, after they should have been absorbed into the Roman Empire, which is Daniel's fourth beast: whilst the

other prophecy, that a little horn (of which Daniel predicates precisely the same things, as he had predicated of the little horn growing out of the Greek empire) should arise out of the ten horns or kingdoms of the subdivided Roman Empire, fixes the period of his arrival as clearly as the preceding prophecy of the he-goat had fixed his locality. We have also hinted what our view of Antichrist's *kingdom* is, and what its duration would seem to be, glancing also at the glorious events which, in the Church of God, are destined to succeed his final destruction.

We must here observe, that we reserve it for the next chapter to argue more clearly who the great Antichrist is, and whether any individual and empire, subsequent to the destruction of the Roman, would seem to fulfil the character attributed to the great Antichrist in prophecy. In doing this, we shall have occasion to enter more at length into other prophecies of Scripture interpreted by commentators as referring to Antichrist; and in doing so we shall have occasion to enter more largely into the question affirmed by heretical interpreters that there are *two distinct* little horns foretold by Daniel, which we emphatically deny; it is upon this theory that Protestants rely for building up their scheme of interpretation, by which they make it out that the Pope is the western little horn, or the little horn coming out of the Roman beast, whilst they maintain that Mahomet and his apostate empire properly represent the little horn coming out of the precincts of the he-goat's dominion. In maintaining this theory, Protestants seem to forget that the Roman beast must represent the *whole Roman Empire*, and not alone *the western half of it*, that the Macedonian empire had already become a portion of it, and that hence, according even to their own shewing of the date of the coming of the Macedonian little horn, that it must arise out of the precincts of what had subsequently formed a portion of the Roman Empire; when, therefore, the prophet saw this *whole* Roman Empire subdivided into ten horns or kingdoms, he ought (to speak logically) to have seen two little horns, and not merely *one*, rising up from amongst them,—the one representing, according to this Protestant theory, the western little horn, the other the eastern, Antichrist. Now, unfortunately for this theory, the prophet only sees one Antichrist coming out of the Roman Empire: and, be it remembered, the Byzantine Empire, subsequent to the burning of Rome, was only one of the ten horns into which the Roman Empire was subdivided,—for who can deny that previously it had formed a part of it, as much as Spain or any other province? In fact, the Byzantine Empire was not more than equivalent to one of the four kingdoms into which

Alexander's empire was subdivided,—the portion which fell to the lot of Antipater, on Alexander's death. But about all this, more in our next chapter, where the reader will see more clearly why we lay such an especial stress upon this and other facts, which we have brought forward in this preliminary disquisition.

Before closing this chapter, we will add one or two other remarks upon the term "Millennium,"* which, in the sequel of this disquisition,

* Though it is true that the doctrine of the Millennium has not been favourably looked upon in the Church of late years, and that during the same period commentators for the most part have rejected the idea as an erroneous interpretation of prophecy, still it is equally true that it has never been totally rejected by Catholic interpreters even during these latter ages. The *heretical* view of the Millennium has been, *in all ages*, repudiated by all sound Catholics. By the heretical view of this doctrine, we mean that held of old by Cerinthus and the Ebionite heretics, who taught that there would be a millennium of *sensual pleasures*, which doctrine was then condemned by the Church. But on the other hand, it is a certain fact that many Catholic interpreters even during these latter ages have declared themselves in favour of this doctrine, in an unobjectionable sense; that is, that a period will come, when the Catholic religion shall triumph over the whole world, and when its principles shall have full sway over the whole human race, and that this triumph of the Church on earth shall last for the period of 1,000 years, according to the prophecy of St. John the Evangelist (Apocalypse xx), during which period, the power of Satan will be greatly restrained. This view of the Millennium is clearly taught by the venerable father Holtzhauser, a German priest of great sanctity and learning, and a member of the Order of Regular Clerks: see his interesting treatise on the Apocalypse in "the Bamberg edition," printed in 1799, page 266, *inter alias*, where he uses these remarkable words: "In sexto enim statu erit ecclesia Catholica sublimis et gloriosa, et magnificabitur à mari usque ad mare, et non erit controversia, aut quæstio amplius, quæ sit vera ecclesia." We shall have occasion hereafter to quote frequently and at great length from this pious and learned author in the course of this treatise. Father Holtzhauser died at Bingen, on the Rhine, in the year 1658. That this consoling doctrine was held by many of the most ancient and holy fathers of the Primitive Church, we have abundant proof in that portion of their writings which has come down to us. That prodigy of learning, father Cornelius à Lapide, one of the greatest ornaments of the illustrious Society of Jesus, mentions seven of the most ancient fathers as holding this doctrine. Papias, the disciple himself of St. John the Evangelist, St. Irenæus, Tertullian, Lactantius, Victorinus, Apollinaris, Severus, Saint Justin Martyr;—after which names, Cornelius à Lapide adds "et alii." (Vide "Cornelii à Lapide Commentaria in Apocalypsin," cap. xx. 305, printed at Antwerp, M.DC.XXVII.) It is true that, notwithstanding these authorities in favour of the doctrine, Cornelius à Lapide considered it a mistaken interpretation of prophecy, as appears from the following passage,—"*Hic itaque est error millenariorum:*" but it is comforting to read the words which immediately follow,—"*hæresin dicere non audeo, quia apertas scripturas aut conciliorum decreta, quibus hæc sententia quasi*

we shall have occasion to adopt and to use. The condemnation of the Millenarian heresy by the Catholic Church, has created a prejudice in Catholic minds against the use of the term "Millennium," in whatever sense it be used. As well might they object to the term Trinity, or Incarnation, predestination, or reprobation, because the doctrines expressed by these terms have been perverted in heretical statements. The term "Millennium," as used by us, only means a very glorious period of the Catholic Church, during which, the power of evil shall be greatly restrained, or, in other words, during which, that developement of the Church shall take place which was figured by the apostle St. John, under the symbol of the binding of Satan for 1000 years. (Apocalypse xx. 2.) In subsequent chapters, we shall show what sublime things were held by the early fathers of the Primitive Church concerning this blessed period. Heretics have abused the doctrine of the Millennium, as they have all other doctrines, but that is no reason why the children of the Catholic Church are to be deprived of the comfort which they may receive from an orthodox statement of this primitive doctrine, grounded as it clearly is on the infallible declarations of the Holy Ghost. We have endeavoured to rescue a portion of Catholic truth from the obscurity in which it has too long lain, vindicating it on the one hand from the profane abuse of heretical commentators, and, on the other, putting before our readers a clear view of the fallacies on which that whole sectarian interpretation rests, whether as regards the doctrine of Antichrist, or that of the glorious Millennium, which is to succeed his downfall.

In all that we have already advanced, or may hereafter have occasion to advance, we declare that we have but one object in view, the greater glory of Almighty God, and the advancement of His holy Church. Moreover, we hereby submit all our judgements, and whatsoever we may say or write, to the infallible authority of Christ's holy Catholic and Apostolic Church, and herein especially to the Holy See of Blessed Peter, which we love, honour, and reverence as the mother and the mistress of all the Churches.

AMBROSE LISLE PHILLIPPS.

heretica damnetur, non habeo. Unde et S. Augustinus loco citato, eam damnare *non est ausus*. (Corn. à Lap. in Apoc. xx. 305.) In fact, to call the doctrine of the glorious Saint Irenæus *heretical*, would be, to say the least, a bold step. By and bye, we shall quote at length from all these fathers of the Church, in support of our theory.

OH! THE DAY OF THY CHIVALRY, ENGLAND, IS GONE!

“Even the favour of Turk or infidel has been basely courted, to oppress the Catholics of the East; money has been lavished to purchase persecution on the poor Armenians, or united Greeks, at Constantinople; Mahound and Ter-magaunt have seemed worthy of worship, if they would only help to crush the Pope and his adherents.”—*The Catholic Church in Russia* (*Dublin Review*, vol. xiv. p. 225.)

Oh! the day of thy chivalry, England, is gone,
When thy sons were enrolled 'mong the knights of St. John,
When thy red cross at Acre waved high in the gale,
And the light of the crescent waned dimly and pale.

Then, the pilgrim to guard, they took buckler and glaive;
And to rescue from infidel spoilers, the Grave,
Which was hallowed by Him, whose dear body there lay,
Till He rose at the dawn of the third morning's ray.

Still England remembers when her heroes gone by,
With her Richards and Edwards, made the Saracens fly,
When they won th' escutcheons which emblazon their shields,
The cross and the scallop on the helmet-strewed fields.

But how tarnished, alas! *now*, the glory and fame
Of her chieftains, whose honour is mingled with shame,—
For in aid of the Turk have they lifted the sword,
And have fought on the side of the foes of the Lord.

For the sultan his curse 'gainst his vassal had hurled,
In Mahomet's name, in the face of the world;
And the sons of Britannia have fought in the van,
To help the Impostor, and give force to the ban.

Oh! lament that the cross so dishonoured should be,
As to herald the crescent to proud victory;
Be withered their laurels who recklessly dare
The false prophet's standard in Judea to rear.

When we pledge to the fame of the heroes of yore,
Who the red cross of England so gallantly bore,
Their names be not mentioned, or breathed with a sigh,
Who have joined in uplifting the crescent on high.

Leave the Turk and Egyptian to combat alone,—
As their's is the quarrel, the fight be their own:
But why should the blood of a Christian be spilt,
Where to fail is dishonour—to conquer is guilt.

W. S. S.

THE NAVE OF THE CHURCH.

CHAPTER III.

“Hæc templa, Rex Cœlestium
Imple benigno lumine;
Huc ô rogatus adveni,
Plebisque vota suscipe,
Et nostra corda jugiter,
Perfunde cœli gratia.”

Hymn. ad Laudes in Dedic. Eccl. Str. 3.

“O King of Heavenly powers, do Thou
These shrines fulfil with gracious light,
Come, hearken to thy people's cry,
And here accept their earnest vow ;...
Yea ! on our hearts, both day and night,
Pour* ample grace, from Heaven on high.”

REFRESHED, then, with the consideration and assurance that God is indeed our Protector and Father ; and mindful, at once, of his holy presence, and of the presence of those who are our companions and fellow-watchers in this awful place !—let us now, under the influence of those ascending and descending Angels—“*ascending* (as St. Bernard says) to behold the face of OUR FATHER in Heaven, and *descending* that they may provide for us”†—and under the holy guardianship of ALL HALLOWS, who, by the same authority and divine injunction, enjoy their several honours of Apostleship, Martyrdom, or Confession, not for themselves alone, but, likewise, for the good of all ;‡let us reflect wherefore it is that we have entered this goodly, venerable pile,—that we have left behind us the noise and jar of the market-place, the frivolities of the world,—yea, the fellowship of sweet society, or the silence of study—for this more quiet and silent place ; for those painted

* The classical reader need scarcely be reminded that this apparently redundant epithet is justified by the force of the *per* in composition in the governing verb.

† “Porro angelos ascendentes et descendentes esse in loco isto, patriarchales ipsa visio manifestat. *Ascendentes* ut videant faciem PATRIS, *descendentes* ut provideant nobis.”—*Sti. Bernardi, Ser. 6, in Eccles. Ded. fol. 76, L. I.*

‡ *Cujus apostoli ; ejus martyres ; ejus sancti ? non unius alicujus singulariter, sed pariter universorum.*—*Sti. Bernardi, Ser. v. Omn. SS. fol. 58. L. M.*

vaults, those clustering columns, and solemn shades, yet redolent with sweet-smelling incense, and the dear remembrance of solemn prayer?

The question is soon solved, if we reflect for a moment on what we are, and what is our present state and condition in this world of sighs, too often to so many but the record of broken affections, and disappointment, the more bitter that the promise of life shone so fair and bright. But in all this, we had overlooked that great end for which we were called into being by God's holy providence. We forgot that this is not our place of rest, but our probation,—not our end, but our trial,—not our reward, but the means whereby we may rise to perfection, and be made meet, like gold seven times purified in the furnace, to shine in heaven for all eternity.

It was God who called us out of nothing, and gave us being; breathing into our nostrils the breath of life, clothing us in the garb of flesh; and sending us forth, from the dark womb, to the light and gladsome air; where the sun pours down on the bosom of this earth its teeming influence, whereby there is spread a goodly store of choice fruits for our use, flowers for our gladness, and all that wondrous supply, that flows in, on every side, for our cheer, sustenance, or protection. For it is the same Hand that set the oak and the cedar, that painted the rose and the lily, and that set the stately pine on the hills, and planted the variegated herbage in the green meadow. It is God's hand who adorned the heavens with its countless gems of light; it was His voice who spoke, and they were created; who bade light be made and the light was made; He it was who set the sand as a boundary to the vast ocean of salt waters; and the same command it was who bade the rivers run over the earth, enriching the plains through which they flowed, with all that store of wealth, comfort, and goodness, with which this earth, in its richness, abounds, for the support, pleasure, and delight of man.

But, alas! with all this appliance of what is excellent in external nature, no sooner is the heart set upon these, than they lose their worth, by this perversion of their original design, and become changed in respect of us; for there is a worm in the bud, and the fairest flowers fade the soonest; the lofty pine and goodly cedar are hewed in the mountains, and the greenwood mourns over its stricken oak; thick streams from the hills make turbid the clear waters of the valley, and wild storms sweep across the barren sea, burying the gilded argosy in a world of foam. So all that is fairest and best is changed to us who give the reins to our evil propensities, and set our hearts on what

should school them in virtue, perverting what should minister to God's service, to the degrading serfhood of sinful attachment. And thus it ever is with all who attach themselves to the world, who, lured by its smiles, build a tabernacle of content, and forget that its foundation is laid on shifting sand. "On all sides are wars; on all sides weapons of offence; on all sides, perils; on all sides, hindrance."* And such they must ever be to all who have not set their foot on the rock of Christ's Church, who alone has the blessed privilege of reconsecrating to the service of God, those external and material creatures, making them subject to the interior and spiritual nature of regenerated man, so that what before was a lure and a means of offence, perverted, or the means of perversion, is there restored to its original and first intention. For, albeit the pains, penalties, and hindrances, of external things still remain, yet are they changed in regard to us: "the creature," as we shall presently see, "is (made) obedient to God's grace, that nourisheth all" (Sap. xvi. 25) and retains an inverse relation of good and evil; of being good in itself, but evil to the wicked, and of being oppressive to the good, but good and productive of good to them, in its oppression, and to all who are called into the pale of God's Church, and who, by an initiatory rite, received in the helpless state, have been taught that, without His help, they must needs have perished, like the world's best gifts, in the using; yea, presently and prospectively must needs fall away, and follow the herd, whose ways are eccentric of all love, whose eyes are blind to all light of truth, whose ears are deaf to the voice of grace, whose relish is tasteless of the sweets of obedience, and whose whole man is in everything senseless of the charms that prepare the way for the reception of that everliving joy, which the meek possess on earth, and the pure shall inherit in Heaven.

Now, as our dear Lord vouchsafed to come to us in the weak and helpless state of infancy; in like manner, taught by the blessed Babe of Bethlehem, we are brought to that FONT, in the like weak and feeble state, and by His grace and holy love, purchased for us on the bitter CROSS, are washed, cleansed, born again, regenerated, and restored to grace and God's favour, reinstated in the position of creatures, on whom He looks with that complacent eye, with which He beheld the morning and evening of the first days of Creation, and pronounced them to be VERY GOOD. And it is meet that the holy

* "Undique bella; undique tela volunt; undique pericula; undique impedimenta."—*Sti. Bernardi, Ser. vi. in Quad. fol. 25. L.K.*

rite should have this effect; that the hallowed state of Paradise should be restored; and that it might still have free course, and the soul thereby be glorified, albeit the temporal penalty of sin remain to be paid, and its tendency continue; that, as we grow in years, we may learn to know that we need humility the more, and that it behoves us ever to draw new draughts of holy grace from the other fountains of the Church, to strengthen, support, and maintain in us, that first and most wondrous miracle of forgiving love; yea, it is meet that such should be the graces that flow from the baptismal font, since He, in His person, first instituted it, and gave to it that cleansing power which was purchased by the merits of His Incarnation, Passion, and Death, as the Church sings:

“LAVACRA PURI GURGITIS
CŒLESTIS AGNUS ATTIGIT,
PECCATA, QUÆ NON DETULIT
NOS ABLUENDO SUSTULIT.”*

Thus have we seen that all external nature has a worm in its core, and that it fades away even at its best. But if that which is external has this tendency, so much the more is that which is internal, and as we have also seen there is an almost infinite array of enemies external, internal, material, and ethereal, that rise up against us, urging on that natural tendency to deterioration, which is common both to the natural and moral nature of man. And in this sad state we should now be;—in this sad state, how many, alas! now are, had we not as they have not been, remodelled by the waters of baptism, and restored to the holy favour of Almighty God, through the means which He has instituted for this happy recovery. For His mercy hath given that sacrament to his Church Catholic, and by her, as by a conduit, is the grace conveyed to her children; she, by the hands of her ministers, calls her “little ones to come unto JESU, and forbids them not,”—she bids those exorcise the evil spirit that, like unclean birds, had taken possession of the Temple of God (1 Cor. vi. 19, and 2 Cor. vi. 16), she drives them away, and binds them far off, in “the desert of upper Egypt” (Tobias viii. 3); she clothes the little catechumen in the robes of white innocence; she touches the ear, and bids it be opened henceforward to the music of Heaven; she puts the lighted taper in its hand as a symbol of that holier light which then hath broken on the little innocent, and which, in the words of her minister, she warns to keep

* Hymn. in Fest. Epiph. Str. 3.

blameless, that, lo! "when the Lord shall come to the nuptials, he may be ready to meet him in the company of All Hallows, in the heavenly court, and to live for ever and ever";* she pours the water on its head, and as it is poured, and while her ministers pronounce the mystic form of words—"EGO TE BAPTIZO IN NOMINE PA^{TRIS}, ET FI^{LII}, ET SPIRITUS^{SANCTI}†—from that instant the newly baptised is pleasing in the sight of GOD,—born again, and meet for the Kingdom of Heaven: the two-edged sword of the Angel that guardeth paradise is sheathed; the curse of old is withdrawn; original sin is pardoned; countless Saints and Angels sing ALLELUIA, at the joyful moment; the gates of Heaven are opened, and if death (the penalty of sin, happily now a privilege) were then to come, the soul of that little one would be at once received, with universal welcome, into the everlasting joys of Heaven!

Is it marvellous when such is the effect of the consummation of this holy rite in Heaven, that earth also, despite its tendency to fade and fall away, should also be changed under the more than magic influence of this true elixir of life? Is it wondrous, then, when such are the fruits that the Catholic faith teacheth as springing from this her initiatory rite, that, to the young catechumen, external things should be so changed, that from their very worthlessness good should be extracted, and from their contrariety means be wrung, for the guidance and support of such as have been so washed and reared in the bosom of the Church, whence first the soul derived that changed estate? And it is indeed so. In all the soul's future course, under the guidance of His voice, who set the Church Catholic to be the teacher of all nations, of all the lambs as well as sheep of his fold, there are daily and continual applications, in her other sacraments, which continue the life of the soul; for as the body must sink without corporal food and sustenance, so the soul sickens and dies, which is not fed with the food which every one of her sacraments afford; not only at the moment of their being received, but like a prolonged note, that vibrates and is heard long after the chord has been struck; so in the humble heart, whether it be the grace of Baptism, Penance, Confirmation, or the holy Eucharist, goes on long after each may have been received, which, echoing in the still and tranquil heart, maketh a sweet melody to GOD, and, living in the me-

* Ordo Adminia. Sacr. Bapt.

† See the exquisitely beautiful office for the administration of baptism, in the Roman Ritual.

mory, becomes a motive of holy action, that pervades the whole soul, and throws, as it were, a tone or a tint over every other future action that remodels and makes it congruous with the original grace which had infused into the soul the element that wrought the change on the independent, and perhaps material, form, which calls into play the remembrance, or rather awakens the continuance of that melody of holy grace, learned and heard in the secret of the soul, at the time the Blessed Sacrament, whichever it might have been, was then received by the devout penitent.*

Hence it is, that we may now follow and exclaim with St. Bernard, not in bitterness, as we have done above, but in the spirit of penance, as blessed mourners, murmuring forth our sorrows into the bosom of a most tender father; hence we may say, "*Heu mihi, Domine Deus, quia undique mihi bella, undique tela volant, undique pericula, undique impedimenta. Quocunque me vertam, nulla usquam securitas est, et quæ mulcant, et quæ molestant timeo; et esuries, et refectio; et somnus et vigiliæ; et labor, et requies, militant contra me. 'Divitias et paupertates ne dederis mihi,' (Prov. xxx. 8), orat Sapiens: nimirum utrobique laqueus, utrobique periculum.*"†—"Woe is me, O Lord God, for wars are on every side of me,—on every side darts fly; on every side are perils,—on every side hindrances. Wheresoever I turn, there is no security for me, and I tremble both for what soothes and what troubles me; both hunger, and plentiful repast; both sleep and watching; both labour and rest fight against me. 'Give me neither riches nor poverty,' prayeth the wise man; for, in good sooth, on either side is a snare, on either side danger." For though these still remain, yet, under the restraining hand of God, and the directing influence of grace, and the wise use thereof by the Church, they are deprived of

* Hence, as a corollary, we may infer what singular graces must follow the worthy receiving of the Holy Eucharist, being, as it were, a double sacrament, as necessarily including the previous one of Penance, whose threefold elements of contrition, confession, and satisfaction, have ever been so dear a legacy left by Christ, and taught by his Church to all the faithful, throughout the world, in all ages, and which must continue to the consummation of all things, when there shall be "a new heaven and a new earth, in which justice dwelleth" (2 Pet. iii. 13),—that is, when the mystery of "the Resurrection of the body," the belief of which we profess in the Creed, shall be fulfilled, and our flesh shall no longer be, as it now is, a "body of death" (ad Rom. vii. 24), but shall put on "incorruption and immortality" (1 ad Cor. xvi. 53), and we shall, as our Blessed Lord saith, "be as the Angels of God in Heaven." (Sti. Matth. xxii. 30, et Sti. Marci, xii. 25.)

† Sti. Bernardi, Ser. vi. in Quadragesima de Oratione Dominicâ, fol. 25, L.K.

their deadly power, and though the sting remain, they are as trials of mercy, not as temptations of despair. For, "*Aliter Deus tentat*," says St. Ambrose, "*aliter diabolus; diabolus tentat, ut subruat; Deus tentat ut coronet. Denique probatos sibi tentat; unde et David, 'Proba me, Deus, et tenta me.' (Ps. xxv. 2.)*"* "*One way doth God tempt,—another way the devil: the devil trieth that he may overthrow—God trieth that he may crown: in fine, He trieth his proved ones for himself; whence also David saith, 'Prove me, O Lord, and try me.'*" Or, as by another prophet He saith, "*Fear not, for I have redeemed thee, and called thee by my name*" (Christian). "*Thou art mine. When thou shalt pass through the waters, I will be with thee, and the rivers shall not cover thee; when thou shalt walk in the fire, thou shalt not be burnt, and the flames shall not burn thee. . . . For since thou becamest honourable in mine eyes (namely, after baptism) thou art glorious; I have loved thee, and I will give men for thee, and people for thy life—(the priests of God's Church).—Fear not, for I am with thee . . . and every one that calleth upon my name, I have created him for my glory, I have formed him, and made him—for I AM, I AM THE LORD, and there is no Saviour besides me.*" (Is. xliii. 2-11). For which cause it happens, that in the very midst of the furnace, we can feel our hearts glowing with serenity and peace, and from the very oppositions and afflictions of the world be convinced, that "*the creature serving the Creator, is made fierce against the unjust for their punishment; and abateth its strength for the benefit of them that trust in God.*" (Sap. xvi. 24.) And thus also, on the same principle we may understand the full bearing of the expression of St. Augustine, "*Si angustiantur vasa carnis, dilatentur spatia charitatis.*" (Ser. 10). "*If the vessels of the flesh be straitened, the bounds of charity are enlarged;*" for, as the Evangelic prophet again says, "*The land that was desolate and impassible shall be glad, and the wilderness shall rejoice, and shall flourish like the lily; it shall bud forth and blossom, and shall rejoice with joy and praise; the glory of Libanus is given to it; the beauty of Carmel, and Saron—they shall see the glory of the Lord, and the beauty of our God. . . . God himself will come and save you, then shall the eyes of the blind be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped—the lame man shall leap as a hart, and the tongue of the dumb shall be set free;—for waters are broken out in the desert, and streams in the wilderness (namely, the fountains*

* St. Ambrosii, lib. i. De Abraham, cap. viii. § 66.

of grace that flow from the holy sacraments), and that which was dry land (our unregenerate, unbaptised state) shall become a pool, (into which every day an Angel shall descend to move the waters thereof, *Sti. Johannis v. 4*), and the thirsty land, springs of water (where there are twelve fountains of water, and seventy palm-trees. *Exod. xv. 27*; *St. Matt. x. 2*; and *St. Luke x. 1*). . . . In the dens where dragons dwelt before, shall rise up the verdure of the reed and the bulrush—(the pleasant beauty of holiness, namely, in God's glorious Saints)—and a path and a way shall be there, and it shall be called the holy way (the Church Catholic) the unclean shall not pass over it (the *Holy Church Catholic*); and this shall become to you a straight way, so that fools shall not err therein—(visible, palpable, and therefore infallible and impeccable), for no lion shall be found therein, nor shall any mischievous beast go up by it, ("they shall go out from us, for they were not of us," *1 St. John ii. 19*)—but they that walk there shall be delivered. ("Whosoever you shall loose upon earth, shall be loosed also in heaven." *St. Matt. xvi. 18*). And the redeemed of the Lord shall return, and shall come into Sion with praise. (*Introibo ad altare DEI; ad DEUM qui lætificat juventutem meam**)—and everlasting joy shall be on their heads. (*Gaudeamus omnes in Domino, diem festum celebrantes sub honore Sanctorum omnium, de quorum solemnitate gaudent Angeli, et collaudent Filium DEI*)—They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and mourning shall flee away.' (*Isa. xxxv. 1-10*). And therefore does the Church sing *ALLELUIA*—because all these prophecies are in her fulfilled, according to the words of her divine Spouse, who said, that "He came not to destroy, but to fulfil the law and the prophets." (*St. Matt. v. 17*). And therefore does the Church and the faithful exclaim in the mingled language of hope, triumph and imprecation, saying,

SCIMUS CHRISTUM SURREXISSE A MORTUIS VERE;

TU NOBIS, VICTOR REX, MISERERE. AMEN. *ALLELUIA*.

Such and more than such, are the goodly prospects of those who have the happiness to be included in the fulfilment of this notable and most evangelic prophecy;—that is, the faithful who have the privilege of walking in God's inclosed garden, and taking their pleasure therein,

* *Ps. xlii. 4*, in *Ordin. Stæ Missæ*.

+ "Let us all rejoice in the Lord, and celebrate this festival in honour of *ALL HALLOWS*, on whose solemnity the angels rejoice, and praise together the Son of God."—*Introit in Festiv. Omnium SS.*

amid the sweet flowers, herbs and fruits, which grow and are cultivated within the pale of the Church Catholic. Goodly they are, not only to the eye, but to the taste; for it needs but to taste and see that the Lord is sweet;—comely they are, for all here is arrayed in the beauty of holiness; and, as they are clothed with varieties, so is the pleasure enhanced, and the joy made endless; sweet-scented they are, for the incense of hallowed prayer ascendeth continually, and Angels are there ever swinging censers, rich with the perfume of charity, and frankincense of love;—sweet they are, for the eye is never tired with beholding, nor the ear with hearing the pleasant things that continually occur within her courts; neither is the mind satiated with wondering, for if the intellect be deep, God's mysteries are fathomless; neither is the heart filled, nor the affection, for God's love and mercy are boundless; for, if man's wants and weakness be manifold, His might is more, as the proof may be readily seen in His Church, where all man's wants may be supplied; and wherein there is, as it were, an infinite store, ready for appliance of infinite demands;—whether it be of forgiveness, cheer, support, guidance, consolation, balm, grace or protection;—yet, all these, and more than these, spring from one source, which is set as an introit to our souls, as A PORCH OF THE CHURCH, by which we may enter into THE NAVE; that is, into the one happy fold of the one Shepherd, so that all may be with HIM one with God. (Sti. Johan. xvii. 21.) And that is effected by that initiatory rite, whereby we are washed in the laver of baptism, and made meet for the kingdom of heaven!

Happy then are they, who are called early and trained up betimes in the graces of God's Holy Church; who, as it were, sit on their mother's lap, and with that affection which looks, as who has not looked, to the dear words, and lightest glance of a much loved mother, and drunk in her instruction with a meek obedience, that laughs at any better reason of belief than that *she* spoke it;—God rest her soul in holy light!—so happy are they who early kneel at their heavenly Mother's feet, and with the like natural affection drink in her lightest wish, and bow to her parental decisions, with that ready obedience which is so cheerfully given in the despotism of love. Aye! happy are those who pliantly bend to the holy words of her inspiration; whose soul is like water to take readily the form of the vase that holds it,—and yet so only as it be *her* blessed vessel whose shape it assumes; and that being congealed therein, it may remain steadfast as a precious jewel of purest ray, and

most passing lustre; even a living stone, worthy to be set in that holy pile, "whose gates shine with pearls and are open to all."

QUE MARGARITIS EMICANT,
PATENTQUE CUNCTIS OSTIA.

END OF CHAPTER III.

Feast of St. Peter's Chair at Antioch, 1843.

L'ENVOY TO THE READER.

GENTLE READER,—When the heart is full, the mouth speaketh;—therefore, you will perhaps excuse the digression, if, for a brief space, the writer of the foregoing pages pauses to record a modern instance in keeping with what is there spoken of,—to say a few words, namely, on a most interesting function, of which he happened to be a happy witness, but a very short time after the above was penned: one doubtless witnessed but by few, but yet, we are sure, to be long remembered with thankful gratitude by all who had that happiness. Nor is it without deep cause for reflection that what we are now about to allude to, should have occurred in a quiet and retired little chapel of a village, where the faithful are few, and that the streams of grace which flow so lavishly from the fountains of God's Church, should have been poured forth in such a place, as noiselessly as the breath of the SPIRIT that bloweth where HE listeth; for albeit the rite were unusual, there was no parade, nor empty boasting, but all was done, as if there were none other witnesses but the Angels of GOD, who, in the holy places, worship continually;—a feature constraining, as it were, the heart to acknowledge, that it is often the retired and obscure place that GOD makes choice of for the manifestation of the wonders of His holy grace!

The immediate occasion alluded to, was that in which an adult family was received into the Church with all the rites, so beautifully mystical, which are prescribed in the baptismal rubric, and which were publicly performed with that scrupulous exactness, which, of itself, adds so much to the solemnity and meaning of every minute iota of the divine office, which our holy mother, the Church, has appointed. Being of an age suitable to give their own responses, and to take on themselves the vows and requirements of the Church, this interesting family presented themselves before her divinely appointed minister, and, in

THE PORCH OF THE CHURCH, proclaimed, in answer to her first interrogation, that what they sought was FAITH. Alas ! how few reflect, even of those who stand sponsors for the infant catechumen, that the holy sacraments received at the hands of God's priest, and by appointment of our dear Lord, are in very deed the only *ordinary* means, whereby that faith can be received ; or, if by supernatural light infused, whereby it may be confirmed, and being signed with the seal of God's Church, be made valid unto salvation, the end for which this gift is sought.* How fearfully loose then in doctrine must those be, who *will* not see that every rite and office of His Church, are but the appliance of Christ's Death and Passion to the soul, as the common air we breathe is necessary to the life of the body, albeit it is God who sustains that life, the while he gives virtue thus far to the common element, as a means to the end which His Providence desires.

How beautiful are all the mystic ceremonies of baptism !—How full of signification ;—how rich in grace ;—how powerful in their effect ;—how solemn in their performance !—The priest breathes thrice on the catechumen, and signs his forehead and breast with the holy sign of the cross. He commands the unclean spirit to go out of him, and to give place to the HOLY SPIRIT THE PARACLETE ;—he exorcises the wicked devil, and gives in his place the salt of wisdom, and signing the forehead again with the holy sign, sets as it were the seal of Christ thereon, and forbids the wicked one ever to violate what is now henceforward to be set apart for God.

But as yet they stand in THE PORCH OF THE CHURCH. They are as blessed mourners, longing for the coming of the kingdom of heaven and saying in the silence of the heart, " But thou, O Lord, how long." Like the souls that lay in the bosom of Abraham, ere the kingdom of heaven was opened, longing for the dawn of that day, which they had long since foreseen in prophetic vision—like those souls now suffering in cleansing flames the temporal punishment due to their sins, the eternal penalty of which hath been remitted—souls who lift up supplicating hands " from the depths," and who in pain still speak God's praise ;—in a modified state, such is that of the catechumen, on whom the venerable priest in a penitential stole, performs the initiatory ceremonies of their reception into the one Fold.

But how different is this when he exchanges the *purple* for the *white*

* " Quid petis ab ecclesia DEI ?—R. FIDEM. FIDES quid tibi præstat ?—R. VITAM ÆTERNAM."—*Ordo Administrandi Sacram. Bapt.*

stole, and laying this on the catechumen, says : "Come into the Temple of God, that thou mayest have part with Christ unto life everlasting." How gladly, then, is the *Credo* repeated, and with what a light heart the *Pater Noster* ; how assured, by anticipation of the crowning rite, is the belief already strengthened, and conformity, out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, already made perfect to the will of our Father, who is in Heaven ! They are led into the church, and presented before the font. The priest touches the ear of the catechumen in the manner that our Blessed Saviour did of old, and saying, *EPHPHETA* (Be thou opened)—that very word which Christ had used—opens the ear to the sound of faith, and the nostrils to the odour of sweetness. Hence, the catechumen is already emboldened to renounce Satan and all his pomps, and no sooner hath his will been declared, than he is anointed with the oil of the catechumens, and set apart as God's heritage for ever. Then it is that the most solemn rite of baptism is given ; the water is poured while the mystic words are pronounced :—from that moment, he is a new man,—the work of regeneration is completed—all things are changed—he is solemnly vowed to God,—there is joy in Heaven,—at that moment, there is *Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terrâ pax hominibus bonæ voluntatis !* He is now within the pale of God's Church,—the white robe of baptism is put on, the young neophyte is reminded to carry it without stain before the judgment-seat of our Lord Jesus Christ, that he may have life eternal,—the lighted taper is put in his hand, and he is told to keep his baptism and the commandments of the Lord blameless, so that when the Lord shall come to the nuptials, he may meet him in company with all the saints in the heavenly court, and have eternal life, and live for ever and ever ; and what, gentle reader, could those who stood by say,—but AMEN, AMEN.

But beautiful and most gratifying as this was, there would still have been something wanting,—namely, the crowning sacrament of love, which, in the instance now alluded to, we may add, was then supplied. Each kneeling at the altar, with a lighted taper, the holy sacrifice was then offered up, and, at the usual place, they who, but an hour ago, were received into the Church of the ever-living God, and the Communion of Saints, received the highest token of His love, and, IN THE INNOCENCE OF BAPTISMAL PURITY partook devoutly of that BREAD OF THE STRONG and SACRAMENT OF LOVE, whereof they only who taste, know that, in very deed, the Lord is sweet.

Gentle reader ! Had you seen the holy joy of heart which beamed

on the countenance of the venerable pastor, who officiated on this occasion, you would have been deeply moved. Or if you had heard *his* paternal address to the young neophytes, or had witnessed the divine emotions glowing outwardly as he unfolded the duties of each and all, but of those especially who stood before him in white garments, you would have felt in the depth of your heart, that this place, as we said above, was indeed one in which the Angels of GOD are ever ascending and descending. Surely, if you had not as yet been within the pale of the Church, you would have been inflamed with a holy envy, and given no rest to your weary foot, till you had flown to where the light shone. And if you were of the number of the faithful, you would have reiterated with fervour your baptismal vows, and blessing GOD for all the happy privileges you have long enjoyed, you would indeed, with all the powers of your soul, have returned thanks to Him, as was *then* done, in the sublime hymn of the Church, saying :

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS : TE DOMINUM CONFITEMUR,
 TE ÆTERNUM PATREM OMNIS TERRA VENERATUR.
 TIBI OMNES ANGELI, TIBI CÆLI ET UNIVERSÆ POTESTATES,
 TIBI CHERUBIM, ET SERAPHIM, INCESSABILI VOCE PROCLAMANT,
 SANCTUS, SANCTUS, SANCTUS, DOMINUS DEUS, SABAOth,
 PLENI SUNT CÆLI ET TERRA MAJESTATE GLORIÆ TUE.

Feast of St. Matthias, 1843.

LIFE OF ST. ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY.



CHAPTER III.—HOW THE DEAR SAINT ELIZABETH REFUSED TO MARRY AGAIN, AND HOW SHE CONSECRATED HER WEDDING-ROBE TO JESUS, THE SPOUSE OF HER SOUL.

“Ego dilecto meo, et dilectus meus mihi, qui pascitur inter lilia.”—CANTIC. vi. 2.

“The true widow is, in the Church of God, what the little violet is in the month of March, diffusing around her the sweet odour of devotion, but concealing herself beneath the broad leaves of holy abjection. Like the violet, she is to be found in retired and uncultivated spots, unwilling to mix in the society of worldlings, the better to preserve the freshness of her heart from the scorching blast of earthly desires, honours, and still more of fond loves.”—ST. FRANCIS OF SALES (*Introduction to a Devout Life*, iii. 2.)

A POSITION so painful, as that to which we have seen reduced a princess of such distinguished condition, allied as she closely was to the most powerful of the imperial families, could not fail to awaken the sympathy and intervention of her relatives, as soon as it became known. The Duchess Sophia, having tried every effort with her sons, to soften poor Elizabeth's cruel fate, but in vain, communicated secret intelligence respecting it to her aunt, the Princess Matilda, the Abbess of Kitzingen, and the sister of her mother, the Queen of Hungary. This pious princess, shocked at the information, immediately sent trusty messengers along with two carriages to fetch away her niece, as well as her children, and to convey them to the Abbey. Elizabeth, overjoyed once more to have it in her power to rejoin the children she loved so tenderly, readily acquiesced in her aunt's proposal, which no doubt her persecutors were afraid to oppose: and so she travelled across the vast forests and mountains, which separate Thuringia from Franconia, to Kitzingen, on the Mein. The Abbess received her with the kindness of a mother, shedding floods of tears; she assigned her a lodging suitable to her rank, striving to make her forget the cruel treatment she had undergone. But the youthful Elizabeth found no sweeter consolation, than that of adopting, as far as she could, the usages of the monastic life, frequently testifying her regret, that the care of her children prevented her from devoting herself to the practice of the entire rule, as a simple religious. In the meanwhile, Egbert, the Prince Bishop of

Bamberg, brother of the Abbess Matilda, of the Duchess Hedwige of Poland, and of Queen Gertrude, and consequently maternal uncle of our Elizabeth, having been informed of her misfortunes, and of her arrival at Kitzingen, he thought that her prolonged residence in that monastery along with her family, was suited neither to her condition, nor to the customs of a religious house, so he invited her to come to his own states. The princess, ever inclined to obey when there was even a semblance of authority, complied with his wish, though possibly with regret; but she left her second daughter, Sophia, scarcely yet two years old, under her aunt's care. This child afterwards took the veil in this very abbey, which had served as a refuge for her poor mother, having been the cradle of her own infancy.

The Bishop received Elizabeth with every mark of affection, and with that profound respect which was due to one so exalted, who had suffered such cruel trials. He proposed to convey her back to her royal father, in Hungary, but she refused, probably on account of the sad circumstances that had attended the death of her poor mother, Queen Gertrude. This being the case, he gave her the Castle of Botenstein for her residence, one worthy of royalty, where she could be completely at liberty to follow her own pursuits. There she took up her abode along with her children, her faithful maids of honour, Ysentrude and Guta, and a small retinue of servants, who had shared in her reverses: in this peaceful abode she returned to her usual exercises of piety. But the bishop considering that the duchess was still very young, being only twenty years of age, and moreover, exceedingly beautiful; reflecting also on the advice of Saint Paul (*Adolescentiores viduas volo nubere*, 1 Tim. v. 11), conceived the project of a second marriage. It appears from several authors, that he wished her to marry the Emperor Frederick the Second, who had just lost his second wife, Yolanda, of Jerusalem. The Emperor himself, as a contemporary author states, was deeply in love with Elizabeth. The bishop undertook to communicate the proposal to her: he informed her that he proposed to marry her to a prince far more illustrious and powerful than her departed husband. But Elizabeth replied with great sweetness, that she preferred to remain single the rest of her life, and to serve God alone. The prelate, however, contended that she was too young to adopt that kind of life; he reminded her of the persecutions she had already undergone, hinting at the possibility of their repetition, when he came to die; for, though he was resolved to leave her in his will the Castle of Botenstein and its dependences, still when he was in his tomb it would

no longer be in his power to defend her from the attacks of wicked men. The pious princess, however, did not suffer herself to be shaken in her holy resolution. An old French poet has preserved the answer she gave.

"Sir," said the beautiful Elizabeth, "I have had for my lord a husband who loved me tenderly, and who was always my faithful and devoted friend: I shared his honours and his power: I had splendid jewels, riches, and indeed every earthly enjoyment: yes, all that I had: but I always thought, what you yourself know well, that the joys of this life are worth nothing. This is my reason for wishing to quit the world, and to satisfy Almighty God with penance for my past life. You know well that worldly ease produces in the end remorse, torments, and the loss of the soul. Sir, I long to enjoy the holy company of our Blessed Lord; there is only one thing which I beg Him to grant me in this world; I have two little boys, whom I bore to my dear lord, and who will one day be very rich and powerful;—Oh! what thanks would I give to God, if His Divine Majesty loved me so much, as to make them His devoted servants."

"La bone dame sainte et bele
Ains li a dit en grand doucher.
Sire iou ai en signor,
Ki estoit mes loiaux amis,
Et ses honors et grans delits
Ai eu, et mainte richece,
Maint bel ioel mainte liece.
Tout con eu iou, mais je pensai
Autre chose que vous dirai;
Vous même le savez bien,
Joie del monde ne valt rien.
Par con voel le siecle laissier,
Et ce que doi a Dieu paier.
C'est l'ame que li doins droite....
Sire moult longuement me tarde
Que soie en la compaignie
Nostre Signor a compaignie.
De mon signor ai ii enfans:
Chacun sera riche puissans;
Je seraie lie et joyeuse
Et envers Dieu très gracieuse
Sil m'avait faite tel amor
Qu'ils fuissent à mon Creator."

LE MOINE ROBERT, MS. 1862.

It does not appear that the duchess objected to the bishop the vow of perpetual continence, which she had made during her husband's lifetime, in case of her surviving him, but she frequently spoke of it to her maids of honour, who had made a similar vow at the same time, and who feared lest the bishop should make use [of his power to induce them to break it. So she encouraged them to continue firm, promising to persevere in her holy resolution, cost what it might.

"I have vowed," said she, "to Almighty God, and to my dear lord and husband, when he was still alive, that I would never belong to any other man. God, who reads the hearts of men, and penetrates their inmost recesses, knows that I made this vow, with a simple and pure heart and an upright motive. I put my confidence in His mercy; it is impossible that He should not defend my chastity against all the wiles of evil men, and all their violence. It was not a conditional vow, and in case only that it pleased my relations and friends, but a vow spontaneous, free, and unreserved, to consecrate myself entirely, after the death of my beloved, to the glory of my Creator. If they dared, in despite of the freedom of choice, which is necessary to constitute a valid marriage, to give me to any man, be his rank what it might, I would protest against it before the altar of God; and if I can find no other means of escape, I will mutilate this face of mine, that it be no longer an object of admiration, but one of abhorrence."

Notwithstanding this, the bishop would not leave her in peace; and so determined did he appear, that she foresaw she would have many rude attacks to withstand, in order to continue faithful to God and her conscience. A deep sadness overwhelmed her: she had recourse however to the Father of all consolation: prostrate at His feet, bathed in tears, she implored of Him to watch over the preservation of that treasure, which she had consecrated to His divine service. She commended herself also to the intercession of the Queen of Angels, whom our Lord had given her as her mother. Our merciful God vouchsafed to encourage her, and to restore the peace of her soul. She soon felt her wonted tranquillity return, and with it an increased measure of boundless confidence in the Divine assistance.

It was doubtless at this period of her life that Elizabeth undertook divers pilgrimages, of which we find local traditions scattered up and down; her object being perhaps to escape from the importunities of her uncle, no less than to satisfy devotion, and a pious desire of visiting certain sanctuaries of great renown in those days. Motives of this sort, at a period when men were not yet so entirely absorbed in material

pursuits as at present, sufficed as an inducement to travel about, notwithstanding the difficulty of communication ; so that perhaps more people in those times undertook long journeys, than are at the present day induced to do so from motives of commerce, or the mere weariness of remaining at home. Young and old, the weak as well as the strong, not only the rich but the poor, women like men, all were eager to visit some celebrated shrine of devotion, out of veneration for the remains of some great servant of God there entombed, so to gather for their old age a precious fund of sweet recollections of some holy pilgrimage made under the protection of God and His holy Angels. Thus, our Elizabeth also went twice to Erfurth, a town celebrated for the number and the beauty of its religious monuments, situated in the very heart of her husband's dominions, though it belonged to the archbishopric of Mentz. Whilst there, she took up her abode in a convent of penitents, making a retreat of several days. She left them the poor drinking cup she had used at her frugal repasts ; the good sisters treasured it up as a memorial of her goodness and humility, and it is kept there as a relic to this day. •

About the same period, she went to visit the castle of her maternal ancestors at Andechs, situated upon a lofty Alp on the confines of Bavaria and the Tyrol. This ancient and famous castle had been converted into a Benedictine monastery by Henry, Margrave of Istria, Elizabeth's uncle ; it became, at a subsequent period, famous for many interesting relics, precious memorials of early Christian times, which were conveyed thither ; and for numerous miracles, which were wrought thereat. Elizabeth's visit added another beautiful association to a spot already so honourably connected with her illustrious family. From the summit of the Holy Mountain (for so it was called) she could see the fair plains of Bavaria spread beneath her feet, smiling with all the beauty of nature, and studded over with magnificent monasteries and churches, some towering above the noble fir forests that surrounded them, others reflected in the blue waters of the numerous lakes, on whose banks they were erected, all of them schools of Christian learning, destined for many ages to be the peaceful abodes of those who cultivated the useful sciences, or who sought a life of quiet and prayer, while they received with boundless hospitality that continual stream of pilgrims, which in those days the northern kingdoms poured forth to the tombs of the Apostles. Oh, how often have the eyes of our dear Elizabeth fixed themselves on that glorious chain of the Tyrolese mountains, beyond which the Catholic heart beats with joy and love, as it pictures to

itself Rome and Italy! How little did Elizabeth then think that her visit to this holy spot was destined one day to add to her own claims on the veneration of Christian posterity! Yet so it was; and at the foot of the mountain to this day the traveller may behold a copious fountain, which sprung forth at the bidding of her prayers, as fresh and unfailing in the driest season, as bountiful of the health-giving virtue, wherewith it is endowed. It was to this lovely spot that the holy princess brought an offering worthy of a shrine about to pass from the protection of her family to that of Almighty God himself: it was her wedding robe, the sweet and touching memorial of her married life, the fair robe she had worn on that happy day when Holy Church consecrated her espousals with her beloved Louis: this was an offering worthy of the tenderness and the simplicity of Elizabeth to lay upon the altar of the Divine Spouse of her soul, even Jesus, the God of all mercy and consolation! She laid it on the altar, giving to the good monks a little silver cross, containing relics of the sacred instruments of our Lord's Passion, her Pax on the reliquary which she always had worn on her person, with several other articles, for which she had a holy attachment. A few years were destined to glide away, and the name of this young widow, who had come thither as a humble pilgrim to make her offering to the infant shrine, was to fill the Christian world with its glory; whilst the hand of Christ's vicar was to inscribe it on that sacred calendar, that proclaimed her beatitude in the Kingdom of Heaven. Need we wonder at the veneration which from henceforth attached itself to these memorials of such a Saint; and that, notwithstanding all the tempests and the darkness of the present day, Christ's simple and faithful people still press with eager step to imprint upon them the holy kiss of reverence and love!*

* The Benedictine Monastery of Andechs, along with all the other religious foundations of the kingdom of Bavaria, was confiscated by King Maximilian in 1806, when it was sold to a Jew! The church, however, was preserved, as well as the relics it contained. The wedding-robe of St. Elizabeth still serves as a corporal to envelope the three famous miraculous particles of the Blessed Sacrament, which are there kept. On the chief festivals of the year, numerous pilgrims repair thither; the neighbouring villages form processions to the spot, singing Litanies along the road. Andechs is situated at the distance of eight leagues from Munich, on the banks of the beautiful Lake Staremberg. From the summit of the mountain on which it is placed, the eye can trace the whole chain of Tyrolese Alps. There are few spots in Germany more worthy of a visit from the Catholic traveller. Those who have it in their power to repair thither, are humbly entreated to ask the intercession of Saint Elizabeth for the writer and translator of these pages! Dear St. Elizabeth, pray for me, that I may one day see thee and love thee in Heaven.

SELECT FRAGMENTS FROM THE HOLY FATHERS OF THE EASTERN CHURCH.

No. II.

1. TESTIMONY TO THE BELIEF OF THE APOSTOLIC AGE IN THE GODHEAD OF CHRIST.

[In making these few selections from the earliest records of the Church, to exhibit the testimony of those who were the cotemporaries of the Apostles, to that most important article of our faith, the Supreme Divinity of the Son of God; we have been careful to refer to no other sources but those of undoubted genuineness; and in this purpose, have rejected all quotations presenting themselves to our consideration, whose validity might even be questioned reasonably;—for instance, the second epistle of St. Clement, although many authorities have defended its claim, we have refrained from applying to for a single extract, distinct as are the terms in which it lays down the doctrine in question. Perhaps some apology may be necessary for our last quotation—from the “Testament of the Patriarchs,” a document which may be ranked amongst the *genuine*, though not the *authentic* evidences of Christianity: genuine, as being the actual production of the age (the first century) to which learned commentators refer it, and therefore bearing a valuable witness to the faith of the Primitive Church; but not authentic, because introduced under a fictitious title, and having no connexion with its assumed origin. To give the reader fuller information with respect to this, we translate as follows from the “Patrologie” (a posthumous work, deserving to be better known in this country) of Moehler, author of the celebrated and justly admired “Symbolik”:

“As the Books of the Sibyl with a view to the conversion of the heathen, so was this document, the ‘Testament of the Twelve Patriarchs,’ framed, with a view to facilitating the introduction of Christianity among the Jews. That a Christian was its author, is now unanimously agreed upon. The opinion of Grabe, that its origin was ante-Christian and purely Judaic, and that interpolations had afterwards been introduced to favour the doctrines of Christianity, is quite untenable; the thorough unity and harmony of style, ideas and expressions, oppose this conjecture. The time of its composition can only be generally surmised. The author wrote later than A.D. 52, since in chapter iii. 6 a quotation is cited from 1 *Thess.* ii. 16; chapter iii. 11, praises St. Paul as the glory of the tribe of Benjamin; and chapter iii. 15-16

speaks of the destruction of Jerusalem, and judgment on the Jews for their murder of Christ. If, therefore, its composition cannot be supposed earlier than A.D. 70, it cannot be supposed later than the time of Origen, since that writer makes extracts from it. In the use of the Hellenic phraseology and style, the book approaches nearer to the New Testament than any other; and it is, therefore, very probable that the end of the first, or beginning of the second century, was the period of its authorship."

The writer has throughout borrowed his idea from the opinion that devout men, under the old covenant, towards their end, were permitted to see the future brought out in supernatural clearness, at the same time endued with extraordinary wisdom to admonish and edify those they were leaving behind. He follows the history of the dying Jacob, representing his twelve sons as, in like manner, addressing their offspring on the approach of death; each confesses his errors, points out the ways through which he has been conducted by Providence, and at last reveals the future, the moral delinquencies of his descendants, and prophecies the coming of the Redeemer.

The work contains not only noble testimonies (and on account of their antiquity, in the highest degree valuable) to the true GODHEAD and MANHOOD of Christ; but is also composed with eminent talent, in a strain of richly florid and graceful poetic diction, and full of the most vivid imagery. The redundancy of lively illustration and pictorial beauties, ever varying and never self-reiterating, with such scanty material to work on, argues uncommon ability in the gifted author. For the study of the New Testament idiom, this composition is of the very highest value.]

ST. CLEMENT (*circa* A.D. 68.)

The Christ is with those who are lowly in heart, not with those who exalt themselves over his flock. For one soul, Jesus Christ, the Sceptre of the Majesty of GOD, came not in the boasting of pride, nor in haughtiness, mighty though he be; but in humility, as the HOLY SPIRIT spoke concerning him, saying: "He hath no form nor comeliness, and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him. He is despised and rejected of men: a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief." Ye see, therefore, beloved, what the exemplar is which he hath given us; for if the Lord thus humbled himself, what should we do, who have been brought through him under the yoke of his grace?

Content with the portion ye have received from GOD, and diligently attending to his words, ye were enlarged in your hearts, and the sufferings of him were before your eyes.

“Blessed is the man to whom the Lord hath not imputed sin, and in whose mouth there is no guile.” This blessedness hath been awarded by GOD to the elect, through JESUS Christ our Lord, to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen. (*1st Epistle to the Corinthians*).

ST. IGNATIUS (THE DISCIPLE OF ST. PETER).

Ignatius to the Church which is in Ephesus of Asia, most deservedly blessed, receiving benediction in the greatness and fulness of GOD the Father, and predestinated before all ages to a glory for ever enduring and unchanging, united, and elected in the true Passion, according to the will of the FATHER and JESUS Christ our GOD; all happiness by JESUS Christ, and his unspotted grace.

There is one physician, fleshly and spiritual, made and not made, GOD become INCARNATE; in death, the true life; both from Mary and from GOD; first possible, and then impossible; even JESUS Christ our Lord.

Our GOD, JESUS Christ, was born in the womb by Mary, according to the dispensation of GOD: of the seed of David, yet of the HOLY GHOST.

Now the virginity of Mary, and he who was born of her, were concealed from the Prince of this world, as was also the death of the Lord; three mysteries, everywhere to be sounded (*mysteries of noise*) which GOD accomplished in stillness. How then was it manifested to the world? A star shone in heaven beyond all other stars; its light was unutterable, and its novelty struck amazement in all. All the other stars, together with the sun and moon, were the chorus to this star, which sent forth its light over all things. Then was terror, to think whence this new star came, unlike to all others; hence all the power of magic was dissolved, and every bond of wickedness was destroyed; ignorance was taken away, and the ancient kingdom annihilated,—GOD appearing as MAN, for the renewal of eternal life. That which GOD had perfected, thence received its beginning; then were all things shaken, because it was intended that death should suffer dissolution.—*Epistle to the Ephesians*.

I glorify JESUS Christ our GOD, who hath given you such wisdom; for I have observed that ye are settled in an immovable faith, as if

nailed to the Cross of Christ, who truly was of the race of David, according to the flesh; but the Son of GOD, according to the will and power of GOD.—*Epistle to the Smyrneans.*

Our GOD JESUS Christ being in the Father, shines with the greatest radiance.

It is better for me to die for JESUS Christ, than to reign over the uttermost parts of the earth. Pardon me, my brethren; ye shall not hinder me from living; suffer me to receive the pure light, at which having attained, I shall become a man of GOD. Suffer me to be the imitator of the Passion of my GOD. If any one has Him within himself, he may understand what I desire, and have compassion on me.*

Then shall I be truly the disciple of Christ, when the world shall no longer behold my body. Pray earnestly, therefore, to Christ for me, that through these instruments I may be found a sacrifice.—*Epistle to the Romans.*

The priests indeed are good; but more excellent is the high priest, to whom has been committed the holy of holies, to whom alone has been confided the secret things of GOD. He is the dove of the Father, through which Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and the Prophets, the Apostles, and the whole Church, enter in.—*Ep. to the Philadelphians.*

ST. BARNABAS.*

For this cause the Lord was content to suffer for our souls, although he be Lord of the whole earth; to whom GOD said before the begin-

* How touchingly does this passage refer to that solemn mystery of love, which is involved in the Blessed Eucharist, when as yet the discipline of the secret was in force, and that reserve which is natural to the condition of man in regard to such solemn doctrine, was in unison with the practice of the early Church. "Bear GOD in your body," says St. Paul. Theophorus was the favourite appellation of St. Ignatius—and how completely was verified the prophecy of Isaias, "Vere tu es DEUS absconditus, DEUS Israel salvator"—as in a later period of the Church, she sings:

"JESUS spes pœnitentibus
 Quam pius es petentibus;
 Quam bonus te quærentibus
 Sed QUID invenientibus?"

See also the last extract in the above selections, from the Testament of the twelve Patriarchs.—E. C. M.

* The Barnabas mentioned in Acts ii. 23-4. "And when Barnabas came, and had seen the grace of GOD, he was glad, and exhorted them all, that with purpose of heart they would cleave unto the Lord. For he was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost, and of faith."

ning of the world, "Let us make man after our own image and likeness."—Now how he suffered for us, seeing it was by men he underwent it, learn. The prophets receiving the gifts from him, prophesied concerning him; but he, that he might make death void, and make known the resurrection of the dead, was content, as it was necessary to appear in the flesh, that he might make good the promise given to the fathers, and preparing himself a new people, might show them, whilst he was yet on earth, how after the resurrection, he would judge the world! . . . Then he clearly manifested himself as the Son of God; for, unless he had come in the flesh, how could we men have been saved by looking upon him?—Wherefore, the Son of God came in the flesh for this cause, that he might fill up the measure of their iniquity who had persecuted his prophets to death.

HERMAS.

"Salute Hermas, &c.—and the brethren which are with them."—Rom. xvi. 14.

(The angel explains to Hermas the things seen in his vision.)

First of all, said I, tell me what this rock and this gate denote? "Hearken," said he, "this rock and this gate, are the Son of God." I replied, "Sir, how can that be, seeing the rock is old, but the gate new?" "Hear," said he, "and understand. The Son of God is, indeed, more ancient than any creature; insomuch, that he was in counsel with his Father at the creation of all things. But the gate is therefore new, because he appeared in the last days at the fulness of time; that they who shall attain unto salvation, may by it enter into the kingdom of God." "Thou sawest also," said he, "the six men, and in the middle of them that venerable great Man, who walked about the tower, and rejected the stones out of the tower?" "Sir," said I, "I saw them." He answered, "That tall man was the Son of God; and those six men were his angels of most eminent dignity, which stand about him on the right hand and on the left. Of these excellent angels, none comes in unto God without him." He added, "Whosoever, therefore, shall not take upon him his name, he shall not enter into the kingdom of God."

You see that he is the Lord of his people, having received all power from his Father. But why the Lord did take his Son into council, about dividing the inheritance, and the good angel, hear: That holy

Spirit,* which was created first of all, he placed in the body in which God should dwell; namely, in a chosen body, as it seemed good to Him. This body, therefore, into which the Holy Spirit was brought, served that Spirit, walking rightly and purely in modesty, nor ever defiled that Spirit.

HISTORY OF THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. POLYCARP (THE DISCIPLE OF ST. JOHN.)

Prayer of St. Polycarp at the stake.

O Lord God Almighty, the Father of thy well-beloved and blessed Son JESUS Christ, by whom we have received the knowledge of thee, the God of angels and of powers, and of every creature, and especially of the whole race of just men, who live in thy presence! I give thee hearty thanks that thou hast vouchsafed to bring me to this day and to this hour; that I should have a part in the number of thy martyrs, in the cup of thy Christ, to the resurrection of eternal life, both of soul and body, in the incorruption of the HOLY GHOST; among which may I be accepted this day before thee, as a rich and acceptable sacrifice; as thou, the true God, with whom is no falsehood, hast both before achieved and manifested to me, and also hast now fulfilled it. For this, and for all things else, I praise Thee, I glorify Thee, by the eternal and heavenly High Priest, JESUS Christ, thy beloved Son; with whom, to Thee and the HOLY GHOST, be glory, both now and to all succeeding ages. Amen.

Nicetas went to the governor, to hinder him from giving us his (Polycarp's) body to be buried. "Lest," says he, "forsaking him that was crucified, they should begin to worship this Polycarp." And this he said at the suggestion and instance of the Jews, who also watched us, that we should not take him out of the fire; not considering that neither is it possible for us ever to forsake Christ, who suffered for the salvation of all such as shall be saved throughout the whole world, "the righteous for the ungodly;" nor to worship any other besides him. For him indeed, as being the Son of God, we do adore; but for the martyrs, we worthily love them, as the disciples and followers of

* The created spirit of Christ, as man, Hermas is here supposed to speak of; not the HOLY GHOST, the third person of the Most Blessed Trinity.

our Lord, and upon account of their exceeding great affection towards their Master and King.

THE TESTAMENT OF THE TWELVE PATRIARCHS (*circa* A.D. 96.)

The Lord shall raise from Levi a High Priest; and from Judah a King, GOD and MAN. Thus will He save all the Gentiles, as well as the race of Israel. The Most High shall visit the earth; He, coming as man, eating and drinking with men, and bruising in silence the head of the dragon, through water, shall save Israel and all the Gentiles; GOD HIDDEN in man. The Lord shall judge Israel first for their wickedness to him, because they have not believed GOD coming in the flesh, the DELIVERER.

THE METROPOLITAN CHARITIES.

THE statement made in the following letter of the Hon. E. Petre, addressed to the Catholics of London, seems to us of such importance, that we make no apology for giving it entire, before offering any remarks of our own, further than that we think there is enough, and more than enough, to give to the Catholics of the metropolis a subject for their most serious consideration.

"GENTLEMEN,

"I shall offer no apology for thus trespassing on your valuable time; the cause alone is a sufficient justification for this intrusion. The kind attention I have so often received from you on so many public occasions, as well as your well known charity and Christian benevolence, embolden me to hope I shall not be considered presumptuous in trusting that you will give the contents of this Letter your most serious consideration."

"Many of you are well aware of the existence of the Catholic Charities in this metropolis, having for their purposes the support of various Catholic chapels, the protection of the orphan, the giving a religious and secular education, and for other objects of Christian benevolence, as well as the powerful claims they possess on those who are blessed with the means of contributing to the support of such institutions, so laudable in themselves, so honourable to their projectors and supporters, and which must prove so eminently advantageous to those whose fortune it is to be benefited and assisted by them.

"The smallest consideration of these most valuable Charities must, I think, convince those who have hitherto refrained from contributing to their support,

that subscribing to them is not merely to be viewed in the light of a voluntary duty; it should be felt, in times like the present, as an imperative obligation, which we should be impelled to fulfil both by the attachment we bear towards our country, and by the veneration and affection we owe to that religion which our forefathers have preserved amidst so many dangers and difficulties, and which it behoves us to transmit unimpaired to posterity.

"To accomplish, therefore, what must be so desirable, as the maintenance and extension of these excellent Institutions, I am induced to draw your attention to the state of the Catholic Charities in London and its vicinity; to make you acquainted with the yearly falling-off of their revenues; and to endeavour to stimulate you all to come forward to their support; for if you do not, it is my painful duty to inform you, that many of them will have to be abandoned, or their sphere of exertion greatly contracted.

"I am well aware of the numerous applications that are made to you, and the severe commercial embarrassments you have so lately experienced; but after all, if your means will only permit you to contribute but a small trifle to objects so worthy of all who value the name of Catholic, so creditable to yourselves, and so acceptable in the eyes of Him "from whom all blessings flow," I have only to assure you, it will be most gratefully received.

"It is, therefore, with sentiments of the deepest regret, that I have to communicate to you that many of the Charities are largely in debt, their yearly subscriptions annually diminishing, and, consequently, their means of exertion much limited; the applications to them daily increasing, and the sources for their support nearly exhausted.

"You will ask me, Gentlemen, to what I attribute this lamentable state of things?—to any want of zeal or benevolence?—God forbid I should insinuate such a calumny. It is in a great measure owing to the increased numbers of our holy religion; that the Catholic gentlemen resident in the country, who used to contribute so munificently to your charities, find the demands on them increasing so very much for the support of chapels and schools on their respective estates, and in their neighbourhood, as to render it impossible for them to continue their support to the London charities to the same extent as in former years. You know how frequent are the appeals to the benevolence of the Catholic body made year after year, until many of our nobility and gentry have declined attending the dinners, &c. owing to their being so numerous, or their inability to contribute towards the collections made at them. On whom are the friends of these institutions to rely?—to whom are our clergy, whose exemplary and benevolent discharge of their various duties cannot be too highly appreciated, to look?—To you, Gentlemen, the Catholics of London. On you must their hopes be placed; it is you who have the power to afford shelter and protection to the destitute orphan,—it is you who can instruct the ignorant child in the knowledge of religion and virtue, rescue him from the paths of vice and infamy, and render him an ornament to his religion instead of being a scandal to it, and thus be the happy instruments of

adding to society a useful and honest member. Let it, therefore, be the sedulous endeavour of all on whom Providence has bestowed the means of alleviating the afflictions and wants of the wretched, to give our indigent Catholic brethren a religious education; let the instruction of youth in the solid principles of our holy religion be the object of every one who is not insensible to the claims of those unfortunate Catholics, who must perish unless the ready hand of your benevolence is stretched forth to rescue them from the dangers to which they are exposed: and I have again the painful duty to state to you this most lamentable fact, that in this large metropolis there are numbers of poor Catholics, destitute of spiritual knowledge, of all learning the most important, owing to the want of the necessary means of affording them the happiness and advantages of a religious education; thus either exposing them to infidelity or the danger of becoming the objects of sectarian proselytism; for many unfortunate parents, induced by the temptations of worldly benefits, send their children to *THEIR SCHOOLS*, which they would not otherwise do, had we the funds to afford instruction to them.

"If any of you would only refer, for instance, to the annual reports of the Associated Charities, you would find for the last ten years a decrease of subscriptions in the various collections; and very lately the deficiency has been so great, that the managers have been compelled to seek assistance from their bankers, to carry on the current expenses of the society: expenses which have been very much increased by the establishment of Infant schools in connexion with that Institution. And it is also my painful duty to communicate to you, that, at this moment, there is a capability at a small expense, of rendering the Orphan Asylum of this most valuable Institution adequate for the reception of fifty inmates, but, owing to the want of sufficient funds, only *nineteen* can be accommodated in it. There are many other Catholic Charities, I am well aware, that have equal claims on you, whose resources are diminishing; added to which, new ones, if possible more urgent and powerful, are daily soliciting a portion of your benevolence.* I therefore plead for your sympathy; and the arguments I have urged, as well as the plan which I now suggest to you, will, I am quite certain, come home to the convictions and feelings of every one who gives a moment's consideration to the paramount necessity and obligation of giving a religious and moral education to the poor Catholics of this large Metropolis. To the rich and the powerful I need not add any further appeal; but to those of another class I beg most respectfully to offer a few observations: there are many well-intentioned persons who imagine, because their means are circumscribed, that it is out of their power to contribute effectually; such persons I will only remind, that the poor man's small donation

* "I need but mention the Asylum of the Good Shepherd, at Hammersmith, for the reception of unfortunate and penitent females, instituted by that worthy and excellent Missionary, the Rev. Mr. Robson, of Chelsea, who needs only to be known to be respected; and beloved by all who have the pleasure of his acquaintance.

will be found, in the eyes of the Almighty, as acceptable as the large subscription of the rich man. I therefore call on all such persons to use early opportunities of uniting for the laudable object of forming associations in aid of such of our Charitable Institutions, as they may conceive to be most in need of assistance, or to which they may from personal feelings or local situation be most attached. Let associations like these be formed in a true Christian spirit, to the utter exclusion of all jealousies and prejudice, for the collecting of small sums, in weekly or monthly contributions, in aid of the Catholic Charity Schools; and hundreds, I may say, of destitute beings, at present lost to Christianity and society, will be rendered useful members of the community, and by their prayers draw down blessings on the heads of their benefactors, and insure to them that bright reward which must ever attend works like these, undertaken in the true Catholic spirit of charity: conceiving, as I do, that the internal peace, the heartfelt gratification, attending your efforts in the discharge of this pleasing duty towards your indigent brethren, must be more gratifying than any human approbation in this world. What gratification, Gentlemen, will be, to us, the enjoyment of all temporal immunities, if we suffer ourselves to neglect the claims of our poor brethren? What satisfaction can be afforded by the possession of large estates, worldly honors, and distinctions, if we suffer ourselves to be so far lost to a sense of duty and humanity, as to treat with indifference the wants of the Catholic Charities of this Metropolis?

“ But I feel I have already trespassed too much on your patience, by my zeal in behalf of those, whose advocate I glory to be. I therefore most earnestly call on you, to rescue many of these Charities from impending ruin, and to aid the cause of true Christian benevolence, by extending to them your fostering aid. And whilst I have endeavoured thus feebly to present to you the claims of these Charities, let me assure you, that if my humble efforts can be of the slightest utility to carry into execution any of your plans or wishes, believe me I shall consider it the happiest day of my life, when you command my services:

“ I have the honor to be,

“ Gentlemen,

“ Your obedient servant,

“ EDWARD PETRE.”

London, Feb. 25th, 1843.

We are sure that the cause of charity and Christian benevolence is beholden to Mr. Petre, for stepping forward with the above appeal, on an emergency which requires not only prompt but vigorous measures. There is no attempt, as our readers will perceive, at moving declamation, but a plain, straightforward, unvarnished state of the case is laid before us, from which there is no retreating; for, from facts alone, it appears, that if prompt measures be not taken, the result already anticipated

must take its course; and at a time when the public charitable institutions of London are tenfold more necessary than when first called into operation by the benevolence of a preceding generation, they must be either abandoned, or crippled, within a sphere even narrower than they were in those days of difficulty and privation, both civil and religious, in which the greater number had their meritorious foundation.

At first sight, it would appear that the subject of this letter, being addressed particularly to the Catholics of the metropolis, was one of a merely local character, and that we should, thereby, be exempt from giving it that full consideration, which its importance as such would deserve; but this would be a very narrow view of the question, for there are principles involved, and suggestions thrown out, in the letter before us, that make it a question, *et urbi et orbi*, and which, if fully carried out, would, we are convinced, be serviceable to the cause of charity all the world over. Here, it is true, the charitable institutions of London, being at stake, are more especially aimed at; but we can perceive in Mr. Petre's appeal, the elements not only of *their* re-establishment, and revival in new life, spirit, and energy, but that the means devised for *their* resuscitation would be equally applicable elsewhere to the foundation and organization of similar charities all over the kingdom, wheresoever there are, numerically, Catholics sufficient for such a purpose.

One of the chief causes mentioned in the letter before us of the decline of the metropolitan charities, seems, at first sight, to be paradoxical—namely, the increase of the Catholic faith in England generally. “For,” says Mr. Petre,—and he has the best reason to know this, having laboured so long and zealously in the cause,—“Catholic gentlemen resident in the country, who used to contribute so munificently to the metropolitan charities, *now*, in the growing increase of Catholicity around them, find the demands on them increasing so very much for the support of chapels and schools on their respective estates, and in their neighbourhood, as to render it impossible to continue their support to the London charities to the same extent as in former years.” That this is even more strongly the case, than is here stated, it is only necessary to turn over the leaves of the “Catholic Directory,” and to mark what progress has been made in the building of churches and chapels by that noble band of Catholic nobility and gentry, who, through good and evil report, continued steadfast and true to the faith, and kept alive the ashes of devotion in the hearts of the few, who, in God's providence, were permitted to retain so great a blessing, during

the long and trying period of civil and religious desolation. And who, we ask, but those very men, on the return of better days, were the first to continue their fostering care, with one hand, to those public charities, which for so long they might have called their own,—while, with the other, they were ready, and lavishly ready, to build up, in becoming splendour, the ruined walls of the Catholic Sion—who, we ask, were first at their post, but those very nobility and gentry, who had hitherto, and in the worst times, been the stay and support of the sick, the aged, the poor, the orphan, and the afflicted?

But in proportion as a rural, or provincial body of Catholics sprung up, in like measure the calls on Metropolitan Charity advanced with the increasing body of Catholics, who, either by immigration or conversion, were rapidly growing more and more numerous. In proportion, consequently, as these wants increased, fresh endeavours were made to extend the sphere of their operation, so as to keep pace if possible with the growing wants. The local charities of the metropolis were enlarged, and other and necessary branches arose, and that so numerous, that while it became necessary for their original supporters to make a choice, it was a difficult matter to say which was the most deserving, where all were excellent, and all worthy of encouragement; and this went on, till, as we see from the appeal before us, Charity has outstripped discretion, and the painful fact breaks upon us, that unless something be speedily done, the sphere of those Charities must be narrowed within the limited channel of receipts, which instead of keeping pace with the demands, have latterly been, in an inverse ratio, as painfully on the decline.

But what then is to be done? We have seen that to look for exclusive, or even very effectual support from its former friends, is, from their other, and more pressing demands, physically impossible. While there are provincial schools, missions, chapels, gilds, charities, nay, *whole vicariates*, that require the *most ample* means, the Metropolitan Charities cannot look, from them, for more than a casual donation; and that support, which not many years back was almost exclusively their office and merit, must now be sought for elsewhere. But whither then must we turn to supply this want?—Mr. Petre has happily elicited the principle. If the London Charities are to be retained in vigour and usefulness, it *must be done by the Catholics of London themselves*; by uniting together many small means, for the furtherance of one great object, and by Associations among a body hitherto in a measure exempted, by a kind of prescription, from sharing in the support of those

good works, which in point of numbers, they well might afford to do, by a trifling sacrifice unfelt by a single individual.

The fact is, the Catholics of England are in the transition state. Religion having been retained, and fostered by a few, it became as it were their birth-right to support it, and little was looked for from the general body, at that time not numerous, and assuredly far from wealthy. Hence, though there were and are many interesting and noble examples to the contrary, the Catholic of humble degree had but little share in the support of the Metropolitan Charities, and though of late the poorest have nobly subscribed to their own local schools and churches; yet the principle of Association, such as pointed out in the letter before us, in aid of our Public Charities, has not, that we are aware of, been generally called into action. Yet it is by this alone, that with God's favour, we may look forward to the revival and continuance of those essentially necessary institutions. The Catholics of the metropolis, who have sufficient means, if they had the opportunity of bringing them to bear on the determined point, are numerous, and their contributions, though individually small, fully adequate to the purpose required; but unless some scheme be devised to make these efforts available, we fear the alternative, so much to be deplored by all, must take its course; and at a time when the call on our exertions is yearly growing louder, and when the poor, the orphan, the aged and the indigent, cry out, by the love we bear to our Holy Religion, to devise some means for their support, the sad conclusion must needs be come to, that unless some prompt and vigorous steps be taken, our ears must be closed to their earnest petition.

We think the plan proposed by the Honourable Mr. Petre, to be the most excellent (we will go further, and say the only one,) that is likely to effect the object so much desired. Associations must be formed in every district,—perhaps it would be better to have many small Associations in each district; but, as an essential element, they must be formed “IN A TRUE CHRISTIAN SPIRIT, AND TO THE UTTER EXCLUSION OF ALL JEALOUSIES AND PREJUDICE.” (Letter, p. 7.) They must have for their sole object the good of religion, resulting, both individually and collectively to the members, from the mutual practice of alms-deed on the one hand, and by its future consequences on the other; first, in respect to the poorer brethren, in the exercise towards *them* of the Spiritual and Corporal Works of Mercy; and secondly, in respect to the honour of our holy faith, by the relief given to the sufferings of our dear Lord in the person of His poor.—To be suc-

cessful, these Associations should be founded in the true Catholic spirit of Charity,—they must be active in *works*, and on no consideration made public vehicles for display, for showing off a poor and windy speech, or for the gratification of a little paltry vanity.—To succeed, they should be essentially religious.—They should be under the invocation of some devout Servant of God, who has already merited by his charity, the Crown of Glory in Heaven ; and, it would further be well, as a pre-eminent constituent of each, and bond of union of all, that on certain appointed days, the invocation of that Saint should be required of all the members of each association ; that all should implore daily God's blessing on their common exertions, while each little circle should devoutly offer up their communion with the like intention, on the festival day of that Saint, whom they may have made choice of as Patron.—Hence also, each association should have a chaplain ; and thus, headed by our revered clergy, success would most assuredly follow, as we know that a blessing is always given to alms-deed, done through the motive of love to God : and, as it is also a fixed axiom, that Charity is an exhaustless well, so assuredly the means would be amply found, provided only the members come forward with single-heartedness in this most holy cause.

But one obstacle yet remains to be overcome, though fortunately not one of great difficulty, where we have the practical elements at hand to take the first steps in this matter, among those zealous and praiseworthy individuals, such as the Honourable Mr. Petre, who have devoted so much of their time, and so warmly, to the direction of our several charities. We make no doubt, but that, if they take the lead in forming a Central, or Model Association ; in digesting into a working and efficient plan, the suggestions given in the letter before us ; and in drawing up certain rules and regulations, for the approval of our venerated Bishop, a number of small Associations would subsequently arise on every side, and be propagated with wonderful fruit, both to the members of such fraternities, and to the advantage of our charitable institutions. Thus also, we should see that the principle involved in such *agapès*, is not one of merely local interest ; but having religion as its broad basis, and all that could by any likelihood excite discussion, jealousy, or dissent, totally excluded, be equally applicable to the great provincial towns, as to the metropolis, or, indeed to any place where the faithful are sufficiently numerous, to attempt that first of good works, the relief of the poor.

In conclusion ; Mr. Petre has done much by his letter to the Catholics

in London: may we urge him to do more, and to take the lead in carrying into practical development the principles he has started.—In our humble opinion, it requires but this to be done, and we are sure that there would be many a willing heart and hand to come forward in an unassuming way, to establish Associations in the many localities of the metropolis and its neighbourhood, who now can do but little; but who, when united by such bonds, would, we are persuaded, do so much, that before another year was over, it would be found that those Charitable Institutions, which are now languishing, if not struggling for existence, would be settled on a sure and firm foundation, while at the same time, there would be diffused amongst us a healthy and a Catholic tone, giving promise of still better things to the cause of the Faith, in this our beloved country.

Feast of the Annunciation of B. V. M. 1843.

SCRIPTORES MEDII ÆVI.

JACOPONE DA TODI.

AMONG the numerous writers of the Primitive and Middle Ages, there are many Poets whose names are now forgotten, and whose works, though bearing the impress both of piety and genius, lie neglected on the shelves of libraries.

To rescue some of these from the oblivion into which they have fallen, and to present extracts from them to the Catholic reader, has appeared to us not altogether useless and uninteresting, though we do not carry our admiration of them to the same extent as the ancient poet, who quaintly says:

“Desine Gentilibus ergo inservire poetis
Dum bona tanta potes quid tibi Callirhoen.”*

On the contrary, we would not be thought to disparage the study of the classic authors. Many of the ancient fathers have formed their style, and cultivated their minds, by the perusal of the Greek and Roman models.

* St. Isidor.

St. Gregory Nazianzen, St. Basil, and St. Jerome, are illustrious examples of this fact. The works of the latter abound with quotations from Virgil and Horace. St. Basil has written a treatise proving the benefit that may be derived from the study of the classics.

"As the bees (says this holy doctor) extract honey from flowers whose utility would appear to us to consist only in their beauty and fragrance, so may we draw many excellent precepts and solid maxims from pages which others peruse only for the elegance of their sentiments, or the correctness of their style. And to continue the comparison, as the bees take nothing from the flower but the sweet essence of the honey, so may we, in reading these authors, gather the roses without being wounded by the thorns, and profit by their useful thoughts without adopting their pernicious doctrines."

Without, therefore, undervaluing the classic writers, the reader will find much to instruct and interest him in these Christian poets.

The principal faults which are objected to them are that their prosody is incorrect, that they have introduced words not to be found in the classic authorities, and that they make use of rhyme. The first remark will apply only to some of the earlier ones, and they probably wrote the language as it was pronounced in their time; and in the first centuries of the Church, the Latin was no less a living language than in the time of ancient Rome. From the nature of the subjects which they treated, they were obliged to introduce new words, many of which were in use at their own time, and we have the authority of Horace, that—

"Licuit semperque licebit
Signatum præsentē notā producere nomen." *

With regard to rhyme, it agrees so well in some cases with the structure of the Latin language, that they rather deserve praise than blame for introducing it. We are far from agreeing with a learned French critic, that it is *insupportable* in Latin poetry. Who can read the following verses of the Leonine hymn *Dies Iræ*, without feeling his mind excited as if he really heard the blare of the trumpet it describes:

"Tuba mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulcra regionum
Coget omnes ante thronum."

Or, who can fail to admire the following verse of a hymn of Jacopone, of whom we shall speak presently.

* De Arte Poeticā, v. 58.

“Te adoro mi Creator
Tuo factus munere
Te collando Mediator
Cujus vocor nomine
Tibi supplico Salvator
Emptus tuo sanguine.”

The writer, of whose life and works we propose to give a short account, is Jacopone da Todi, or Jacobus de Tuderto, the author of the *Stabat Mater*, the well known metrical prose which is read in the mass on Friday in Passion Week. Our attention was drawn to the subject by a note to an interesting article entitled “Psalms and Hymns,” in an English periodical, in which the question of the authorship of this hymn is discussed—without, however, arriving at any satisfactory conclusion.

Many ancient hymns and prayers are either anonymous or attributed to various authors. The holy bards who devoted their talents to this species of composition had before their eyes no visions of earthly reward or perishable fame. When in the peaceful solitude of the cloister, they raised their songs to celebrate the goodness of God, or the glories of his Saints, their labour brought with it its own recompense, for it was to them a labour of love!

Jacopone da Todi (or in Latin), Jacobus de Tuderto, was born about the year 1250, at Todi, a city of Umbria, about fifty miles from Rome. He was of a noble family, whose name was Benedettini. He was brought up to the practice of the law, and led for some years, according to his biographer, a very worldly and dissipated life. His conversion was owing to a severe calamity which befel him in the sudden death of his wife, a lady as remarkable for her personal attractions, as for her piety and virtue. Though out of obedience to her husband, she mingled freely in the gaiety and amusements of society, she practised in secret great austerities, among the rest, wearing constantly a hair shirt of the coarsest texture. When present by the desire of her husband, at a great entertainment in the city of Todi, the floor of the room in which she was dancing gave way, and she, together with a number of others, was so severely injured, that she died in a few hours. The discovery after her death of the hair shirt which she wore, made so great an impression on Jacopone, who was fortunately not present when the accident occurred, that he formed the resolution of leading a penitential life. Immediately renouncing his two prevailing

vices, avarice and pride—he sold all his property, and distributed the proceeds among the poor, and clothing himself in a mean dress, exposed himself to the derision of his acquaintance, who considered him insane. The rest of his days he passed in a monastery, excepting a short imprisonment which he suffered, for reflecting somewhat too freely on the conduct of Pope Boniface VIII, with whom he had been intimate before the elevation of the latter to the Pontificate. He died in the year 1306, after many years passed in the practice of the most edifying charity and humility. His epitaph is remarkable.

Ossa Beati Jacopone de Benedictis. Tudert-Umber, Frat. Ord. Min.
 Qui stultus propter Christum nova mundum arte delusit,
 Obdormivit in Domino. Die xxv Dec. A.D. m.cccvi.

His works are principally in Italian, and consist of Hymns and Canticles. The edition of his Poems, printed at Rome in 1558, contains only the Italian Poems, to which a short account of his life is prefixed.

The older edition contains mostly the same Italian Poems, with six Latin Hymns, the principal of which are the two *Stabat Maters*. There is also a long one, beginning "*Ave regis angelorum*," which we have quoted above; and another, which is better known, "*Cur mundus militat sub vana gloria*." The *Stabat Mater Dolorosa* has been attributed to Pope Innocent III. This opinion is corroborated by Cardinal Lambertini, afterwards Pope Benedict XIV, by Ludovico Jacob, in his *Bibliotheca Pontificia*, and Oldoinus, in his addition to Ciacconius' *Life of Innocent the third*; as also by the same author, in his *Athenæum Romanum*; but Fabricius, in the *Bibliotheca Latina mediæ et infimæ Ætatis*, Waddingus, in his *Annales Minorum*; and Leyser, in his *Historia Poetarum et Poëmatum mediæ Ævi*, are unanimous in attributing it to Jacopone.

All the later editors of Pope Innocent's works omit it, and indeed we have not seen any edition which contains it. This circumstance, joined to the testimony of these authors, makes us have very little hesitation in ascribing it to Jacopone.

As a specimen of the style of this author, we insert the *Stabat Mater Speciosa*, with an English translation.

* The writer of the note above alluded to supposes Jacopone da Todi and Jacobus de Tuderto to be two different people, whereas the one is the Latin name, and the other the Italian. He is also commonly known by the name of Jacobus de Benedictis.

STABAT MATER SPECIOSA.

Stabat Mater speciosa, Juxta fœnum gaudiosa, Dum jacebat parvulus.	Joy her tender breast expanding, By the humble manger standing, The fair mother watched her child.
Cujus animam gaudentem, Lætābundam et ferventem, Pertransivit jubilis.	Ardent joy and exultation, Hope and sweetest consolation, Filled her heart with jubilee.
O quam læta et beata, Fuit illa immaculata, Mater unigeniti.	Her's, indeed, was purest gladness, Free from sin and free from sadness, Mother of that only Son!
Quæ gaudebat et ridebat, Exultabat cum videbat, Nati partum inclyti.	Smiles her heartfelt joy confessèd, When she saw her son so blessèd, Born that day the holy one.
Quis est [hic] qui non gauderet, Christi matrem si videret, In tanto solatio.	Breathes there man so void of feeling, Sternly his proud spirit steeling, 'Gainst all gentle sympathy.
Quis non posset collectari, Christi matrem contemplari, Ludentem cum Filio.	Who, without his joy confessing, Could that mother see caressing Christ, her infant progeny.
Pro peccatis suæ gentis, Christum vidit in jumentis, Et agros subditum.	Cattle shared the roof so lowly, Which scarce screened her son so holy, From the winds' inclemency.
Vidit Christum dulcem Natum, Nagientem desolatum, Vili diversorio.	He the crimes of every nation Bore, whom now in adoration Prostrate Magi venerate.
Nato Christo in præsepe, Cœli cives canunt læte, Cum immenso gaudio.	Choirs angelic raise their voices, All the heavenly host rejoices, Jesus' birth to celebrate.
Stabat senes cum puella, Non cum verbo nec loquella, Stupescentes cordibus.	Trembling age and childhood tender, Here alike their minds surrender, Fixed in mute astonishment.
Eia mater fons amoris, Me sentire vim ardoris, Fac ut tecum sentiam.	Sacred fount of love o'erflowing, Grant to me with rapture glowing, Thy blest charity to share.
Fac ut ardeat cor meum, In amando Christum DEUM, Ut sibi complaceam.	Love my breast with ardor thrilling, Make this stubborn spirit willing, Jesus' sacred yoke to bear.

Sancta mater istud agas,
Prove nostro ducas plagas,
Corde fixas valide.

Tui Nati cœlo lapsi,
Jam dignati fœno nasci,
Pœnas mecum divide.

Fac me vere congaudere,
JESULINO cohærere,
Donec ego vixero.

Juxta stramen tecum stare,
Te libenter sociare,
In fœno desidero.

In me sistat ardor tui,
Puerino fac me frui,
Dum sum in exilio.

Hunc ardorem fac communem
Neminem facias immunem,
Ab hoc desiderio.

Virgo virginum preclara,
Mihi jam non sis amara,
Fac me parvum rapere.

Fac ut portem parvum fortem,
Qui nascendo vicit mortem,
Volens vitam tradere.

Fac me tecum sociari,
Nato tuo inebriari,
Stans inter tripudias.

Inflammatu et accensus,
Obstupescit omnis sensus,
Tali de commercio.

Fac me Nato custodiri,
Verbo DEI præmuniri,
Conservari gratia.

Quando corpus morietur,
Fac ut animæ donetur,
Tui Nati visio.

May our hearts, no longer swelling
With stern pride, love's darts repelling,
Yield at length to Charity.

May thy Son from Heaven descending,
To our human weakness bending,
Share his toils and griefs with me.

Let me ne'er be separatèd,
From thy Son. With joy elatèd
By sweet Jesu let me be.

By his couch with thee sojourning,
Ardently my soul is burning,
For thy loved society.

Grant me then my soul's petition,
Of thy Son the blest fruition,
In this world's captivity.

By thy ardour animatèd,
Let no heart with pride inflated,
Seek from love immunity.

Other virgins far transcending,
Virgin, be not thou unbending,
To thy humble suppliant's suit.

Grant me, then, in love to languish,
For thy Son, whose mortal anguish,
Has, by dying, death subdued.

Grant me then, to thee united,
By the love of Christ excited,
Here to sing my jubilee.

Every sense with ardor burning,
Scarce the blissful scene discerning,
Stands in silent extasy.

By thy Son divine befriended,
By the word of God defended,
May my soul his grace possess.

When I quit this mortal prison,
Grant me then to feast my eyes on
Christ thy Son, my Saviour.

Omnes stabulum amantes,
Et pastores vigilantes
Pernoctantes sociant.

Faithful shepherds join their numbers
Round the stable where he slumbers,
There their nightly watch to keep.

Per virtutem nati tui,
Ora ut electi tui
Veniant ad Patriam.

By thy Son's surpassing merit,
Heaven their country to inherit,
Let thy prayers his servants aid.

Laus DEO. Finis.

The copy from which we extracted it is a very old one in the British Museum, printed at Brescia, in the year 1497. It has no title page, but at the end are the following remarks.

“Finiscono le laude de Christo, e de la Vergine Maria, composte in rima per lo beato frate Jacopone, del sacro ordine di frati minori di observantia ad laude e gloria di Jesu Christo e de la Vergine Maria ad utilita dei persone devote quale lezera questo libro. Stampate in la magnifica citta di Bressa per Bernadino de misinti de Pavia, ad instantia de Magistro Angelo britannicho de Pallazolo, citadino de Bressa. di 10 Julio 1497.”*

It seems to have formed part of a larger volume, from the following table of contents at the beginning.

“In questo volume, se contengono queste opere infrascritte :

“Le laude del Beato Frate Jacopon. del sacro Ordin di Frati minori de observantia.

“Le laude del magnifico Leonardo Justinian.

“Le laude del angelico doctor Thomas Aquin.

“Item certe altre dignissime laude.”

There are many other writers of the same period, and of earlier ages, of whom but little is known at the present day, and whose pages abound with much that is both interesting and instructive. We shall, from time to time, introduce some of them to the English reader. For our own part, in turning over the venerable volumes of these ancient writers—these voices of the days that are gone—we find a similar pleasure to that of the antiquary when he stands in the ruined halls which they inhabited, or traces the inscriptions on their mouldering monuments.

F. M. C.

* The edition from which this version of the *Stabat* is taken is rather imperfectly printed, and has various manuscript corrections in the margin. In these cases, we have followed the reading which seemed to us most appropriate.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

A Search made into Matters of Religion. By Francis Walsingham, Deacon of the Protestant Church, before his change to the Catholic. A new Edition. London: Dolman, 1843.

THIS is the first of a series of volumes under the name of the ENGLISH CATHOLIC LIBRARY, being reprints of some extremely scarce and valuable works, from the pens of our earlier and ablest controversialists, and for which we are indebted to the enterprising zeal of Mr. Dolman. The design of the ENGLISH CATHOLIC LIBRARY, is thus stated in the publisher's advertisement.

"When it is recollected that, at the present time, the most unceasing attacks are made upon our holy religion through the medium of the press, and that a society (the Parker) has been formed, which is now in active operation, for the avowed purpose of republishing the writings of FRITH, TINDAL, CRANMER, LATIMER, RIDLEY, JEWELL, RAINOLDS, PARKER, FULKE, FOX, and many other of the English sectaries,—it becomes an imperative duty upon Catholics, to meet these attacks in the most effectual manner, by reproducing the masterly and triumphant replies of SIR THOMAS MORE, BISHOPS FISHER, GARDINER, CARDINAL ALLEN, HARDING, STAPLETON, SANDERS, BRISTOW, PERSONS, WALSHINGHAM and others, written in defence of our holy religion, and most admirably calculated to counteract the evil effects which the dissemination of sectarian writings is likely to produce."

This new edition of the "SEARCH" is reprinted from the second edition, printed in 1615, with no other change than the substitution of the modern orthography, and the correction of mere typographical errors. The addition in the second to the text of the first edition, is printed within brackets, and the omissions in the second edition are reproduced at the foot of the page—by which judicious arrangement, we have the two early editions of 1609 and 1615 entire. The editor also informs us, in his excellent preface, that on almost every point of importance, the author's quotations have been confronted with the writers to whom he appeals, and that the examination has furnished very satisfactory evidence of his habitual carefulness and accuracy.

Of the merits of the work, we are enabled from experience to speak very highly, for it has been our companion for many years; and we think that the Editor has been peculiarly happy in selecting it as the

opening volume of the **ENGLISH CATHOLIC LIBRARY**. We cordially join the learned Editor in

“The expression of a hope that the present work (and those that are to follow it) will revive in the minds of British Catholics, just feelings of veneration and gratitude, towards the great men who fought the great fight of faith, under disadvantages, which we in our present position, can but inadequately estimate, and bequeathed unto after-times such a rich store of saving knowledge; that it will induce our separate brethren to reconsider the grounds of their estrangement from the inheritors of the old faith which these men taught, and for which several of them bled; in fine, that these good books may serve to advance that desirable consummation for which we pray—our all coming into one, and being perfected in the same mind and same understanding.”

The Catholic Keepsake for the Year 1843. London: J. H. Keats.

The idea of this little work, which is published for the benefit of the Asylum of the Good Shepherd, Hammersmith, was, we are informed, only entertained for the first time last October, since which time the greater number of the articles were prepared. Yet, short as the time was for its preparation, it contains several articles of considerable merit, and we shall be happy to find that the encouragement it shall meet with, may induce the Editor to fulfil his intention, not only of continuing, but of enlarging the work.

After an interesting preface, embodying a short account of the establishment of the Asylum of the Good Shepherd, the “Keepsake” opens with a well-told tale, titled “The Outcast,” the idea of which was principally suggested to the writer, in the first instance, by Herbert’s excellent picture of “The Outcast,” exhibited last summer in the British Institution, and partly also by Stonhouse’s picture of “The Contrast” in the same exhibition. The tale is, we are told, not the history of any particular individual, but a succession of incidents thrown together, most of which occurred to different persons at various times, among the unfortunate class whose cause it is the object of the publication to advocate. For the details of the story, we must refer to the work itself: it will amply repay perusal, and as the narrative is founded upon facts, it cannot fail to make a deep impression upon the reader, and induce him to lend a helping hand, according to his means, towards the support of an Institution which opens its charitable doors for the reception of the forlorn and rejected “Outcast.” It is unnecessary to particularize the articles which follow: they are Catholic in their tone and spirit, and may be read with pleasure. We therefore cordially recommend the “Catholic Keepsake” to our readers.

We have received Bishop Gillis' account of the proceedings of the Gild of St. Joseph, at Edinburgh, with an appendix of various papers. This is a volume replete with the most interesting information, particularly the appendix, in that part which treats of benefit societies.

Bishop Gillis appears to us to have made a very important discovery of the erroneous principle on which some of the benefit societies have been founded. The truth of his calculations is evident to us, from some cases which have recently come under our own personal observation. The discovery of these errors cannot fail to be of the greatest importance, inasmuch, as it will prevent the recurrence of the following evil, of which we regret to say, too many instances may be found, viz.—That honourably-minded men of the labouring classes have been reduced, however reluctant, to the necessity of receiving parish relief, owing to the failure of benefit societies, to the funds of which they had contributed regularly during the whole period of a vigorous life; a contribution made perhaps at the expense of many privations, but at the same time in the confident assurance of thus securing to themselves the object of their highest ambition—an independent support during sickness and old age. And this not owing to any want of honour or honesty, on the part of those who framed or conducted these societies, but solely to their being constructed on an erroneous basis. And in these cases they seldom discover their error, till they have gone on prosperously for many years, when they find themselves in the condition of the prodigal, who, having borrowed money, spends it with profusion, forgetful of his obligation to repay it. The benevolent and judicious exertions of this venerated prelate, to ameliorate the spiritual and temporal condition of the people, are above all praise. His name will well deserve to be recorded among those who, as the poet says,

“*Sui memores alios fecere merendo.*”

We had prepared a more lengthened notice of this work, but being desirous of obtaining some practical opinions on the subject, we postpone it until next month.

Among the works which we have observed are shortly to be published, is the *Monasticon Scoticanum*, by W. B. B. D. Turnbull, Esq. It is a matter of great surprise to us, that in a country like Scotland, which once possessed so many splendid monasteries, and which has so many memorials of this happy state of society, there should have been no work of this kind. This may, perhaps, have been owing to the

bigoted prejudice against anything Catholic (or Popish, as it was called) which we hope is now becoming obsolete, and giving place to a purer taste and more correct feeling. We wish Mr. Turnbull every success in his undertaking, and confidently recommend his work to our readers.

We have received from M. de St. Priest a prospectus of the *Encyclopædia of the Nineteenth Century*,—a universal compendium of science, literature, and art, with biography of celebrated men. From the specimens which we have seen of this work, and from the known character of its projectors, we can with confidence introduce it to the notice of our Catholic countrymen. The “*Encyclopædia of the Nineteenth Century*” will possess advantages which are not to be found in any other. In the department of biography, the encyclopædias of the present day are very defective, particularly on the subjects which are most interesting to Catholics. It has many times happened to us that we have been unable to find any account of some illustrious writer of the early Church; while in turning over the pages of encyclopædias, we continually find much space devoted to the account of some obscure Protestant divine, whose history elsewhere is already involved in the obscurity it deserves. It is also no small annoyance, to say the least, to find the most indifferent articles converted into pegs on which to hang sly sneers and would-be witty jibes about Popish ignorance and superstition, dark ages, &c. &c. We could forgive this, did we not frequently also find gross misstatements of facts relating to religious matters, which are calculated seriously to mislead the public. We would not be understood in these remarks to point at any particular work. They will apply, more or less, to most of those in use, and will show the advantage of having one compiled by Catholics. The general diffusion of the French language will render this work nearly as useful to us, as if it were written in our own. We must not omit to mention what is no doubt a very important consideration also,—viz. that the price for the fifty-two volumes is very moderate.

The Catholic Magazine.

THE MONTH OF MARY.

“OH, MARY, CONCEIVED WITHOUT SIN, PRAY FOR ME, WHO HAVE RECOURSE
TO YOU.”

IT was a fine evening in the month of May, and after wandering long among the tombs of Père la Chaise, I was about to depart from thence, when a murmur of voices fell on my ear, and turning round I beheld a sight which never shall, which never can be, obliterated from my memory. It was a funeral procession—but one which told less of death than of life everlasting, less of grief, than of gladness, that a pure spirit had been removed from the contagion of earth to joy in the purity of its heavenly sisters. Beside the coffin walked a pair of mourners whose looks of misery told their tale; they were the parents of the departed, perhaps they had lost their only child, the joy of their younger days, the hope and staff of their approaching age. Neither of them were old; the creature over whom they wept could have barely passed the first years of childhood; and the hat-bands of the mourners, and the pall that covered the coffin, were of the spotless hue that denotes the virgin.

The coffin was preceded by a troop of young girls all clad in white, and bearing wreathes of white roses in their hands. Their eyes were cast modestly down, and amid looks of deep recollection and prayer, I thought I could trace on many a fair young brow a mingled expression of sadness for the loss of a friend, and of most sweet assurance of her present bliss. I knew at once that this young troop of mourners belonged to the Society of the Month of Mary, and that they were about to consign a companion of their pious association to an early grave.

The Month of Mary has always appeared to me one of the most beautiful, as it certainly is one of the most poetical, of the devotions of the Catholic Church. By this holy practice, the month of May, the fairest of the months of Spring, is dedicated to Mary, who was the first and fairest among the daughters of men, and whose days beamed upon this unhappy world like a beautiful Spring, making it fair by her virtues and bright by the promise of that spiritual summer which was to visit its children in the person of her Son.

But I must return to Père la Chaise. The pure child of this most pure devotion, was consigned to earth ; her sisters in piety and love had knelt round her grave, mingling their prayers with tears, half of sorrow for her death, half of sympathy in her present bliss ; then each flung her white garland on it, until it became a trophy of white blossoms, and so they all departed in prayer and religious resignation. The bereaved parents alone remained on the spot where their all of earthly joy was buried. Long and fervently that mother prayed ! Now she cast her eyes to Heaven, as if there she could trace the flight of her child to bliss ! And now she cast them to the earth, as nature would have its way, and her heart was wrung with sad thoughts of the coffin and the worm, and all that makes death horrible to the mind of man. What a contrast those mourners made, each weeping over an object apparently equally dear to both. It was religion and its absence—frenzied sorrow, and silent resignation—the madness of proud despair and the tranquillity of humble hope. The mother's heart was torn with anguish, but supported by an innate sense of religion, which whispered sweet thoughts of the happiness of her child, and hopes of a future union with her. But the father, his face was of despair, earthly despair—the despair of having lost one most dear, without the chance of ever beholding her again. For him there was no hope in GOD, no belief in the immortality of the soul, —annihilation was written on his brow ; and too surely did he seem to think, that all yet remaining of the bright child of his household was mingling for ever in the dust at his feet. The Cross was before him, and he turned not to it for consolation or for prayer : Heaven was above him ; he raised not his wistful glances thither : but with the strong grasp of despair he clutched some fading flowers from the grave, and gazed upon it with a fixed and downward look, as if he still sought to pierce through its awful gloom, and there, and there alone, had thought or hoped to behold his child. For this man religion existed not, and GOD Himself was as nothing in his eyes. The thought made me shudder and I turned aside. A slight shriek woke me from my reverie ; I turned again, I beheld him with frantic eagerness trying to tear aside the earth that veiled his child from his sight. The woman had been roused by this action of madness, and with tears entreated him to desist from his purpose. He heeded her not, and was actually making some progress in his mad design, when she saw me and besought me to assist in calming him. I did what I could : it would have been idle to talk to this man of religion, or of its consolations, but I kept my eye upon him, and talked for a long time, quietly endeavouring to lead his mind from

the subject that engrossed it ; and when he seemed calmer, I advised him to retire, adding that he could return later, when there would be fewer spectators of his sorrow.

"Yes, yes !" sobbed the poor woman. "In the calm evening, dear Pierre ; that was the hour our Marie loved."

These words seemed to strike him ; he rose, and suffered us, for he was utterly exhausted by the violence of his grief, to lead him to his home. Once there, he retired to an inner chamber ; his wife would have followed him, but I advised her to suffer his solitary indulgence of his sorrow. She complied, and gently thanked me for my kindness.

"But for your kindness," she said, in a tone of deep feeling, "he would have succeeded in——" The idea was too horrible, and she broke off suddenly.—"Oh, Marie ! Marie !" she sobbed, in an under tone. "Ah, Madam ! did you know the creature we have lost, you would not wonder at his sorrow—nor at his despair," she added, after a moment's pause, "for he is an infidel, without religion—without a God. He does not believe he has a soul, or that we shall ever behold our child again."

The poor woman looked upon me now as a friend—as a benefactor who had saved the remains of her child from profanation ; and, by degrees, she told me the little history of her Marie. I cannot give it better than in her own words, as I heard it partly then, and partly at different visits I paid her afterwards.

"I have told you," she began, "that my husband is an infidel ; he is also a man of most violent temper. His conversation is enough to contaminate the strongest Christian ; you may believe it might destroy the right principles of a child. My poor Marie ! My life was passed in seeking to efface the impressions which her soul received, and to undo the harm that bad example and profane conversations were perpetually doing. For a time I hoped I had succeeded ; but it pleased God to visit me with sickness which confined me to my bed for years. When I rose from it, I no longer recognized my child ; the evil doctrine had entered her soul, it had taken root, and flourished there. Shall I ever forget the anguish of my heart, when first from the lips of my child I heard the blasphemous doctrines she had learned from her father ? It was, indeed, too true. While I was helpless on the bed of pain, that father, who should have shielded his child from the very shadow of sin, had instilled into her's the poisonous creed of his own unhappy soul. She laughed in scorn at the name of God, scoffed at religion, mocked at the priests, and

never went to church, excepting to meet the gay companions of her folly. She was now surrounded by people well calculated to allure her into vice ; she was beautiful, and endowed with a genius, which, if trained in a right direction, had been the pride and glory of her mother ; but, perverted as it was, I declare to you I would have gladly renounced it to behold her a gibbering idiot at my feet, so that with the change, had come the unstained innocence of an idiot soul. Marie had now attained her fourteenth year ; in vain I raised my warning voice. I was a bigot in the eyes of my child, and at last I became passive, content to implore the Mother of God, to whom I had devoted Marie at her birth, that the sins of the father might not be visited on the head of the child. My prayer was in mercy heard, and gladly do I pass over her youthful errors, to tell you of her prompt repentance and heroic virtues. She conceived a strong desire to go on the stage ; this awoke her father from his dream of security. Both were of vehement temper, and I will not describe the scenes that followed. While this contest was at its height, we went to a village fête ; it was the first of May, and with the exception of my child, all the girls of the fête belonged to the Association of the Month of Mary. They had been to Communion that morning, and they came to the fête full of innocent and religious joy. Their Lord was reposing in their hearts ;—alas ! the passions of this world were in the breast of my child : the contrast wrung my soul with anguish. They looked like the brides of Heaven, in their white robes, and whiter wreaths ; a little picture of their heavenly mother hung round their necks. Marie, alone, was in the garb of the worldling, was divested of her spotless robe, and, far worse, her baptismal innocence was no longer on her soul. She herself perceived and felt the difference ; I saw it in her face that she did. Her companions gathered round her, and sportively besought her to join their society. She hesitated ; I felt as if her salvation depended on her answer. (Oh, Mother ! how I besought your aid in that hour !) A sense of guilt seemed to steal over her soul, and something she muttered about being unworthy. They over-ruled her objections, and made a circle round her. One of them took off her own wreath and picture ; they knelt, and recited the prayer of the Association. Marie, at first, remained standing, then she hid her face in her hands, and before the prayer was concluded, she had sank on her knees. Thus she received the wreath and picture ; I had not seen her in that attitude since the days of her childhood.

“ I know not what she thought, or what she felt, but I can imagine ;

for she suddenly started from her knees, and rushed through the smiling sympathising crowd. Finding, after some time, that she came back no more, I also retired home; and opening the door of her little chamber, beheld her prostrate on her knees; the wreath and picture were placed before her, and the poor child was weeping bitterly. I would have retired, but she heard me, and springing up, she first flung herself into my arms, and then fell prostrate at my feet, imploring my pardon for the past sins of her life. From that hour she was an altered being; the books of poetry and of song, the pictures of actors, and of worldly heroes, by which she had loved to decorate her room, were there no longer; and pious books, and pious pictures, usurped their place. A crucifix was against the wall, and beneath it the withered garland ever retained its place. The picture she always wore upon her bosom. Both have been buried with her. In all ways she sought to repair the past scandal of her life. She publicly implored pardon of her young companions for the example she had given. She would ever walk last in processions as the most unworthy; the first and the last she was ever in the Church; her whole life was divided between prayer and good works. She instructed the ignorant, attended the sick, and more than one poor wretch has owned in his dying hour, that, under God, he owed his hopes of salvation to her charity and zeal. This sudden change of life, at first astonished her father, and then made him furious. He thought she intended to enter a convent, and he was furious at the idea. He overwhelmed her with abuse, with curses, aye, and often, very often, with blows, likewise. She bore all in patience; she who could never before endure an impatient word, now sat like an angel smiling through her tears. And when the storm was over, and his passion had exhausted itself into silence, she would steal to his side and kiss the hand that had been raised against her, and implore his pardon for having given him offence. Her devotion to the Mother of God was wonderful. Her face would brighten at the very name of Mary, and she would often speak to her young friends of her Heavenly Mother with a fervour and holy joy, that failed not to draw from every eye those tears the very mention of that sweet name could bring into her own. Most of all, she wished to die in that fair month which is devoted to Mary,—and her wish was in mercy granted. For months I perceived a change in her appearance, which made me tremble lest I should lose my child at the very moment she became worthy of my love. Consumption took possession of her delicate frame; her colour became deeper and more lovely; her eyes seemed to grow larger and more brilliant; the blue veins of her fore-

head were more distinctly visible through the transparent brilliancy of her skin. She wasted away, withering like a flower that fades in the sun ; and last week she died. Oh ! had you seen, as I did, the expression of that angel face, when, for the last time, she placed the Cross to her lips, the withered wreath to her beating heart ; had you seen the bright smile with which she gave her soul to her Creator, you would have believed, as firmly as I do, that it winged its way straight to the habitation of the blessed. Before she died she made a moving exhortation to her father : I trust it will take effect at a future time, at present he is in despair."

The sound of a footstep in the next room made her pause in her story, she opened the door, but her husband was no longer there ; terror was depicted on the poor woman's face.

"He is not here," she cried, "he will go mad on her grave. Oh ! if ever you hope for the mercies of God, come with me and seek him there."

We hurried to the cemetery ; the sun was just setting, and the last rays of its glory were shining on the grave. The wretched father was on his knees, prostrate among heaps of withering flowers. At that instant a swell of music floated on the air, and the young girls of the Month of Mary, dressed in white, and singing a hymn to the Mother of God, approached the grave, scattering fresh white flowers upon it. We fell upon our knees ; the father also appeared to listen. He raised his head ; the soft sounds seemed to soothe him, and recall his scattered senses. Gradually his tears began to flow, and he turned towards the Cross on the grave. The wife saw it, she rushed through the crowd, and tearing the Cross from her bosom, cried out, with frantic eagerness—

"Oh, Pierre ! I knew it would be so. You believe that our child is happy ; you believe in the God who died on this Cross !"

The man sprang from his knees and stared wildly around him. For a moment, doubt, pride, and shame appeared to shake his soul ; then truth and religion triumphed : he caught the Cross, and falling on his knees, he kissed it most devoutly.

"I knew it, I knew it !" cried the wife, flinging her arms tightly round him, "and the prayer of our child is heard already."

The man made no reply, his head sank upon her shoulder, and he burst into a flood of hysterical tears, such as I had never before seen from the eyes of a man. With true natural good feeling, the crowd dispersed ; none remaining with us but the Curé, who had accidentally

been passing by, and remained to give what assistance was in his power. He spoke long, and seriously, with the man, and Pierre submissively promised all the good priest demanded of him; and we left the couple, broken-hearted, yet happy, by the grave of their child.

"And will a conversion, so sudden, be also lasting?" I asked of the good priest, as we left the cemetery.

"Few conversions are really sudden, though, I admit, there have been wonderful instances of the kind. But this one is not sudden. Atheists seldom really succeed in believing their own doctrine, though pride induces them to call it such. There is almost always an innate conviction of its folly: infidelity is, in some, the pride of philosophy,—in others, the cowardice of guilt. Some fancy atheism the proof of a mind soaring above the superstitions of the vulgar, but many more seek to disbelieve, only because they are afraid to believe. Eternity and a just Judge are fearful things to those, who act as if such things were not. But the opinions of this poor Pierre must have long been changing. The conversion of his child, and her happy death, cannot have failed in making an impression, not seen or felt at once, but gradually leading him to reflection and (which is the same thing) to conviction;—for who ever seriously reflected and remained obstinate in unbelief? All his hopes are now directed to meeting his child in heaven; and he will never relapse into infidelity while he believes that she is an Angel there!"

Here we parted, as our roads lay in different directions; and I returned home weaving sweet fancies on the name of Mary.

How sweet, I thought, is the name of Mary! How well does Saint Bernard speak our thoughts, when he says, "Oh, Mary! you cannot be named without inflaming the heart of him, who pronounces your name and loves you." Why is this name ever given to common mortals? It should rather be enshrined in every heart,—it should never be named but with a feeling of reverence,—it should never be heard but with an interior motion of respect and love for her who bore it once, and who has thus made it a name holy to every Christian's ear. How venerable is the name of Mary,—how full of fragrance and of beauty! Truly it is an inspiration to all pious thoughts, sweet as the odours of the cedars of Lebanon, fair as the lily, lovely as the rose, meek and gentle as the lowly violet, bright as the stars that encircle her brow. All virtues, and all memories of virtues, are entwined around it. Chastity, poverty, humility, obedience, charity,—these are the bright attributes of Mary, and these are the memories that encircle her name.

The name of Mary has also a mystic signification—meaning, ‘Star of the Sea.’ She was indeed the Sea-star, the star of hope, which rose over the troubled waters of bitterness and crime, and soothed their billows to a sudden calm.

All the nations of the earth were pagans, and the bright days of the religion of Juda had vanished for ever. The days of the patriarchs, of the judges, of the kings, of the prophets, had passed away. The glory was about to depart from Jerusalem, the sceptre of her power had already been wrested from the princes of her people. The Roman cohorts were in her streets, the Roman eagles flew over her towers, a Roman delegate was on her throne, and Roman power controlled her councils. The forms of religion were still preserved; but the spirit—the spirit was there no longer. The priests still lay prostrate before the holy of holies, the temples still echoed to Jehovah’s name, but the heart slept on in cold indifference; the body was bent in prayer, but the spirit was bowed yet lower, and grovelled in the very dust in the sordid interests of human nature debased and fallen. Such was the world when Mary came,—the morning star which was to usher in the true sun of the spiritual world. As the storm-beaten mariners of ancient days hailed, with shouts of delight, the rising of that star which was their only guide over the waste of waters, so may we hail the name of Mary, as the true beacon to our haven of safety at the foot of the Cross. Oh! let it sink deeply into our souls! let it linger in our hearts, and about our lips! let us call upon it when we rejoice, as when we mourn—in the sunshine of security as in the gloom of distress and danger. It will be to us as most sweet refreshment in the hour of need, as a light in the darkness of this world, as a certain assurance of safety and rest, as a shield around our hearts, and an armour of proof against the attacks of our foe. We will think on Mary! and the virtues amid which that name is enshrined, will crowd to our memories and perhaps bloom in our hearts. We will speak of Mary, and the devil shall fly from before our footsteps. We will pray to Mary, and our prayer shall be heard at the throne of her Son! She, on earth, denied him nothing,—neither, in Heaven, will he refuse her aught. On earth, He called her ‘Mother,’—his head was pillowed on that sinless-heart, his nourishment was derived from that most sinless breast. Will he deny the wish of that heart—the sighs of that bosom? Her tears often fell upon his infant brow, her lips were often pressed upon his infant cheek. Will he refuse the prayer of those lips?—Those lips which belonged to her, who shared in all his thoughts, and wept

with more than a mother's love over all his woes. Where is the child who would refuse aught to his parent? Where the son would deny aught to his mother? And Father of Heaven! That mother, Mary, —that Son, the Saviour of the world.

Feast of St. Scholastica.

M. C. A.

A CARDINAL OF 1559.

WE are about to offer to our readers a page from the chronicles of other times, before the scourge of irreligion had been laid upon France; for, though the period of the accession of Francis II already bore signs of the evil that was hereafter to be worked out so fearfully, the Gallican Church still preserved her authority, undisputed by the people of the land. The incident we relate, was then no strange tale.

In September, 1559, a young prelate was leisurely travelling towards the city of Vendôme. The Cardinal Antoine de Crègny, of whom we speak, was young, and of one of the noblest families of the Vieille Souche. He rode on a white mule with scarlet housings, faced with silver, being clothed himself in an ample cope, which, fringed with violet, quite covered the croup of his mule. He wore his large red hat with its two falling cordelini, each composed of twenty-four purple glands; this number of glands marked the wearer as Patriarch, Metropolitan, and Cardinal. His Eminence was, in fact, a Cardinal Legate à Latere, and was on his route from Amiens to Nantea. He held with his patriarchate, a Syrian archbishopric, and also five bishoprics, a plurality then too frequently found among those prelates who possessed great family interest. The Cross-bearer of the Cardinal preceded him; his exorcist, physician, and a hundred archers, bearing his cognizance, followed. The party advanced at the slow trot of their mules; did a storm overtake them, all took shelter in the nearest church. The repasts were taken in convents, and by preference in those of the Benedictines; but the Cardinal never remained beyond twenty-six hours with his hosts, nor suffered any of his train further to encroach on their hospitality. If it rained next morning, *tant pis* for the Cardinal and those who accompanied him. As they entered Vendôme, they

found crowded streets, and the people, hurrying on towards the principal square, were talking eagerly to those they met, with faces full of expectation, only dimmed by the fear of being too late, that constant tax paid by sight-hunters. With some delay, the Cardinal reached the Grande Place of the city, and stopped at the threshold of the Church of the HOLY TRINITY, of which his Eminence was Abbé Commandataire. Numbers of persons were assembled before the church, and filled the square, save where a newly erected scaffold occupied the ground.

There you might have seen the *bon gros bourgeois*, mottled-faced, and motley-glad in doubtlets of medley coloured calimanco; while their dames shone out in flaming surcoats of red Amboise cloth, and the daughters were generally headed à la Béguine. A great fair was that day held in Vendôme, and from all the country round the people had gathered together, to buy, to sell, to see, and to be seen. Poor vine-dressers were side by side with rich farmers; while bailiffs, itinerant story-tellers, the bandit-like mercenaries of the Count of Vendôme, with here and there a spruce page, wearing his lady's colours; beggars, both lame, and blind; and not least in importance, the grave-digger of the Abbey, expecting to be called into service on behalf of the victim of the scaffold; all were there, and all were waiting: nor were barking curs, and squeaking 'pigs, absent from that strange assembly. The Place of Vendôme was then, as now, surrounded by high-roofed buildings, projecting window lights, and many grotesque adornments. On one side stood the Abbey, with its ever-open porch, covered with many Saints in rich relief. The delicate carvings of many parts, called to mind that of the far-famed shrine of St. Bienheureux, or of the Sacred Tear. Near the church, was a tower finely relieved by heraldic sculpture, five hundred feet high. Higher still, and more distant, the noble mountain of Vendôme appeared, with its rocky points, its hanging masses of wood, and crowned by a huge, and scarcely accessible, castle of great strength.

The Cardinal, seeing a scaffold surrounded by the Count's officers, inquired the cause. The people, instantly that they saw the cross-bearer, crowded round, calling out to the Cardinal, that a gentleman of that country had been condemned to death by the Count of Vendôme, and that he was to be carried to the church porch, there to make his "amende honorable." The Cardinal instantly left his mule and ascended the scaffold, which was of no great elevation. His Eminence had taken no food for twenty-four hours; notwithstanding, he installed himself on that scaffold, without being even asked to do it, in order that

he might exhort and absolve an utter stranger *in articulo mortis*. The prisoner was conducted to the scaffold by the men-at-arms of the Count of Vendôme, Louis de Bourbon de la Marche, and they were all amazed to see the double cross of the Cardinal, and a hundred of his archers surrounding the scaffold, on which was seated a Prince of the Church in his red hat, and with a cushion beneath his feet.

"Most reverend Cardinal," said the condemned,—a youth of good and resolute countenance,—“I thank the great God, the Soul and Master of both you and me, that your Paternity should now be present here to receive my sacramental confession, for that the Count of Vendôme has abused his power over me, in commanding his almoners and chaplains not to approach me in this my hour of need,—an act as detestable and profanatory as unheard of in Christendom, and this the Count well knows. He would make me plead guilty, and not me alone; but I will force my lips to silence, and will shew honour on the scaffold. There is no one grain of truth in the odious charges he has forced his officers to bring against me. But God shall hereafter judge that proud Count and his victim. I protest,” he continued, raising his hand towards the Abbey, “I protest, in the face of the MOST HOLY TRINITY, that I am guiltless of this crime; and, for the amende honorable, I make it not. Now, therefore, most reverend Father in God, incline your ear to me, and bless me who am about to die, I adjure you, and pray you, in all humility.” Yet he hesitated to kneel down. “It is that I am a chevalier of equestrian race,” he said, at length, looking at the bearded slave of the scaffold with an air of subdued irresolution.

“True,” said the executioner.

“He says true; yes, yes,” was echoed by the listening crowd below; and the Cardinal seeing the collar of the order of Anjou worn by the chevalier, caused him to kneel on the train of his cope, by way of carpet. After the sacramental confession, and the absolution given, the lookers-on watched a whispered dialogue take place between the confessor and his penitent, wherein the latter showed a passionate earnestness of gesture and mien, very unlike the utter humility of the penitential posture he had just quitted. They could see by his gestures of affirmation, that he was strictly questioned by the Cardinal, whose countenance remained motionless. At length, his Eminence arose, and the crowd threw themselves prostrate for his benediction. “BENEDICAT VOS OMNIPOTENS DEUS, PATER ✠, ET FILIUS ✠, ET SPIRITUS SANCTUS ✠, Amen. Bourgeois and Manants of Vendôme, and all you good people of this land, after having invoked the help, and the enlightening

of Him who disposeth the hearts of the strong to compassion, and who directeth the weak in the ways of submission ; of Him who planteth the cedar in inaccessible places, and scatters with flowers the face of the solitary valleys ; of him who governs the lion and the lamb, the superb eaglet, and the unfledged dove. We, Antoine de Crègny, Cardinal Priest of the Roman Church, tituli Beatæ Mariæ supra Minerva, et cætera et cæterorum, do declare unto you, and do swear on the most Holy Gospels of God, here by our hands touched, that it is by fortuitous occasion, and by an unforeseen occurrence, *sine provisione, nec non voluntate nostra*, that we have found ourselves arrived in this town and comitate city of Vendôme, at the place and instant of such execution to be done on this present chevalier Messire Bienheureù de Musset, whom we have resolved to discharge and fully to grace, deliver, and entirely liberate from this said capital execution. Declaring fully to you (and more for some of you not lettered in the laws and good customs of the pays, if such there be among you), that these our commandments, declarations, and significations, are made in behalf of our rights and privileges of a Cardinal of the holy Roman Church, by reason that it belongs to us, following the ancient and present use of this most Christian kingdom of France, and more especially, we say, in the fief and lordship of a great feudatory of the king (eldest son of holy Church) of the Ct. of Vendôme, issued of the stock and blood royal. To these ends, we give you this to wit, by your officers here seeing us and hearing us, Messire Louis de Bourbon, Comte de la Marche, de Vendôme, et de Castres, bidding you, noble sir, and mighty lord, humble the pride of your eyes from the height of your strong towers, even unto us ; hear the obsecrations of your people, incline your ear to our apostolic voice. Your mountain and castle of St. George was, heretofore, a Thabor for devotion, a Parnassus of the muses ; make it, then, no longer a Lybia for solitude, a Caucasus of afflictions ! And you, bourgeois de Vendôme, return in peace to your houses, and there implore the God of all consolation to the end that He deign to grant to you, and to us, in His benignity, the fulness of His mercy." And all the people said, " Amen, Amen !"

The Crègny archers then formed a line from the scaffold to the abbey porch, where the liberated victim was introduced by the side of the cardinal, and the people afterwards dispersed, crying aloud, " Noël Noël !" while the count's men-at-arms hastened up the steep paths leading to the fortress, to inform their lord of the noble fearlessness of the young prelate.

Bienheureux de Musset accompanied his liberator to Nantes : a year or two after this event, he was married to a daughter of the house of Illiers, and their posterity continues, to this day, in the Vendômois. It is remarkable, says the representative of the cardinal, by whom this anecdote is related, that so firmly had the Chevalier de Musset implanted the seed of gratitude in the hearts of his children, that none of their descendants ever forgot their obligation to the name of Crègny, and at the end of two hundred and sixty years, the exchange of great services and good offices still continued. "The proofs," says the narrator, "might be counted, a hundred in a generation, without break or lukewarmness, without relaxation or fatigue." The Count de Vendôme, greatly incensed, applied to the law for revenge, and his suit against the cardinal ended only by means of the marriage of his grand-niece, Anne de Bourbon Vendôme, with Claudian de Crègny, sire de Heymont. It is believed that Claude Boursier was the last cardinal who attempted to use this ancient privilege of France, which was never welcome to the king or parliament. This cardinal was not able to make good his claim, as he could not make oath that it was *by chance* that he had reached the corner of the street, in Paris, called Aux Ours, at the moment when a robber, who had been condemned to be hanged, passed to execution.

A picture, painted at the time to commemorate the event we have related, still continued in the possession of Madame la Marquise de Crègny, at the period of the reign of Napoleon.

Feast of St. Cuthbert, C.P.

M. M.

THE FOUR ANTIPHONS TO THE B. VIRGIN MARY.

SUNG AFTER THE DIVINE OFFICE.

[We are indebted to one of the most gifted of our venerated clergy, for three out of the following anthems. To complete the number, we have added a new version of the fourth (the third in succession); that, namely, sung during the holy rejoicing of the Paschal season. As there is more than meets the eye, and which the heart can alone discern, in this simple composition, the Church in her wisdom, properly speaking, presents us with only one idea, for our meditation at that time, but it is a vast and comprehensive one,—that, namely, of the glorious Mystery of our Lord's resurrection, and the consequent influence of His holy Mother's intercession in our behalf, that necessarily flows therefrom in the glorified state. Hence, as the REGINA CÆLI LÆTARE cannot, or rather ought not, to be paraphrased, the version is given in our rugged language as nearly as possible in measure and sentiment after the original; but the reader is begged to be mindful of this as an apology for its lameness, when compared with the flowing versions of the learned divine, among which it appears.]

Feast of the Seven Sorrows of the B. V. Mary, 1843.

ALMA REDEMPTORIS MATER.

MOTHER OF CHRIST, on thee we call!

Portal of Heaven, Star of the main,
Guide thou our footsteps, lest we fall,
And aid the fall'n to rise again.

All nature stood aghast to see,
O mystery ineffable!
Thy Lord and Maker, born of Thee,
To save lost man from sin and hell.

MOTHER and MAID, we bid thee hail,
The hail that came from Gabriel's tongue,
Soothe then, sweet Queen, the sinner's wail,
And reconcile him with thy Son.

AVE REGINA CÆLORUM.

HAIL! QUEEN OF HEAVEN, around whose throne,
 Angels and Archangels bend,
 Mother of HIM, whom mortals own,
 True light of light, God without end ;
 Hail! purest Virgin, crowned with grace,
 Beautiful beyond compare,
 Pity man's frail and erring race,
 And for the suppliant pour thy prayer.

REGINA CÆLI LÆTARE.

Rejoice! rejoice! O QUEEN OF HEAVEN!
 Alleluia!
 For Christ, thy SON, from death's dark prison,
 Alleluia!
 As HE foretold, this day hath risen!
 Alleluia!
 Oh, Pray to GOD that we may be forgiven!
 Alleluia!

SALVE REGINA.

HAIL! HEAVENLY QUEEN! Mother of Pity, Hail!
 Hail! Thou, our life, our hope, our solace, hail!
 Children of Eve! Exiles from Heaven!
 To Thee, blessed Advocate, we cry ;
 And from this vale of sin and woe,
 To Thee, our second mother, sigh.
 With eyes of pity, watch our steps,
 The while we tread this earth upon,
 And when our exile 's o'er, present
 Thy votive children to thy SON.
 MARY, benign and spotless Maid!
 Sweet Patroness, lend us thine aid!

SELECT FRAGMENTS FROM THE HOLY FATHERS OF THE EASTERN CHURCH.—No. III.

ST. JUSTIN, MARTYR.

THE character of that phase in the History of the Church, which the second century presents, seems to have this distinguishing mark, that Christianity then rose into a *science*, from having in its primitive and less systematised form, partaken more exclusively of those elements belonging to what may be called the disembodied state of religion; it was the transition from the spiritual to the intellectual (or, we should rather say, the blending of the latter with the former), when the reasoning faculties began to be more immediately addressed; whereas, formerly, the conscience and the heart were appealed to rather than these. In this, the history of Christianity has been like that of philosophical systems, which, as they have progressed, have been clothed in more distinct forms; and thus the *symbolic* principle may be considered as taking its rise in the Church at this period, naturally brought out by the change in her position, internal distractions, and the assaults of external foes; to repel which, her champions found the necessity of meeting the assailants with their own weapons,—dialectics and argument supported on evidence. The Pagan philosophers and poets were now carefully studied by the theologian, and some of their most valuable *résumés* of their teaching on morals and religion, are given by the Fathers of the second and third centuries, in the object of convincing their antagonists that whatever was really true, and profound, and pure, in the precepts and theories of these writers, belonged to Christianity, and in its recognition by heathens, a testimony to revealed truth was given, which their own principles obliged them to admit.

The *soul* of Christian truth originating in the Divine Fountain, the truth and the life, were transmitted through the Apostles, and exhibited to mankind in all its grandeur and loveliness, through their means; the fathers may be said to have given her a *body*, and determined the adjustment of her parts into a symmetrical frame-work; and may we not see in this disposal a peculiar manifestation of the divine care over the Church? may we not argue the intention of strongly arousing the human mind to exert itself in the analysis, investigation, and collation of the various aspects and ramifications of truth, by presenting it first in its nucleus, that its full apprehension might sink into the inmost being, penetrating all its recesses, more effectually, and more permanently, than if its substance could have been appropriated by a single act of the mind,

and the enquirer allowed to feel that after the first initiative step, nothing else was left for him to strive for? In one aspect, we may consider revelation a sublime suggestion; an intimation of divine realities, too vast for man's nature to bear in their unveiled fulness—which, if he is permitted to gaze on, it can only be “darkly as through a glass”—and that in his education for immortality he is treated like the blind restored to sight, whose eyes are gradually prepared to meet the glory of sunshine, by the admission of its rays partially, and through a softening mediocrity.

These remarks naturally suggest themselves on a review of the life and writings of St. Justin, in whom we have the earliest instance of a mind trained in the schools of Gentile Philosophy, embracing Christianity and entering into the investigation and defence of its principles as a Philosophy. His works deserve the most careful study; and the valuable, and highly satisfying conclusion they lead us to is, that Revelation, studied in its primitive elements, before authoritative decisions had given it the more positive form of expression in creeds, and canons, leads the earnest and profound inquirer to those very deductions and elucidations of the essentials in its doctrines, which the sanction of the Church, its synodical decrees and symbols, at a later period sent forth to the world as the alone divinely authorized interpretation; that, in short, the faith embodied in the creed of the Nicene Council, is that development of Revelation which a reasoning and philosophic mind would have arrived at if left to its unassisted research into the records, whether written or orally preserved, of apostolic teaching. The inference that may be drawn, as the moral of a history such as St. Justin's, is, that a mind of high capacities, and earnest in its devotion to the true, entering upon the search after perfection in theory and morals, must naturally be led to Christianity, under the most adverse circumstances it may be, (and in the absence of any outward attractiveness, any claims to respect from antiquity, or the association of great names, which to a Heathen must have constituted the repulsive features of Christianity in the second century), and that the conviction of such a mind will, as inevitably, issue in Catholicism, as the only full developement of Christianity. We find, accordingly, in St. Justin's works, the evidences of a *Catholic* belief, in the highest sense of the term; we find it in the comprehensiveness of his faith, embracing and appropriating every part of the consummate whole, without (as is almost the invariable error of sectarianism), sacrificing one *set* of revealed principles to another, from the narrowness of the intellectual vision, and reconciling that which appears

contradictory only to the superficial glance ; we find it in the capabilities of his faith, the profound simplicity in believing, which when once satisfied that the voice it listened to is the voice of the Most High, speaking through his delegated servants, attends to obey its injunctions in the spirit that answered from the Child of the Temple—" Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." Nothing is inadmissible from its mysteriousness to his convictions—nothing but that which compromises the *beneficent* attributes of Deity ; there, and only *there*, his faith recoils from the threshold of superstition, and his heart, purified by the love and apprehension of the Infinite, forbids him to enter, where the Holiness of the Infinite is profound. Thus he can bow down, in unquestioning awe, before the mystery of the presence of Christ in the Eucharist (a *local* presence in his apprehension) ; but the blasphemous interpretations of Scriptural language which had already anticipated Calvinism, assuming absolute predestination and the *compulsory* abandonment of the unelected to sin and eternal woe, his faith rejects with abhorrence as great as the eloquence by which its argument is refuted in his pages. And may not the individual fact presented in this case, be assumed as of like certainty in the aggregate ; that the simple quality of mysteriousness in an article of religious belief, is *not* that which constitutes the difficulty of its reception to an inquiring, and at the same time, chastened, and well-governed mind ; but its actual or supposed contradiction to our previous convictions of the abstractedly Holy and Just ? Credulity may be reproached as vulgar ; but surely, in an age when every further exploring into the arcana of physical science leads to the discovery of so many marvels and virtues (new to us), in the property of matter, the mysteries of *soulless* life ; he whose eye is fixed in the contemplation of the Divine, (*the Science—the Gnosis, in the language of the Christian Philosophers*), can be little impressed with the vastness of the subject of his questionings, if the incomprehensibility which may appear to overcloud its surface at times, *alone* discourages him with the chill of scepticism ! The *understanding* may, nay it must, be often baffled and bewildered in approaching, with inquisitive intent, the " hidden things that belong unto God : " not so the *reason*, if exalted to its true office,—inasmuch as the former of those faculties merely draws deductions from the evidence of the senses, or the experience of every-day life,—the latter is the attribute which brings us into relationship with Deity itself, through which (when sanctified by faith), we feel and know the Infinite.

A slight outline of the history of St. Justin, may properly preface and illustrate our selections from his writings. He was born in the begin-

ning of the second century, at Flavia Neapolis (the ancient Sichem in Samaria), of Greek and Pagan parents, who desired to give their son every advantage of education afforded by the Heathen schools of philosophy. He describes himself as having felt, in early youth, an earnest desire for the knowledge of Divine things; and in the hope of satisfying this, having devoted himself with entire dedication of the whole nature, took philosophy as his guide and instructress. Wishing to test the superiorities of every system in vogue, before making a permanent choice, he first applied himself to the Stoic, and gave a long attention to its principles; but, he tells us, from the Stoics he heard nothing of God, they confessed their ignorance of Him, and avowed their belief that it was not necessary to attain knowledge on this subject. Abandoning their schools, he next made himself the pupil of a peripatetic philosopher, who procured his respect by the appearance of intellectual acumen, and cultivated reasoning powers; but his feelings revolted when his new master, after a few days' instruction, demanded money in return for his imparted wisdom, and this seeming to Justin unworthy the true philosopher, they parted. He next turned his attention to the Pythagoreans. These, on his first application, asked whether he understood music, astronomy, and geometry, as, in their theory, the soul was to be weaned from the senses through these, and prepared for that contemplation of the abstractedly beautiful and good, in which was to be found true happiness. Justin had not these accomplishments, and was obliged to seek again for a teacher of wisdom. He now turned to Platonism, and here found a degree, at least, of satisfaction; conversing daily with his platonic instructor, he says,—“The knowledge of super-sensuous things, and the contemplation of ideas, gave wings to my spirit; and, in a short space of time, I supposed myself to have, indeed, attained wisdom, and hoped to be enabled to arrive at the vision of the GODHEAD, which the platonic philosophy regards as its ultimatum.” It was at this juncture of his story, that a casual meeting took place which led to his embracing Christianity. Walking on the sea-shore, in silent thought, he describes himself to have been accosted by a stranger of venerable and benign aspect, with whom a dialogue followed, on the subjects of absolute truth, the nature of the soul, the attributes of its Creator, &c.,* which is narrated at large in one of his most highly-

* The dialogue repeated to Trypho has been so beautifully paraphrased by Richard Chevenix Trench, in his poem, called “The Story of Justin Martyr,” that we are tempted to subjoin an extract from his pages:—

finished and interesting treatises, the "Dialogue with Trypho the Jew." At present we must content ourselves with merely stating its issue, in his being led to the study of Christianity by the exhortation of his un-

" I told him how, when I began
 First to verge upward to a man,
 These thoughts were mine: to dwell alone,
 My spirit on its lordly throne,
 Hating the vain stir, fierce and loud,
 The din of the tumultuous crowd ;
 And how I thought to arm my soul,
 And 'establish it in self-controul ;
 And said I would obey the right,
 And would be strong in wisdom's might,
 And bow unto my own heart's law,
 And keep my heart from speck or flaw,
 That in its mirror I might find
 A reflex of the Eternal Mind.
 Yet all, at last, did faithless prove,
 And, late or soon, betrayed my love ;
 How they had failed me one by one,
 Till now, when youth was scarcely done,
 My heart, which I had thought to sleep
 In hues of beauty, and to keep
 Its consecrated home and fane,—
 That heart was soiled with many a stain,
 Which, from without and from within,
 Had gathered there, till all was sin.

* * *

He gently said, ' Ah, me ! my son,
 A weary course your life hath run ;
 And if my years might make me bold
 To speak, methinks I could unfold
 Why, in such efforts, you could meet
 But only misery and defeat.

* * *

Here may the source of woe be found ;
 You thought to fling yourself around
 The atmosphere of light and love,
 In which it was your joy to move.
 You deemed we needed nothing more
 Than skill and courage, to explore
 Deep down enough in our own heart,
 To where the well-head lay apart,
 Which must the springs of being feed,
 And that those fountains did but need

known monitor; afterwards strengthened in his incipient bias, by observing the heroism of the martyrs who suffered under a persecution just then breaking out; being induced to make his profession, and after, for many years, giving the testimony of unwearied intellectual energy in defending and expounding truth, to the support of the great cause, his self-offering, receiving its crown by that of martyrdom, in or about the year 1671.

We shall give our extracts from his writings under the several heads of the Treatises, &c., from which they are culled.

ORATION TO THE GREEKS.

“ Advance to meet us, at last, ye Grecians, and become also participators of the incomparable wisdom; imbibe knowledge from the Divine discourses, and make yourselves disciples of the King whose Majesty shall not see corruption; turn away from the worship of those heroes whose lives were spent in deeds of slaughter and raising strife amongst men. *Our Leader is HE, the WORD of GOD*, who assiduously watches over and governs us; who desires not strength of body, or beauty of countenance, nor spirits elate with pride of birth or valor, but the purity of the soul, fortified by holiness, and actions of divine charity: these are the watchwords by which ye recognise the soldiers of *our King*; since, through the *WORD of GOD*, a certain power descends into the soul, (O, trumpet of peace, bearing glad tidings to the spirit at war! O, blessed weapon, putting to flight the armies of sorrow! Commander at whose bidding are extinguished the fires that desolate the soul!) a power not transforming us into poets or philosophers, or eloquent rhetoricians, but teaching us to become immortal, from having been in bondage to death, and from mortals transforming us into Gods! From this earth transporting us into regions whose limits are beyond Olympus. Draw then near, ye Greeks! and learn.—For as the skilful charmer puts to flight the venomous serpent, after compelling him to

The soil that choked them moved away,
 To bubble in the open day.
 But, thanks to Heaven, it is not so;
 That root a richer soil doth know
 Than our poor hearts could e'er supply,
 That stream is from a source more high;
 From God it came, to God returns,
 Not nourished from our scanty urns,
 But fed from His unfailing river,
 Which runs, and will run, on for ever.' ”

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come forth from the den of his lurking ; so the word of God expels the poisonous affections of sense from the inmost recesses of the heart. First of all, cupidity, out of which spring all other evils most to be dreaded,—hatred, envy, strife, emulations, wrath, and whatever is like to these. Cupidity once put to flight, serenity and tranquillity of conscience take its place. The soul, released from the foes by whom it was enthralled, takes its flight to Him who gave it being, and is restored (as is fitting), to the place whence it has been exiled."

In this treatise, Justin endeavours to convince the Greeks that even among their own nation, it was monotheism that was ancient; polytheism, that was modern. Exhibiting much familiarity with Pagan literature, he gives extracts from poets and philosophers, beginning with their earliest, to shew that the elementary truths of religion were recognised by those in whom they took the greatest pride, amongst the ornaments of their country, in letters and wisdom ; that the unity of God, the immortality of the soul, the original state of sinlessness in which man was created, may be discovered, forming a kind of isoteric doctrine, in the writings of these.

He then adduces facts to prove that the knowledge of these truths had been brought from Egypt ; that in Egypt it had been borrowed from a traditional acquaintance with the Mosiac precepts and belief ; that thus the Judaic faith was established to be the fountain head of the divine philosophy professed among the Gentiles ; and that in consequence, its Lawgiver and prophets were to be revered as the great authorities on these questions, from the study of whose writings the heathens were to be brought into the fold of Christ."

APOLOGY (*addressed to the Emperor Antoninus*).

The Christian Sacrifice.—He who presides having given thanks, and all the people joined in acclamation, those whom we call deacons administer to each present waiting to receive the bread, and *wine and water*, which have been consecrated by prayer ; and afterwards bear what remains to the absent. And this aliment is called by us the Eucharist, which it is not lawful to administer to any one, unless having faith in the things taught by us, having received the laver of regeneration and the remission of sins ; unless he be living in conformity with the commands of Christ. For we do not receive this as common bread, or common wine ; but in the same manner that Jesus Christ, our Saviour, becoming incarnate through the Word of God, bore,

for our salvation both flesh and blood; thus, the food consecrated (*eucharisticised*) by Him, through the word of prayer, by which our flesh and blood, through transmutation, are nourished;—this food, we are taught, is both the flesh and blood of that Incarnate Jesus. For the apostles, in their commentaries, called Gospels, have delivered it to us, that Jesus, taking bread and giving thanks, thus commanded them, saying, ‘This do in remembrance of me. This is my body. In like manner, having taken the cup and given thanks, that He said: This is my blood; and administered it to them alone.’—We, therefore, perpetually remind each other of these things at such times; and we who possess ought render assistance to those who have not, being inseparably united amongst ourselves. And in all the oblations we offer, we bless the Creator of the universe, through his son Jesus Christ, and through the HOLY SPIRIT; and on the day called *of the sun*, there is a convention of all who inhabit either towns or the country, held in a particular place, where the commentaries of the apostles, or the writings of the prophets, are read, as time allows. After the lector has desisted, he who presides delivers an exhortation, admonishing us to the imitation of these noble examples; afterwards, we all rise and offer prayer; then, as above stated, when we have finished praying, the bread and *wine and water* are brought: he who presides performs the eucharistic thanksgiving and prayer, with all fervor; the people join in the *Amen*, and distribution is then made of the things which have been consecrated, which are also sent to the absent by the deacons. We assemble on the day of the sun, because this was the first day after GOD had created the world, and divided the light from the dark; also because our Saviour rose from the dead on this day.”

“THE FREEDOM OF THE WILL.

“If it be decreed by Fate, that this should be a good,—this, a wicked man; the one can no longer be commanded, nor the other blamed; and, unless the human race is endowed with power, in freedom of choice, to avoid the evil, and hold fast to the good, we are not culpable in following whatsoever course. That it is by our own free choice, that we adhere to, or abandon, virtue, is what we argue to evince. If it were decreed that man should be either virtuous or wicked, he would no longer be capable of contravention, nor would his conduct so often vary. *This*, we affirm to be the only inevitable destiny,—that those who have chosen the good, receive the reward of

goodness ; and those, who have done the opposite, receive also their just retribution. GOD did not create man like other creatures, such as trees and beasts, having no power to act by volition and in freedom ; for he were worthy neither of reward or praise, if doing right without the exertion of the will, and simply because he was made to do so ; nor, if doing wrong, could he be justly punished, not acting so from himself, but unable to become other than that for which he was brought into being.

“ THE DIVINITY OF THE WORD.

“ The WORD, who is the first-begotten of GOD, is also himself, GOD ; for this WORD, proceeding from the unbegotten and ineffable Deity, together with GOD we adore and love, since for our sakes He became man.

“ We have taught that Christ is the First-born of GOD ; we have proved him to be that *reason*, of which the whole human race participates. Those, therefore, who have lived with *reason* (with the Logos) were Christians, even if they have been called atheists. Such, amongst the Greeks, were Socrates, Heraclitus, and those like to them ; such, amongst the barbarians, were Abraham, Ananias, Azarias, and Misael, Elias, and many others. Those who have lived without *reason* (without the Logos) were reprobates, the enemies of Christ, and the homicides of those who lived with that reason. Those who have lived, and who live, with reason, are Christians, with fear and without dismay.

“ That they might know, through the enquiry of reason, the GOD of whom they were ignorant, Socrates exhorted the Greeks in these words : ‘ The Father and Creator of all things it is not easy to discover, nor, having discovered, safe to declare unto all.’ These things our Christ created through His own power. Christ, whom Socrates also knew in part, for He was and is that *Reason* which informs all things, who, through the prophets, predicted events yet future ; and by Himself, when He had assumed our nature, taught us all these.

“ That the Lord, who is the Christ, and GOD, the son of GOD, in former times appeared with power, both as Man and Angel, is proved by what we have stated. That He is that power which is called GOD by the prophetic spirit, is abundantly evidenced ; and that He is called Angel, not as the light of the sun is spoken of in the singular, as alone, being a different body from the sun itself ; that, in brief, He is the WORD, we have proved by what has been said above ; affirming that

this power was created from the power and counsel of the Father himself, but not as by excision, or the separation of any part from the substance of the Father, as in all other cases, that which is separated and cut off, ceases to be the same as it was before such division was made. This, His Son, who alone is called Son in a supreme sense, existing with, and generated from (the Father), before anything was created, in the beginning made and disposed in order the whole universe.*

"He, who is the First begotten, the Word of God, and God Himself, who first appeared to Moses and the patriarchs, in the semblance of fire, and in a bodily form, in the times of your (*i. e.* the Roman) domination, has become Man, out of a Virgin, according to the will of the Father.

"The Creator of the universe we worship in the only manner that we deem worthy of Him; and are persuaded that our Instructor in all these things is the Son of God, whom, in the second place to Him, we honour; and, in the third place, the Spirit of prophecy, or, prophetic Spirit. That God, and his Son, who came to teach us all things, and that prophetic Spirit, we worship and adore, paying honour to them, as in reason and truth."

DIALOGUE WITH TRYPHO THE JEW.

"*The Christian Sacrifice.*—The oblation of wheat, which was commanded to be offered by those cleansed from leprosy, was a type of the bread of the Eucharist, which, in remembrance of the sufferings He endured for the souls of those purified from all the stains of mortality, our Lord JESUS Christ commanded to be celebrated; that we may, at the same time offer thanks to God, for having created the world with all that is therein, for the sake of man, and having delivered us from the evil in which we were created, and having destroyed, with absolute destruction, both the principalities and powers (of darkness), through means of the suffering voluntarily consummated by Him. Hence, concerning the sacrifices to be offered by us, the Lord saith, by Malachi, one of the twelve prophets, 'Your sacrifices I will no more accept from your hands; for, from the rising of the sun, to the setting thereof, my name shall be glorified among the gentiles; and in every place incense shall be offered to my name, and a pure oblation.' Con-

* The latter clause is from the *second* apology.

cerning the sacrifices offered to Him, in every place, by us Gentiles,—that is, the bread of the Eucharist, and the cup, also, of the Eucharist—He there predicts, saying, that His name should be glorified by us, but profaned by you.

“That prayers and thanksgivings offered up by the righteous, are the alone perfect and acceptable sacrifices to God, I also maintain; for these alone, the Christians have been commanded to celebrate, and in the commemorative feast of that which forms their nourishment, both dry and moist, in which remembrance is made of the sufferings that, for our sakes, the WORD of GOD submitted to endure.”

THE MESSIAH.

“Christ, as the King, the High Priest, GOD, the Lord, Angel, and Man; the Captain of Hosts, the Stone; who came, being born as an infant, and rendered subject to suffering first,—then, ascending into Heaven; and who shall come again with glory, having an eternal kingdom. Thus has He been preached, and this, from all the Scriptures, I undertake to prove.”

We might multiply our extracts to treble the length of the above, if we sought to give, in the writer's own words, the substance of this dialogue; the object of which is, to prove that the entire system of Judaism was such an implication, as it were, of Christianity, that in embracing the latter, the Jew need not abandon, but carry out to its highest developement, the faith of his forefathers. Its argument for the Incarnation and divinity of Christ, is entirely founded on the authority of the Old Testament, with judicious appropriateness to his auditor. Representing the Father as the only Fountain-head of Deity, and the Son as the *manifestation* of that Deity, he proves that no prejudice is done to the Divine Unity in the confession of Christ's GOD-HEAD, *that* being co-identical with the essence from which it emanates. He shows that in the different instances where the appearance of the Almighty to the saints of the ancient covenant is recorded, it could not have been the Father, of whom it was said, that no man could look upon him and live; that it could not have been an Archangel, merely, from the titles and honours bestowed and assumed; and can have been no other than the Eternal Son, to whom all worship is due, as, through Him, reaching the Father.

The next chain of his argument is deduced from prophecy, from the collated predictions of the humiliation and sufferings, as of the Majesty and triumph of the Messiah. He proves that, since it is asserted of the Father, "He will not give his glory to another," the language of Scripture would be self-contradictory, if interpreted as by the Jews; whereas, on the Christian interpretation, its consistency was perfectly harmonious;—that glory being neither claimed for another by them, nor, in the person of their Master, transferred from its original appropriation. He being One with the Father, Light proceeding from Light,—the uncircumscribed nature of Deity clothed in a palpable form.

THE NAVE OF THE CHURCH.

PASTORAL ADDRESS TO HIS NEOPHYTES.

APPENDIX TO CHAPTER III.

[By the kindness of the revered pastor, we have the pleasure of laying before our readers his touching and beautiful address, delivered on the interesting occasion alluded to in the postscript to the third chapter of *THE NAVE OF THE CHURCH*, wherein we recorded how an entire family had the happiness of being received into the bosom of the Church, with all those mystic rites and ceremonies publicly performed, which she has appointed for such an occasion, and which are as truly beautiful as they are efficacious, as impressive as they are edifying, and as touching as they are grace-giving and salutary.

Truly, in the place of noisy controversy, and angry recrimination, which are but too prevalent in this jarring world, it is most consoling to find a green spot, such as the like, to rest on, where we may refresh our souls with the evident outpouring on his chosen ones of the spirit of God, who guides and leads his servants in a manner as truly marvellous, as were those palpable miracles, which our divine Lord performed on his material creatures, during his toilsome sojourning, for the love of us, in this valley of tears.

We have often said, that there is a certain reserve, natural to the human heart, which shrinks from speaking openly of the secret things, which belong to the interior life, as if it were a kind of profaneness to do aught but behold and reverence ; as if, while others dispute, we should only marvel, as St. Augustine says,* and adore ; as if, in fact, they should lose somewhat of their place in the sanctuary by withdrawing the veil, and letting in the garish day into the Holy of Holies.

Such is, in a measure, our present feelings, in *hinting* at events connected with *that* conversion, rather than speaking out ; but still we cannot but give a feeble testimony to what, in this instance, showed that the hand of merciful interposition was stretched out in a manner that is not usually so distinctly manifested ; and in these days of scandal, misbelief, and open offence against the true Spirit of the Church, to set at least one humble seal of acknowledgment and gratitude, to the goodness and kindness of GOD, which was here shown in a way that could only be effected by ONE, who moulds, as it were, passing events and circumstances *apparently* fortuitous, to the working out of His spiritual wonders.

These are truly subjects for meditation “ in a deep heart,”—for they are full of joy, cheer, and consolation : but it is even more cheering, more consoling, and more gratifying, when the faithful find that God sends them leaders and guides, who, by virtue of holy orders, not only give appliance of the merits of Christ’s bitter Passion and Death to thirsting souls, in the Blessed Sacraments of His appointment in the Church ; but who also, with unction and earnestness, can unfold, as it were, the spirit of the Church, and pour it forth into the charmed ear, with that simplicity and energy, which we are sure our readers will be delighted with, in the following most touching address.]

Easter Monday, 1843.



“THIS IS THE DAY WHICH THE LORD HATH MADE ; LET US BE GLAD, AND REJOICE THEREIN.”—PS. cxvii. 24.

Yes ! indeed, my dearly beloved children, this is the day which the Lord hath made for you. This is the day on which, from all eternity, the Almighty and Everlasting God had designed to pour on your

* Alii disputent, ego mirabor.—STI. AUGUSTINI.

souls the choicest gifts of His mercy and love. For this is what he says now by one of His prophets to each one of you, who "are made a spectacle to the world, and to angels, and to men" (1 Cor. iv. 9)—"Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore have I drawn thee, taking pity on thee." (Jerem. xxxi. 3.) For when you consider in the heart, my dear children, by what means our good Lord has been pleased to draw you to himself, you must acknowledge that he has carried you in his arms, and has fulfilled in your regard the promise he made by the prophet Osee: "I will draw them with the cords of Adam, with the bands of love." (Osee xi. 4.) Sweet bands, indeed! which filled your hearts with unspeakable joy, before even you well knew what treasures of grace the Almighty had in reserve for you, in the merciful designs of his love, for the salvation of your immortal souls, you felt within yourselves a something—which you could not explain."

You desired, and "understanding was given" to you, and you "called upon God and the spirit of wisdom came upon you." (Sap. vii. 7.) Then it was made manifest to you that "the word of God on high is the fountain of wisdom, and her ways are everlasting commandments" (Eccli. i. 7); you wished from your hearts to be made partakers of her precious gifts; and "the light of the gospel of the glory of Christ, who is the image of God" (2 Cor. iv. 4), shone unto you. For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, "hath shined in your hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, in the face of Christ Jesus." (Ib. v. 6.)

The "admirable light" (1 Pet. ii. 9) you received with unspeakable joy, my dearly beloved children; your eyes were opened, and you saw before your eyes the ark of the New Testament, the beloved spouse of Christ, THE ONE, HOLY, CATHOLIC, APOSTOLIC CHURCH, the Church of the living God, "the pillar and ground of the truth" (1 Tim. iii. 13), that holy Church which Jesus Christ himself hath established, with which He promised to be "all days, even to the consummation of the world." (Matth. xxviii. 20).

All your desires were then turned towards that holy Church, which hath "promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." (1 Tim. iv. 8.) And as "faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God" (Rom. x. 17), you heard with docile hearts the word of Christ, which He commissioned his apostles, and their successors, in the sacred ministry to "go and teach all nations." (Matth. xxviii. 19.) Thus, "when you had received of us the hearing of the word of God,"

taught by His holy Church, "you received it, not as the word of men, but (as it is, indeed) the word of GOD, who worketh in you that have believed." (1 Thess. ii. 13.) Then, by many tears, many sighs, and prayers, you prepared yourselves for the new life, which you have this day received in the sacrament of baptism.

"Thanks be to GOD, for His unspeakable gift." (2 Cor. ix. 15.)

"This is the day which the Lord hath made; let us be glad, and rejoice therein."

"For He that is mighty hath done great things" to you, my dear children, "and holy is His name." (St. Luke i. 49.)

You who "have been baptized in Christ" this day, "have put on Christ." (Gal. iii. 27.) Now "you are washed," now "you are sanctified," now "you are justified in the name of our Lord JESUS CHRIST, and in the spirit of our GOD." (1 Cor. vi. 11.) Now GOD the FATHER ALMIGHTY only sees in you vessels of election. For "there is now no condemnation to them that are in Christ JESUS." (Rom. viii. 1.) Your souls are adorned with the precious gifts of divine faith, hope, and charity. You are clothed with "the wedding garment" (Matt. 22), the robe of innocence;—you are living members of the mystical body of Christ "You are come to Mount Sion, and to the city of the living GOD, the heavenly Jerusalem, and the company of many thousands of angels, and to the Church of the first-born, who are written in heaven, and to GOD the Judge of all, and to the spirits of the just made perfect, and to JESUS the Mediator of the New Testament, and to the sprinkling of blood which speaketh better than that of Abel." (Heb. xii. 22, 23, 24.) You have "washed your robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." (Apoc. vii. 14.)

But that is not all my dear children.

Our divine Lord and Saviour JESUS CHRIST, who was pleased, in His mercy, to call you into His "admirable light," who has sanctified you, and made you temples of the Holy Ghost, where He might delight to dwell,—our Lord JESUS CHRIST will now come Himself to visit your souls, and enrich them with the fulness of His gifts,—nay, He will give Himself to you, with all the treasures of His divine and human nature. By giving to you what He has assumed of our own,—I mean His precious body and blood,—together with His soul, He will also impart to you, what He has of His own; I mean, His divinity; that thus, according to the sublime expression of St. Peter, you "may be made partakers of the divine nature." (2 Pet. i. 4.)

But, oh! my dearly beloved children, who could describe the dignity

of a soul raised so high by the merciful love of a God? He vouchsafed to die for sinners to reconcile them with His FATHER, whom they had so grievously offended; and He feeds with His own flesh those whom He has redeemed, to enable them to be faithful to Him unto the end, and to lead them to sit with Him on His throne in heaven!

Oh! these are wonders! These are miracles! These are mysteries of divine love which it would never have entered into the heart of man to think of, had they not been revealed by Him who had wrought them! Judge, then, of your happiness, my dear children, for whom these gifts have been prepared, and apply to enter into the dispositions which they do require, that we may reap the benefits of them. St. Paul has described them in these words:—"a pure heart, and a good conscience, and an unfeigned faith." (1 Tim. i. 5.)

Now these you have received from the bounty of God this day in your baptism; and you are ready to receive the Divine Spouse of your souls, who will come in a few moments to seal the covenant into which you have entered with Him, in the face of both heaven and earth. Do you then, also, on your part, set your seal to the glorious deed, by which you have consecrated yourselves this day, to our bountiful and ever blessed Redeemer.

Listen to Him, my dear children, and He will teach you Himself how to seal that precious deed, whose fruits will endure to all eternity, if you remain faithful unto the end. Listen to Him, and He will repeat to each one of you what He says to the spouse in the Canticle of Canticles, "put me as a seal upon thy heart, and as a seal upon thy arm." (Cant. viii. 6.)

Put Him as a seal upon your hearts, that nothing may ever enter into those hearts of yours, but according to His divine will and good pleasure; put him as a seal upon your arms, that all your actions may ever be done and directed to His greater honour and glory.

This is the way, my dearly beloved children, to shew your gratitude, and to prove your love for our most bountiful Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, who hath "prevented you with blessings of sweetness" (Ps. xx. 4), as this day is a proof and witness.

With great reason, therefore, did I begin this exhortation by these words of the Psalmist: "This is the day which the Lord hath made; let us be glad and rejoice therein."

For you indeed especially, my dear children, the Lord hath made this day, which "shall be for a memorial to you" all the days of your

lives; a day which to you shall be "holy and solemn," which "you shall keep a feast to the Lord" (Exod. xii. 14, 16), with a grateful observance, according to the practice of the primitive Christians. Their spirit I trust, in the Lord, you shall inherit, that "you may shine like lights in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation," (Phil. ii. 15), that men, seeing "your good works, may give glory to God in the day of visitation." (1 Peter ii. 12.)

But all of us here present also have a share in the blessings of this great day.

What a source of joy and comfort it must be to the parents of these young people! Blessed parents, indeed, to whom **ALMIGHTY** GOD, in His mercy, has given such children! Blessed children! whom the providence of the Lord has placed under such parents! Blessed family! whom the Lord, in His great mercy, has called to His Church, and who, ever full of gratitude for His mercies, will walk hand in hand in the way of His commandments, and will love, and serve, and "adore Him in spirit and truth" (John iv. 24), to the great edification of their fellow-Christians.

Blessed are ye, also, whom the Lord hath called, and who, with such joy in the spirit, have undertaken to be the spiritual parents of these new Christians! What a heart-felt joy you must feel within yourselves, to have lent your kind assistance to these new Christians, who will ever preserve a grateful sense of this favour!

Blessed, also, are you, my brethren, all of you to whom it has been given to be witnesses of this great, holy, and solemn ceremony! I hope the remembrance of it will long live in your minds, and move your hearts daily to a greater zeal for the glory of God.

Blessed, also, my brethren, blessed, indeed, the humble individual, whom the **ALMIGHTY** hath appointed, on this occasion, to be the minister of Christ, and the dispenser of the mysteries of God.

Pray for us all, my dear children, and we also will pray for you, from our hearts and souls, being "confident that He who hath begun a good work in you will perfect it, unto the day of Christ Jesus." (Phil. i. 6.)

One word more, my brethren, and I have done.

It is a debt of gratitude which I feel in duty bound to discharge towards the most blessed Patroness of this chapel, under whose protection, by the mercy of God, we have the especial happiness of being placed.

Yes, I will confess it, before you all, I will declare it openly; I will proclaim it loudly; I firmly believe we are indebted to the powerful

and efficacious intercession of our most blessed Lady with her divine Son, for these wonderful works of His grace, mercy, and love, which it has been given to us to witness.

PRAISE, THEREFORE, AND HONOUR
BE
TO THE EVER BLESSED VIRGIN MARY,
MOTHER OF GOD.
HAIL MARY, ETC.
"THE GRACE OF OUR LORD
JESUS CHRIST AND THE CHARITY
OF GOD AND THE COMMUNICATION
OF THE HOLY GHOST
BE WITH YOU ALL,
AMEN."—(2 Cor. xiii. 13.)

In Festo Sti. Matthiæ, 1843.

THE VESPER HOUR.

It is the twilight's holy hour,—
Mute is the bird, and closed the flower,
The heaven and earth are still and clear,
As if they listened HIS voice to hear!
All is hushed on the ear of night,
Save a fitful breeze, and a beetle's flight—
But hark! that knell,—to the evening star,
The Vesper-bell tolls faint and far.

The Heaven above, and the earth beneath,
Send up HIS boundless praise,
The tapers are light
On the altar bright,
And the lonely friar
And holy choir
Their even song upraise!

The stars in the sky
Are His tapers high,
And the flowers of the field
Their incense yield,
And the dew of the night,
Like drops of light,
Earth's holy water, pure and bright.

Glory to Him, who reigns in might,
Where never is bound of day or night,
And all in Heaven's eternal blaze,
Cherubs and Seraphs sing His praise.
Child of the dust I kneel to THEE !
Angels of Heaven, pray for me !

Thou, who on thy sick bed lying,
Hear'st that sweet bell's blessed sound ?
"Lingering, hoping,"—haply dying,
Lift thy hand, and sign thy brow,
When that faint chime wakes thee now ;
Father and mother shall pray for thee,
And the stainless soul of infancy
Mingle its sinless hymn.
And while that bell, and hymn, and prayer,
Rise up to Heaven from earthly air,
The Cherubim and Seraphim
Shall veil their heads in their wings, and join
Their glorious voices to succour thine.

Far away, on the ocean wide,
Where mariners sad the white wave ride,
And all unlike this evening still
The tempest is raving wild and shrill ;—
Faint in the blast through the waters' roar,
When the vesper knell comes off the shore,
The hoary pilot, and fainting men,
"DE PROFUNDIS" shall murmur then,
And the trembling mates shall say, AMEN !—
MOTHER OF MERCIES ! pray for them !

Deep, in the lonely prison cell,
Where never the sun the day may tell,
And many a year of pain and dole,
The iron has entered the captive soul,
When to the dungeon's living grave,
The vesper bell its toll shall wave,

Beside the ring-bar's steely tree,
 The wasted form shall bend his knee,
 And in the cold and heavy chain,
 To cross his brow the fetter strain:—
 It may be at that vesper's dim,
 His brother and sister shall pray for him.
 Blessed Apostles and Martyrs dear,
 Beseech in Heaven their prayer to hear!

I.

THE SONG AND SERVICE OF THE CHURCH.

"Te decet hymnus DEUS in Sion: et tibi reddetur votum in Jerusalem."

ABOUT a twelvemonth may have elapsed since, in the columns of a Catholic newspaper, a number of conflicting letters appeared upon the subject of church music, as it is cultivated in the choirs of our London chapels. Many of them condemned, in no measured terms, the prevailing system; others, without absolutely justifying it, adduced sufficiently reasonable grounds for not prematurely attempting to alter or reform it. The result of the correspondence has been to leave the question in utter abeyance, and although it is understood that from the highest authorities of the Church, instructions and admonitions have in the meantime gone forth to the effect of regulating and restraining in various countries of Christendom the musical arrangements of church choirs, no change, so far as we are aware, has been either enforced or commenced in the constitution and performances of our own. Our chapels continue, as heretofore, to present to the lovers of music the most alluring inducements to attend them; and the masses of Mozart, Haydn, and Beethoven, ably enacted by the most eminent singers of the day, render the Sunday services of the Catholic Church points of attraction, powerful indeed for the worldly lover of sweet sounds, but not equally so for the regular frequenters of morning worship, whose devotional feelings might find a more congenial aliment in a scene less exposed to the gaze of curious amateurs.

Of such doings, what is to be opined? and yet, as Sir Roger de Coverley observed, much may be said on both sides. It should always

be borne in mind, that our chapels are entirely maintained by voluntary subscriptions. For the support of the clergy, for the pomp and solemnity of divine worship, it is absolutely necessary that large funds should be provided, and to effect that purpose, it is equally indispensable to put forth such inducements as fine music and fine singing intrinsically possess, to attract a multitude that will pay as well as pray. If it be taken into consideration, that on a Sunday morning, from an early hour, the Catholic clergy are unceasingly engaged in solemnizing masses which are attended by successive congregations of the poorer classes, we shall be less disposed to cavil at a system which, however defective it may be, furnishes the means of so much edification. The plain English of the matter seems to be, that, in order to preserve the worship of the Catholic church in a state of efficiency in a country of which the law neither allows her the enjoyment of any temporalities of her own, nor contributes in any manner to the maintenance of her religious fabrics, or the stipends of her ministers, we must pay a high price for the privilege of attending the worship of our forefathers, and for securing the facilities of doing so to our indigent and pious brethren.

Now, as even into merely spiritual things, considerations of mammon will intrude, so it is but too apparent that for the high prices we are so called upon to pay, something is expected in return, beyond the mere celebration of ordinary service. Hence, doubtless, has gradually arisen the system which, in the opinion of many formalists, far too closely assimilates the chapel to the concert room, and under cover of which, numbers of persons of all and no religious denominations whatever are made indirectly to contribute to the general well-being and advancement of our still missionary establishment. Perhaps, by the allurements of harmony, thus to wrest from members of another communion, or from that profane herd that place themselves altogether without the pale of religious observance, the additional means we require for extending the religion of truth, is after all a "fraus pia" which the circumstances of our position justify and explain. Neither, on the other hand, can it be disputed, that the antagonists of the prevailing constitution and performances of our chapel choirs are apt to allege arguments against them which give to their views and remonstrances the appearance of sound reason. We must in candour declare, from our own experience and observation, that things do occasionally take place among the salaried choirs of our London chapels, by which the eye and the ear are alike distracted from legitimate subjects of devotion. Behind those

partially drawn curtains that veil from view the unbonneted heads of the fair choristers, and which have perhaps the counter effect of rather stimulating the curiosity they were designed to repress, how many a whispered conversation, and smothered laugh, and furtive glance have we at times detected, to our own exceeding discomposure! Have we not beheld an organist regaling himself with a Sunday newspaper, during the progress of the sermon; or, with other members of the choir, deliberately walking forth from the chapel at the commencement of the discourse, and timing their return with the utmost nicety for the commencement of the Nicene Creed? Has it not been our fate, in consequence no doubt of the accidental absence upon that luckless occasion of the legitimate prima donna, to hear a soprano "Incarnatus" attempted in falsetto by the bass voice of an eminent comic singer, whose very face irresistibly called up associations of mirth and conviviality? Have we not seen with our own eyes eminent "artistes" walk arm in arm, and with much seeming gravity and decorum, into the choir of a London chapel, although these very parties were at the time labouring under the world's imputation of living together in a state unhallowed alike by the laws of God and man? Such and similar incongruities may have passed under our occasional cognizance: they are perhaps but the necessary consequences of a system organized rather to minister to the general ear of a miscellaneous congregation, than to the individual hearts of an exclusively devotional one. "Consider, sir, how the thing is got up," as was remarked with much *naïveté* by the pew opener of a fashionable chapel of ease, when a friend of ours had been remonstrating upon the exorbitancy of the charge demanded for sittings during a London season.

We have no disposition to be loud in condemnation of what may be styled inevitable abuses, nor officious in the suggestion of what may be equally deemed impracticable reforms; we may be allowed, however, to give expression to a few opinions and observations, grounded upon what we regard to be the fitness of things, in relation not only to the character and arrangement of church music, but to the general efficiency and arrangement of sacred services.

To the present lath and plaster edifices that constitute the majority of our London chapels, more solid and more architectural places of worship must in due course of time succeed. One stately cathedral indeed already rears its bold and majestic front, and pious munificence has, in a few other instances, raised more fitting temples to the living God, than the conventicles with which, till a recent period, we have

been forced to content ourselves. When these shall have been all levelled with the dust, and churches risen in their stead, may we hope that our theories, or some of them at least, may then be realized: till then, we hardly dream of their even partial adoption.

Our very first declaration,—that for the abstract purpose of exciting devotional and reverential feeling, the Gregorian chaunt appears to us more eminently fitted than every other style of harmony,—will alienate a numerous body of persons, who regard that chaunt as antiquated, monotonous, and unattractive. We willingly admit that such epithets are fully applicable to the venerable “plein chant” of antiquity, where it is *perpetrated*, instead of performed, as we grieve to say is the case in too many modern instances: witness the habitual dissonance and utter want of harmony that prevail in the chaunting of French church choirs. But let the lover of slow and soothing and solemn melody ask of himself, what would be the effect on his entranced ear of those time-honoured measures of the primitive church, poured forth in alternately subdued and swelling cadences from a well trained and numerous band of harmonized voices?

With the revived glories of Gothic architecture, what more congenial sounds than the notes of the same psalmody which cheered our fathers on their heavenward path?

Place, in imagination, St. Cuthbert and St. Dunstan within the carpeted sanctuary of a London chapel, and conceive their total inability to recognise the solemn “O Lord, have mercy upon us!” in the complex modulations of a modern professional quire! How would their eyes stray from side to side, in quest of the huge unclasped missals reposing on their brazen stands, presenting to view, in black and red, the broad rectangular and pointed crotchets, that should indicate to crowds of surpliced choristers the notation and measure of their allotted chaunt! How would they turn away aghast and scandalised, if, lifting an upward glance, they should chance to encounter the fixed stare of many persons, obviously strangers to the service and worship of the place, whose every look, and whisper, and gesture seemed expressive of the enquiry, “what are those priests at the altar going to do next?” But

“Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.”

Let us follow a little critically the musical portions of a modern high mass. Disguised in Greek, and generally set to music of a subdued and appropriate character, the Kyrie eleison may pass without anim-

adversion. Next follows the "Gloria in Excelsis;" and with respect to this triumphant and angelic anthem, let us at once concede to, and even challenge for its performance, all the glories of musical genius, and all the elaborations of the composer's art. It is a song of heavenly exultation, to which no "concord of sweet sounds" can ever render sufficient justice;—upon the choral arrangement of which the greatest masters may safely lavish all the treasures of harmony;—for the due execution of which may fairly be called into requisition the mightiest resources of the vocal mystery.

Come we next to consider, in a sober and sensible point of view, the now confirmed custom of converting the Nicene Creed into a grand piece of concerted music. In good earnest, is that solemn profession of Christian faith a fitting vehicle for song? Could it ever have entered the conceptions of the fathers who compiled that venerable compendium of our religious belief, that a day would arrive, when its articles, instead of being recited or chaunted in unison, by the entire community of the faithful, were to be quivered forth by popular singers, in the shakes and cadences of modern musical science?

We can readily pourtray to our imaginations, the Saints of the primitive church singing the praises of God, and with psalms and alleluias welcoming the hour of martyrdom; but we cannot fancy them at the very moment which sealed the triumph of their faith, rehearsing its articles in lively tuneful measures. Neither, we candidly avow, can we enter with any devotional sympathy into a modern performance of the Nicene Creed, though its oft-repeated "credoes" and "et in unum Deums" may be prodigies of choral art.

We remember being on a certain occasion singularly impressed with the solemnity and beauty which were imparted to this very Nicene Creed, by what may be termed a species of harmonized recitation. It was in the choir of York Minster; and three voices, forming together the perfect chord, chaunted the creed from beginning to end, without varying a note. The effect was striking, and eminently religious.

To return from this brief digression, and with a parting, though un-availing aspiration after more simplicity in the expression of our belief, than Mozart and Beethoven have thrown into it, we proceed to commend the practice which has grown up of late years of introducing at the time of the offertory some anthem or motett, plaintive or triumphant, as the season or solemnity may suggest. The prayers of the officiating minister, at this time of the service carried on in a subdued tone of voice, leave the congregation at liberty, as it were, to enjoy

the glories of the "full-toned quire," and to prepare themselves for that more concentrated state of religious feeling which the canon of the mass will shortly demand of them. Upon such occasions we have listened with delight to Handel's magnificent chorus of "For unto us a child is born" ably adapted to Latin words, and we have thought with regret of the inexhaustible treasures afforded by the works of that great master for similar appropriations, of which, as yet, little or no use has been made. How eminently befitting the solemnity of Catholic worship are all Handel's sacred compositions, whether for the "gentle airs" that suit the single voice, or the concerted parts, that call forth the outburst of the choral multitude; how rich, and how comparatively unwrought a mine do they furnish to compilers of Church harmony! From the works of Purcell again, what exquisite gems of sacred melody might be selected, and "*Fas est ab hoste doceri.*" The modern Protestant cathedral anthems of Boyce, Nares, Crotch, and Knyvett, present abundant material for felicitous adaptation to Catholic purposes. For the happiest appropriations of old and many beautiful specimens of new church music, we are perhaps more indebted to Novello than to any other modern master: a wide field for selection is still before him. Who amongst us does not remember his harmonized arrangement of Pergolesi's matchless "*Adeste Fideles*," that hymn of hymns, in listening to which the charmed ear seems to catch the very sounds that Angels poured forth at the lowly shrine of Bethlehem, and of which the undying freshness and sweetness, year after year, more vividly recall the lively sense of emotion and delight with which its tones first filled our hearts in days of early childhood. But the "*Per omnia sæcula sæculorum*," and the beautiful responses which precede the preface, recall us to high mass, of which we were pursuing the course. With a very gentle, but well modulated, organ accompaniment, the "*Vere dignum et justum est*," especially if the officiating priest possess any capabilities of voice, becomes a very striking piece of ancient and solemn harmony. The Sanctus and Hosanna, expressive of the most highly wrought praise and adoration, again justify the lavish use of musical and vocal display, but they should be short in performance, and not interfere with that period of dread and total silence that ought to prevail during the Consecration and Elevation. Even the common practice of dividing the Sanctus into two parts, and resuming the second after a brief interval, appears to us of questionable propriety, as too closely trenching upon moments of reverential stillness, during which nothing should disturb the mind from the contemplation of the great Sacrifice which has been just consummated on the Altar.

The "Agnus Dei" forming the concluding portion of a musical mass, is, in fact, an invocation of exquisite tenderness and humility : surely, its music should be proportionately plaintive and simple : yet, upon the "Dona nobis pacem" our great masters have lavished their liveliest graces. Is this in strictly decorous keeping with the nature of the invocation, however alluring the result may be to the ear ?

The old "Domine salvum fac" which was formerly sung in our chapels, and is still so in all churches on the continent, seems to be now completely superseded by a modern and much less solemn one.

With respect to the afternoon service of the Church, let us now enquire after certain time-honoured chaunts which the improvements or innovations of modern days seem to have altogether discarded. Within our own recollections, the hymns "Lucis Creator optime," and "Te lucis ante terminum," had airs appropriate to themselves, upon which the seal of antiquity was unmistakably stamped ; and, of the hymn "Iste confessor Domini colentes," in particular, the minor and almost fantastic harmony still haunts our memory. These antique tunes are now heard no more. There was an old Magnificat, too, almost drawling in its solemn grandeur ; perhaps it seemed so to our youthful fancies, because we were compelled to stand during the whole time of its performance. What has become of that ? "Nous avons changé tout cela." On the other hand, we carefully cherish and cultivate the musical "opuscula," for so we will designate them, of Webb, — undoubtedly a clever melodist and voluminous contributor, after a fashion, to sacred Catholic music, but whose every note appears to our imagination, to smack of the Gentlemen's Catch Club. He may be said, indeed, to have written for a hole and corner epoch of our religious existence, when we might consider ourselves but too happy that we were allowed the privilege of having any music at all ; and his compositions, however appropriate or enduring in board-floored chapels, would seem utterly out of character in a spacious stone-paved church. Their very prettiness is their worst disqualification. Take for example the Alleluia chorus affixed to the Easter Sequence of "Hæc Dies," the construction and general effect of which are completely those of a catch, and that a very lively, convivial one. We do venture to hope that, from the quires of our future churches, all such bald and flimsy styles will be forever banished, and that no sounds may reecho through their consecrated naves but those which shall be in strict accordance with the solemn and soul-stirring spirit of religious psalmody. In those days, perhaps, we may be edified by a revival of the services of Holy Week

in all their alternately mournful and joyous pomps. The psalms at *Tenebræ* will be chaunted by a full quire instead of two or three elderly gentlemen, the Lamentations and "*Jerusalem convertere*," the "*Misere-re*," and "*Benedictus*," will be made touchstones and triumphs of vocal and choral harmony: the noise made at the termination of the prayer "*Respice*," symbolical of the convulsion of nature that marked the moment of our Redeemer's death on the cross, will be represented by sounds more imposing than can be produced by rapping together a couple of Prayer-books; the ancient rite of the washing of feet, forming part of the service of Maundy Thursday, will be restored with all its ceremonial; tardy justice will be rendered to the antique and solemn chaunt of the long litanies, as they are called, and which, under the present system of hoarse perpetration, are long indeed, and some pains will be taken with the performance of the "*Gloria in excelsis*" on Holy Saturday morning, the sudden outbreak of which, accompanied by the ringing of bells, after the mysterious silence of the church during the preceding eight-and-forty hours, forms one of the grandest climaxes of all her sublime and multifarious services.

Perchance, too, in those days of reformation, the artists of our quires will throw a little more devotional dignity, and a little less professional "*nonchalance*," into their general deportment. Green curtains will, perhaps, be dispensed with; for we confess ourselves at a loss to discover why persons assembled together to sing the praises of God should seek to screen themselves so carefully from observation. If the precaution be to enable fair vocalists to relieve themselves of their bonnets, we might rejoin, that such a practice seems to be expressly condemned by St. Paul, who teaches that "*every woman that prayeth with her head uncovered dishonoureth her head*." There can be no doubt that, by being made amenable to the gaze of the congregation, by the absence of all screen whatever, the members of a quire can no longer resolve themselves into snug committees, but must become, at least, seeming participators in the solemnities of the moment; that they are so under the existing system is certainly not the case. Upon the occasion of a certain annual high mass, to the performance of which the most eminent Italian "*artistes*" are in the habit of lending their services, it is usual to behold Signor and Signora A and B walking into the quires to sing their allotted solos, and then retiring, as if from the stage of a concert room. Bating the bow to the company at their *entré* and *sortie*, these great performers appear to regard the chapel in no other light than that of an ordinary arena, in which, for a brief moment, they

are, as usual, to astonish a delighted audience by the display of their unrivalled abilities. The notion of being themselves a portion of that great community for whom religious worship was intended, and of being, therefore, under some moral obligation to join in the services of the Church, never seems for one instant to have entered their imaginations.

We may, by the way, take occasion to remark that the modern Italian school of church music lends itself but indifferently well, according to our notion, to the creation of devotional feeling. The "Laudate" of Zingarelli is a beautiful bravura song, and Rossini's "Stabat Mater" has been turned into quadrilles! Would the choruses of Handel be susceptible of such base appropriations? That individuals should be found in France and England capable of selecting quadrille music from the "thema" of an ancient hymn, depicting and illustrating the sufferings and death of our divine Saviour, is a curious sign of the times. All that can be said about it is, that what was probably brutal ignorance in the English compiler, was intentional, and equally brutal, blasphemy in the French one.

Our desultory lucubrations have hitherto been confined to the regular services of the Church, and to the manner in which they are, and in which they might be, performed: before we bring our remarks to a conclusion, we would say a few words on the subject of occasionally introducing into public worship the singing of hymns in the vernacular tongue.

Such a practice, should of course never interfere with appointed services, but, when prevailing independently of them, is, in our estimation, highly to be approved. The performance, by a congregation, of an English hymn, in parts or unison, is productive of much devotion in the singers, and edification to the listeners. The system of enlisting the vocal energies of the people in general worship, is, after all, the grand secret which explains the successful rise and progress of almost every sect of dissenters that has sprung out and severed itself from the established Church of England. In permitting the adaptation of Psalms to popular airs for the use of his congregation, the celebrated preacher Rowland Hill is said to have observed "that he did not see why the devil should have all the good tunes to himself," and the remark is based upon an accurate knowledge of human nature.

The French missionaries who, previously to the revolution of 1830, operated so much good to the cause of religion in various parts of France, proceeded, in the first instance, towards the attainment of their ends, precisely after the plan of the methodists in our own country.

Two or three of them, arriving in a provincial town, obtained, in the first instance, permission from the civil and ecclesiastical authorities of the place to retain possession of some church for a fortnight or three weeks. Their operations were then immediately commenced. Curiosity attracted many who were anxious to learn what these errant priests would be at, and from those who so flocked to look at them, a body of individuals of both sexes, gifted with good voices, was selected, whom one of the missionaries was forthwith appointed to instruct in the art of singing "cantiques" or hymns in the French language. Thus initiated, a choir was soon organized, the efficiency of which was daily increased by other recruits anxious to be enrolled among its members. Stated times in the day were fixed for assembling at church, and the missionary labours commenced: a French hymn was sung, followed by a long extempore prayer. Another "cantique" succeeded, and then, mounting the pulpit, an eloquent preacher declaimed at considerable length against the infidelity and vices of the age, fortifying his exhortations to repentance by the most powerful argumentation upon doctrinal points, and the most impassioned appeals to the better feelings of his auditory. At the conclusion of the discourse, another hymn was sung, and the congregation were dismissed with a short prayer, reassembling at a later hour of the day for a renewal of the like devotional exercises. Gradually, to the mere curiosity which had at first impelled many to attend these religious meetings, in order to watch the proceedings of the missionaries, succeeded the holier emotions of awakened conscientiousness and long-chilled devotional ardour.

Long before the conclusion of the mission, the confessional was beset by penitents, who had for years kept aloof from all religious observances whatsoever. Upon the last day of their sojourn, the missionaries celebrated a kind of sacred ovation. On such occasions, as many as three thousand communicants are known to have approached the sacramental rails. At the head of immense numbers of followers, and animated by the most highly wrought feelings of religious enthusiasm, the apostolic men, whose zeal had operated such a marvellous change in the minds of a hitherto sceptical or lukewarm population, marched in procession to some elevated site without the walls of the town, and there, amidst the exulting hymns and acclamations of the multitude, the triumph of Christianity was sealed by solemnly planting the cross of Christ. Relations are extant of miraculous appearances in mid air having marked such celebrations as those we have been describing; witness a curious, and seemingly well attested account that has fallen

under our notice, of a luminous Cross seen at Poitiers by thousands of persons, who, on the last day of the missionaries' stay in that city, had followed them, according to custom, to erect the Crucifix outside its gates.

So much for the joint effects of extempore preaching and prayer, and singing in the vernacular tongue. For our own parts, we believe that as subsidiary to, not supplementary of, the Latin services of the church, the practice of introducing hymns in our native language, might be rendered highly instrumental in the promotion of piety and edification.

We were peculiarly impressed with this conviction, upon the occasion of assisting at midnight mass, at a convent in France. The whole religious, and a large lay community, received the holy communion, and during the time occupied by the administration of that sacrament, a French harmonized hymn was sung by all the nuns, with a devotional spirit and effect that took every right feeling captive !

C.

LES DAMES DU SACRÉ CŒUR.

SOME time since we announced the expected arrival of a filiation from the mother house at Paris of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, in this country. Since that time they have arrived, and are now established in the old mansion of Berrymeade Priory, near Acton, in the vicinity of the metropolis. At that time we expressed our satisfaction at the prospect of having such a conventual establishment amongst us ; we can now only renew our satisfaction, on finding that all difficulties in the way have been overcome, and admire the devotion of those good ladies, who have, as it were, rendered us independent of France, while, by so doing, they establish an unquestionable claim, not only on our good wishes, but also on the support and encouragement of the Catholic body in England. Of the merit of the parent establishment as a school for the higher classes of young ladies, it is unnecessary for us to speak ; its popularity and high character are sufficient proofs of the estimation in which it is held not only in France, but also in this country, by that no

small class, who are anxious to combine the advantages of a foreign education, with sound religion, which they are assured must be the case, when it is directed by ladies of birth and family, who devote themselves to that pursuit through the highest motive,—that, namely, of love to God.

Now, with the exception of the dull and uninteresting journey between any point of the coast and the metropolis of France, we cannot see that a whit greater advantage can be derived from sending young ladies to Paris for their education, than is to be found at the affiliated house of Berrymeade Priory,—where the same exercises, discipline, and customs are as strictly French as at the mother house; for within its walls it will be found as completely Parisian, as if the atmosphere, which, in this instance, is the only difference, were identical; but combined with this great advantage, that, in cases of illness, the parents may have the satisfaction of being immediately present with their children, to say nothing of having it in their power to exercise that parental superintendence over them, which, however much neglected, is so strictly incumbent on all parents, whether it be in the progress of their studies, or in the care of the health of their offspring.—These most desirable points can be attained with as much facility at Berrymeade Priory as at a secular school, and, therefore, without making invidious distinctions, we cordially bring before the notice of our readers, an establishment which we are persuaded requires but to be known, to induce many to take advantage of. Nor do we suppose that these ladies will interfere with other establishments whether religious or secular. The Catholic body (being continually on the increase, there is ample room for all; but, we earnestly hope that their claim will not be overlooked by such parents as may have taken the resolution of sending their children to Paris, or elsewhere abroad, for the attainment of an object which can now be procured as well, if not far better, at home.

TO VENICE.

ONCE mighty city! still magnificent
 In thy decay—albeit, that time is fled
 Which saw thee, royally apparelled,
 Queen of the Ocean and the Orient!
 There is a magic in thy very name,
 O Venice! and full oft I dream of thee,
 In towered grandeur rising from the sea,
 Which erst thou boasted'st thine with loud acclaim.
 And all the pomps and pageantries of pride!
 That time is fled: yet thou remainest still;
 But, weak with age, thou bend'st to others' will!
 Victors no more thy harbor'd navies ride
 At anchor, bearing spoils from all the earth;
 And princely merchants pace no more thy quays,
 Where, at their moorings, lay rich argosies,
 Freighted with sumless treasures: but a dearth
 Of life and motion, in each public way,
 Gives mournful evidence of thy decay!
 There comes no sound of joyous-hearted mirth,
 Borne lightly on the cool and fresh'ning breeze,
 To break the awful quiet, that doth freeze
 The blood with apathy! All desolate,
 Thou sitst discrowned—thy imperial birth
 Almost forgotten, in thine abject state!
 Yet, fallen city! in thy blank distress,
 Thou still art rich in treasure above price!
 For dost thou not a wondrous dower possess?
 That which doth bear a truer, holier worth,
 Than all the store of wealth which avarice,
 Aye laboring, heaps unto itself in vain?
 That which alone hath power to sustain
 The weight of grief that doth Thee sore oppress,
 O city of the watery wilderness!—
 The FAITH thou oft hast battled to maintain,
 And ever kept with constant steadfastness!

J. P. S.

CISTERCIAN TRAPPIST CONVENT, STAPE HILL.

To the Editor of the Catholic Magazine.

SIR,—Knowing, as I well do your unwearied and active zeal in the cause of charity, I am induced to draw upon your kindness, by requesting you to give insertion, in the forthcoming number of your valuable periodical, to the enclosed appeal from the CISTERCIAN NUNS of STAPE-HILL. Simple and unstudied though it be, yet I trust it will find a responsive echo in the hearts of all, under whose notice it may come. Surely, as Catholics, we must not suffer this angelic sisterhood to become extinct, through our neglect, by withholding from them the assistance and cooperation they ask at our hands. Ought we not rather to use every effort to foster and preserve so valuable an institution, since, besides their *active* and *self-imposed* duties of instructing the *poor*, and, but for their exertions, *neglected* children of the neighbourhood, we may be perfectly assured that, in the silence and retirement of their *contemplative* life, they are like Moses on the mount, pouring forth their earnest supplications for the welfare of us their brethren in the faith, and obtaining for us manifold blessings from the mercy of God, which otherwise our unworthiness would deprive us of.

Again,—is it likely that *the reconversion of our beloved country* should be a matter of indifference to them? Oh! no; we may be convinced that, to obtain *that* happy consummation, they are constantly directing their pious intentions, and offering up their ardent ejaculations.

Should you concede this favour, and give publicity to the appeal, may I suggest the propriety of a few prefatory remarks from your own charitable pen.*

Submitting this to your kind consideration, I remain, with every best wish, yours respectfully,

Good Friday, 1843.

VIRGINIA.



*Cistercian Trappist Convent, Stapehill,
Wimborne, Dorset:*

Forty years having elapsed since the establishment of our convent at Stape-

* Most willingly would we have complied with our kind correspondent's suggestion; but this she has done so much better than we could have written, that we gladly preface the appeal, by giving her own words, trusting to her goodness to forgive a seeming breach of confidence, in putting a *private* communication to a use, which, we doubt not, will prove of service to the good cause she has at heart, and thereby plead also our excuse.—E.C.M.

hill, and the rude hand of time having reduced parts of it to nearly a state of ruin—the refectory being even in danger of falling, we are unwillingly compelled to appeal to the charity of the humane, to rebuild those parts, which can no longer with safety be inhabited. Having hitherto kept ourselves as much as possible from public notice, we now, for the first time, make an appeal to the friends of religion, and humbly entreat them to contribute to raising a small fund, to enable our community (who are totally without means) to defray the necessary expenses. In return, our community shall beg of God to pour His choicest blessings on those who may kindly respond to this their humble appeal.

In consideration of the total dearth of instruction in this neighbourhood, our community have for years past attached a poor school to the convent.

The smallest donation will be gratefully received at the convent, or at the Western Branch of the London Joint Stock Bank, 69, Pall Mall.

SR. ROSALIE AUGUSTIN DE CHABONNE, Sup.

April 12th, 1843.

CATHOLIC EMIGRATION SOCIETY.

OFTEN, when reflecting on the state and condition of Ireland, and of its destitute population,—and when memory has re-produced and placed vividly before us the cruel records which stain the pages of her history, we have wondered and speculated as to the inscrutable purposes of an ever watchful and overruling Providence, nothing doubting, that in its own good time, the tree of suffering, so abundantly nourished by the groans and tears of a people so eminently faithful to their religion, would produce fruit most glorious to the true Church, and most confirmatory of the promises made to it by our Saviour in those memorable words, “Lo I am with you always even to the end of the world:” often, too, even in the period of greatest darkness, we have thought to perceive some glimpse of the coming day. The rapid increase of Catholicity in Great Britain, has appeared to us as being intimately connected with the destitution and misery of the Catholic peasantry in Ireland. That destitution and misery has induced their migration in considerable numbers to this country, into which, while themselves

seeking for the "bread that perisheth," they have introduced the religion for which they and their forefathers had made so many and so cruel sacrifices. Yes: the pence of the poor Catholic Irish labourers have done wonders; they have greatly aided in raising up some of the fairest religious edifices we possess; and by giving a cheerful and ready support to Catholic pastors, among an indifferent or hostile population, have undoubtedly been instrumental in the conversion of many to their ancient, and so long time proscribed faith.

Nor can there be any doubt that similar to these results of their migration, have been also, though in a far inferior degree, those of their emigration to the countries of the New World. Deprived of subsistence in the land of their forefathers,—chased from their poor but yet cherished homes, by the avarice of absentee landlords, or heartless middlemen, who have not hesitated to denounce the children of the soil as a curse to the land,—thousands upon thousands, submitting to every possible privation in so doing, have made their way across the Atlantic, to assist in developing the resources of the vast and fertile countries, which there offer an asylum to the indigent outcasts of Europe. But from the very nature of this emigration, and the peculiarities of the countries, towards which its tide has flowed, the results produced thereby, in a religious point of view, have been *necessarily* inferior to those before alluded to as produced in Great Britain. In the latter, some of the great manufacturing towns, sea-ports, and cities, have absorbed, by their demand for labour, large bodies of the poor migrators. Thus condensed, they have become powerful. United in the bonds of one Holy Faith,—all animated with a like zeal,—all desiring the consolations of religion, they have been able to act together; and from a multitude of insignificant atoms, have arisen results at which men gaze with wonder or with dread.*

In the more thinly populated countries of the new world, however, the emigrants have been scattered here and there over an immense extent of territory. Such combined and powerful efforts could not therefore be made. And although much of the Catholicity existing in the United States is undoubtedly their work, still it is to be feared that no inconsiderable numbers have been so isolated, that to the bitterness of

* As, for instance, in the towns of Liverpool and Manchester, with their dependencies, where the number of poor Catholics is very great,—where also, under all these disadvantages, so much has been and still is doing for the advancement and glory of religion.

their separation from their native land, and from their kindred and friends, has been added that also of an entire deprivation of the consolation which they had been accustomed to receive from the public ministrations and private care of the servants of the altar.

It is especially from such considerations that we are inclined to attach a very great importance to the establishment of the CATHOLIC EMIGRATION SOCIETY, whose advertisement will be found in our columns. We shall not now enter upon the question of the good or evil of emigration. Abstractedly considered, it is, there can be no doubt, an evil; still it may be necessary; and we think that no better proof of its being necessary can be given, than that afforded by the fact of great numbers having recourse to it. It is useless to argue that, under such or such circumstances, there would be no such necessity. That necessity exists—and it must be dealt with: and it may, according to the belief we have already expressed, be one of the agents that the Almighty will employ for the propagation of his worship, and the eternal salvation of millions.

This, we have no doubt, is the view that has been taken of it by the venerable prelates of the Catholic Church in Ireland, by the enlightened Father Mathew, and the most influential of the clergy, who have approved of the society's plan and object, and will cooperate with those who have undertaken to direct the Catholic energies for promoting, not only the temporal and spiritual welfare of the emigrants as individuals, but the advancement of the true faith also. With regard to the parties who have come forward for this great work, but little need be said. The majority are well known to most of our readers as devoted Catholics, and as firm and consistent friends of the poor. As such, they offer the best guarantee for purity of purpose, and put forward the best of all claims to the confidence of the Catholic world.

Their professed object is, not to incite to emigration, but to take from it its sting,—to mitigate its evils,—to direct its course,—to make of it a combined, instead of a desultory movement,—to bring the joint and well directed efforts of collective bodies to bear upon a given point, and thus to produce results that cannot be otherwise obtained. Under its operation, the emigrant will no longer be delivered over to the demoralizing influence of destitution in a strange land,—no longer be left to take his chance of employment in the transatlantic cities,—to become a mendicant there,—or, as has frequently happened of late, be compelled to return home more destitute than when he left, with a heart broken by disappointment, and a body emaciated by privation

and fatigue. Preparations will be made for the emigrant's reception in the localities fixed upon for them,—their present subsistence and future well-being will be secured,—pastors will accompany them,—the means of public worship will be provided, and the education of their children be properly cared for.

It must be evident that every settlement thus founded will be a Catholic nucleus; and its rapid advancement in wealth and importance may be safely predicted. The lands (previously brought under primary cultivation) that the society will have for sale in and around such settlements must necessarily acquire a highly remunerating value, since they cannot fail to be sought after by those who know the advantages that attach to a residence in a well ordered and industrious neighbourhood. Where the churches are planted, there towns and villages may be expected to spring up; and we cannot doubt that the profits thence derivable by the society, will enable it rapidly to extend its sphere of usefulness.

We have felt it necessary to examine into this, viz.—what prospect the society has of carrying out its views, not only without a pecuniary sacrifice, but with satisfactory advantage; because, notwithstanding the immense results which we foresee in a religious point of view from its proposed operations; and, notwithstanding the great amount of human suffering that it might and must prevent, the Catholic body in this country has so many, and such urgent calls upon it for pecuniary aid for the most important purposes, that we should be sorry to see it reduce its means of usefulness here. But, feeling satisfied upon this point, we cannot hesitate to offer our congratulations, not only to the Catholics of Great Britain and Ireland, but to the Catholic world generally, upon this first organized effort to make the propagation of religion and emigration go hand in hand, having proceeded from their body. At the same time, there can be no doubt that it ought to have been thus; because we have elements with which to work that would be vainly sought for in any other body. The strong and proverbial attachment of the Catholic to his pastor, his fidelity to his religion, and his obedient affection, are among the elements which may be called peculiarly ours, and which must powerfully contribute to the success of the society in question.

The patience, the zeal, the self-sacrifice, the undaunted perseverance, of the Catholic missionaries have been celebrated in all ages of the Church. They have confronted hordes of savages, and exposed themselves to danger, to privation, to torture, and to death, for their con-

version. But the new world requires not now such labourers : there are few or no savages to convert : but, in lieu thereof, vast and fertile districts have to be peopled ; and they will be peopled from the dense populations of Europe, where an artificial framework of society cuts off great masses from the means of comfortable subsistence. The propagation of the true religion in the new world depends, therefore, in no slight degree, upon the emigrants that may go thither ; and if, as is proposed under this society, they take with them and plant the standard of the cross in their several localities, it may be predicted that, by the blessing of God, theirs will prove to be among the most successful of all missions.

If we mistake not, there are in Europe nearly one hundred and forty millions of members of the true Catholic Church. England and Ireland are not the only countries having what is termed a redundant population,—not the only countries in which the necessity of emigration is felt and proclaimed. To this the founders of the Catholic Emigration Society appear to have directed their attention, since they profess their willingness to receive emigrants of any country who may desire to avail themselves of the system they have established. Our limits will not permit of our entering now more fully into detail. It is probable we shall again treat of a subject that opens so vast a field for reflection. But we cannot close this article without recommending to our readers a perusal and careful consideration of the prospectus issued by the Society ; and we think that, having done so as good Catholics, they will have no difficulty in determining as to the proper course for them to pursue.

MIXED MARRIAGES.

A Letter to the Right Reverend the Vicars Apostolic of Great Britain, upon the Regulations now enforced by the Holy See, with respect to Mixed Marriages. By CHARLES EDWARD JERNINGHAM, Esq., Barrister-at-Law.

THE law of the Church, as at present enforced, with respect to mixed marriages, is by no means universally known. It may be briefly stated as follows, viz.: That no priest shall perform the marriage ceremony, where one of the parties is a Protestant, unless he receive a satisfactory pledge from the husband, be he Catholic or Protestant, that all the children of such marriage shall be educated in the Catholic religion.

This law had for some time, and especially in England, become much relaxed in its operation; and it is only within the last two or three years that it has been revived in its full rigour by the Holy See, on account, it is supposed, of the religious dissensions, which have recently occurred in Prussia. In consequence of the peculiar position of the English Catholics, its revival seems calculated to produce much hardship and inconvenience in this country.

It was, therefore, much to be desired, that the subject should be discussed by some enlightened Catholic, and submitted to the paternal consideration of the successor of St. Peter, the visible head of the Church upon earth. This has been done by the author of the pamphlet which lies before us, in the form of a letter to the Vicars Apostolic, who, as our ecclesiastical superiors, are the proper medium through which we communicate with the Holy See. We have been much gratified by the perusal of this letter. The accuracy of the statements, and force of the arguments contained in it, are worthy of the talents and acquirements of the writer; whilst the respectful tone and correct feeling with which it is written, are precisely what we should expect from a member of the English Catholic aristocracy; than whom the Church has never possessed more affectionate children, or more devout adherents. We would here observe, that the object of the writer of this pamphlet is by no means to impugn the wisdom, or question the power of the high authority which enacted this law; but to make known important facts and arguments relating to the subject, which have, most probably, escaped the notice of that august tribunal, and with which no one is so conversant as an English Catholic laymen.

As many of our readers may not have had the opportunity of perusing this letter, we will endeavour to give a brief summary of the arguments which are brought forward by the author in support of his view of the question, viz.: that the stringent enforcement of this regulation, in England, will press with peculiar hardship upon the Catholics of this country, and by isolating them from their fellow-countrymen, will tend to check the growth of that Catholic spirit, which has been so much on the increase, and which we would fain hail as the harbinger of unity and peace.

We commence by extracting the opening paragraphs:—

“My Lords,—In presuming to lay before you certain observations suggested by the subject referred to in the title-page of this letter, I am most anxious to screen myself from the imputation of unnecessarily and injudiciously canvassing the merits of an ordinance, to which, as emanating from the direct councils of the Holy See, obedience and submission are so justly and so implicitly due.

“While, however, I entertain, and am anxious to express, the most boundless respect for ecclesiastical authority, in all matters pertaining to spiritual government and discipline, I claim the privilege of directing your lordship’s attention to the operation of a rule which, in the opinion of many, trenches in a peculiarly stringent manner upon the interests and convenience of the English Catholic laity.

“As the vicars apostolic of the Holy See, delegated by supreme authority to uphold and support the missionary Church of Great Britain, until it shall please Almighty God, in His infinite mercy, to restore the glories of her ancient hierarchy, your lordships occupy a station which commands the respect and veneration of the faithful; while, as Englishmen born and bred amongst ourselves, and more intimately acquainted than any foreign authorities can be with the peculiar circumstances and exigencies of our social system, you possess more peculiar claims to our confidence and regard. If, in the high character of bishops of the universal Church, it be your province to promulgate and enforce obedience to the mandates of infallible Rome, in the more accessible capacity of countrymen and friends, it is in your power, as it would be your inclination, to become our advocates and interpreters with Rome, when we seek to obtain such modifications of her decrees as might render them more consonant with the habits, feelings, and opinions of our native country.”

The manner in which this rule affects, or is likely to affect the various nations of Christendom, is then considered; and this investigation, as will be afterwards seen, is of great importance to the present subject.

“In Italy, Spain, Portugal, Brazil, and Belgium, where the Protestant

religion is unknown, the regulation in question becomes of course a dead letter. In France, the same result takes place, though from a widely different cause. Although it is a melancholy fact that, in that country, there exist great numbers, especially of the male part of the population, who are individually regardless of any religious observances whatsoever, yet an immense majority are conventionally enrolled within the pale of the Church of Rome. The Protestants who are to be found, resemble, in their sectarian habits and exclusiveness, the dissenters from the Anglican establishment, and, like them, consist almost entirely of persons in the middle and inferior walks of life. Hence it follows that mixed marriages are in France of rare occurrence, and the literal observance of the papal rule is productive of no hardship or inconvenience.

"In the Russian empire, the supremacy of the pope and the despotic authority of the Czar are too directly at issue, at the present time, to draw any example from that country. In Denmark, and the northern countries of Europe, so hostile a feeling prevails against the Catholic religion, and such obstacles are thrown in the way of marriages between Protestant natives and persons of our communion, that such unions seldom take place. It would be needless to describe the differences, which this question has given rise to, between the King of Prussia and the Catholic clergy of his dominions."

Having shown that the Catholics of this country are placed in a very different position from any others, as to the operation of this rule, our author proceeds thus:—

"Is there not a seemingly infelicitous contrast between the laxity of the rule, as it prevailed in England during the period of our civil disabilities, and its renewed strictness, subsequently to the great measure of 1829, which restored us to social equality with our fellow-citizens? Have the circumstances of the times altogether justified the revival of such an inflexible regulation in these countries? Is not its existence calculated to indispose against the Catholic community in general many sincere and well meaning Protestants, whose sentiments in our regard had been otherwise favourable and friendly?"

It will appear very evident, that the strict observance of this rule will have the effect of encouraging, and almost rendering compulsory, the intermarriage of Catholics only; and the question arises, In the present state of our social community, is such a system of exclusiveness either expedient, or effectual?

The number of our English Catholic families of rank and property is comparatively very small, and the Catholics in different towns and districts bear an equally limited proportion to their Protestant neighbours and friends. To discountenance and prohibit an union between these, by the compulsory demand of conditions, with which many conscientious Protestants do not feel themselves enabled to comply, is to

narrow those means of diffusion which circumstances seem to present for making our much calumniated and ill-understood principles more generally known.

The subject is placed in so strong a light by our author, in the following passage, that we insert it:—

“ Assuming the conditions of a mixed marriage to be, that the children are to be brought up, according to their sex, in the respective religions of their parents; and that the intended husband is a Protestant, the future daughters of the marriage become a positive numerical gain to the Catholic community. Had he married a person of his own persuasion; his family had continued exclusively Protestant. Had his Catholic wife married a person of her own communion, no particular advantage had accrued to an already Catholic family. But the mixed marriage wrests from error some of the scions of an avowedly Protestant house; sowing, as it were, the seeds of orthodoxy in a soil where none had ever sprung up before.”

Neither let it be forgotten, that upon a mother's early instructions, and upon the religious impressions which it is in her power to make upon the tender minds of her children, the after faith and power of these mainly depend. By the due and gentle exercise of her appropriate duties, it is within the ability, as it is within the province, of the Catholic wife, to image forth in her own conduct so endearing an example of virtue and true religion, that if she fail to win her husband over to her own convictions, he will be too well convinced of their sincerity and worth to persist in refusing her the privilege of imparting them to her offspring. St. Augustine, one of the most illustrious saints, was the son of an unbeliever, but his mother was St. Monica!

We regret that our limits do not allow us to follow more closely the chain of reasoning which is adopted. We think we have brought forward enough to show the impolicy of too strict a regulation, and the peculiar difficulties which it throws in the way of our Catholic countrymen.

It now remains to state, what modification of this rule would render its application more conformable with the spirit of our social institutions.

We perfectly agree with our author that, to a marriage of which the conditions should be, that the whole, or any portion of the children be brought up in the Protestant faith, a priest cannot be a consenting party. The Church cannot lend her sanction to the training of others in error. “ But is it essential that a clergyman, in performing one of the ordinary functions of his ministry, should be made cognisant of the private intentions of persons with regard to the management of their possible posterity?”

The course which is here pointed out is, we think, a reasonable one, viz.: That a priest in celebrating a marriage of this kind, shall endeavour in every case to procure from the Protestant party the required pledge as to the religious education of *all* the future children. Some Protestants accede to this request, and it is, therefore, frequently available. But, should there be no means of obtaining this promise, then let the priest impress, by all the arguments and exhortations which his zeal or piety may suggest, upon the Catholic party the great importance and necessity of educating their children in their own faith, and urge them to employ all the means in their power to subdue the scruples, and remove the religious prejudices of their partner in life.

We have no doubt that the very interesting question which is so ably discussed in this pamphlet, will be seriously considered by our venerable bishops, and by the supreme pontiff; and that the decision to which they will arrive, will be such as is most conducive to the glory of God and the welfare of religion. In their hands we leave the subject, not without a hope, that, by a judicious relaxation of this enactment, they will leave unimpaired that friendly intercourse between us and our separated brethren, which has been always so happily successful in diminishing the violence of religious prejudice, and in allaying that asperity of feeling which is excited on both sides by the indiscreet zeal of intemperate persons.

But, on the other hand, if the heaven-directed wisdom of the Holy See shall think fit to continue this rule in its full vigour, we shall bow with respect to the decision, and fully concur with the sentiments expressed in the concluding paragraph of this letter, which we think we may appropriately place at the end of our remarks:—

“Let me in conclusion take occasion to declare, that, if upon a point of discipline which permits the expression of individual opinions, I have allowed myself to discuss an ordinance of the Holy See, so far as it bore upon the Catholics of this country, I am not on that account the less deficient in respectful submission to all the decrees of the Church, nor the less ready to bend to her correction in the very matter of this attempted inquiry into one branch of her missionary policy.”

THE CATHOLIC INSTITUTE, AS A TRACT, CATECHISM, AND PRAYER BOOK SOCIETY.

It seems to be the peculiar misfortune of the Catholic body, that, while bound together in the unity of faith, there should be no corresponding unity of action amongst Catholics, in matters appertaining to their common interests as Catholics, whether those matters relate to the advancement of religion, to the obtaining an equality of civil rights, or to the protection of their poorer brethren from oppression for conscience' sake. To remedy this evil was the object sought to be attained, in the first instance, by the formation of the Catholic Institute, and happily it has, in some measure, answered the expectations of those who assisted in establishing it, for it has served as a bond of union, and a rallying point to a large portion of the Catholic community, who, but for it, would probably never have met to consult together upon any of the wrongs which peculiarly affect the Catholic body in Great Britain. Still, the union has not been so general as it should have been, or as we hope ere long to see it; and it is with no unfriendly feeling, but one of sorrow and regret, that we are compelled to say, that the completeness of that union has been obstructed by those who, laying professions aside, were bound by duty to do every thing in their power to perfect it. No good can possibly accrue to our cause by exciting distrust in each other. Men may differ, and differ most conscientiously, in their views respecting measures in which Catholics are more or less concerned; but such difference is no reason why Catholics should quarrel amongst themselves, or commit a breach of charity. The national system of education in Ireland is, it is well known, a *vexata questio* in that country; but we are not aware that the Catholic archbishop of Dublin, who supports that system, has ever been accused of treason to the Catholic religion, or has had his motives impugned by those who oppose it. And, why should cool English Catholics pursue a different course, and mix up the defence of our just and holy cause with offensive personalities? The enemies of our faith will rejoice at such manifestations of disunion and jealousy amongst us; and, there is too much reason to fear, that, even amongst ourselves, persons will be found to chuckle over these outrages on charity. But we willingly leave this painful topic, which we may not resume unless circumstances render such a course necessary.

For the present, therefore, we shall confine ourselves to the effects likely to result to the cause of true religion, from the operations of the

Catholic Institute, as a Tract, Catechism, and Prayer-book Society. And, judging from the past, which has been fruitful in precious results, we fondly anticipate, that while, by a more extensive diffusion of approved publications than the limited pecuniary resources of the Institute have hitherto enabled it to put forth amongst our separated brethren, their prejudices against our holy faith will be more generally diminished, its progress will receive a commensurate developement. But, let it not be supposed, because we are to advocate an extension of the publishing department of the Institute, that we are not contented with what it has already done in that line ; for it *has* done a great deal, and, perhaps, more than a cautious prudence would strictly approve, for, if we are not mistaken, the Institute is *minus* in its balance sheet at this moment, *partly* in consequence of the exercise of a gratuitous liberality, which, it is to be hoped, will in due time meet its reward. A circulation of upwards of 600,000 approved tracts, read probably by as many, if not more, than that number of persons, previously ignorant of our faith—the gratuitous circulation of many thousands of prayer-books and catechisms amongst our poor, who, but for the Institute, might have still wanted those important helps—are certainly no trifling matters, and if we compare the loose and unsatisfactory state in which Catholic affairs were, in reference to the supply of such publications, when the Institute started into existence, with the present organized and ecclesiastically-approved system, which has received the high sanction of the visible head of the Church, the contrast is equally striking and joyous.

The light of the true faith which we have received was not given us to be hid under a bushel, or for our own especial use ; but was intended also as a lamp to lead our erring brethren into the way of salvation ; and hence it is our bounden duty to bring home to their hearts the holiness of our faith, by a corresponding holiness in our lives and conversation, so that, seeing our good works, they may glorify OUR FATHER who is in heaven, and, by thinking more favourably of the religion which can produce such good fruit, be induced to study it apart, as far as they are able, from sectarian feelings. That a desire to inquire into our tenets does exist, and that this feeling is becoming very general, are truths of every-day experience ; and, such being the case, it is the duty of all Catholics to help on the movement, and this can best be done by supporting the institute, which, by its perfect organization, and numerous affiliations, combines within itself all the active elements of missionary enterprise. It is perhaps no exaggeration to say that the institute has done more since its first publication in December 1838, to remove the

prejudices of Protestants, than all the publications of a quarter of a century previous to that time. Yet its mission, we cannot doubt, is still in its infancy, and, if there be only half the zeal in the Catholic body for which they get credit, they will no longer stint its usefulness, by a niggardly support. Let but every Catholic contribute a little, according to his means, and there will be no lack of funds. Without any very extraordinary exertions in this way, the institute might circulate a million of tracts annually amongst Protestants, and a considerable number of catechisms amongst charity schools, and prayer-books amongst the poor.

Let us first look to the ways and means for obtaining this result, and, having done so, shew the application of the funds.

There are, according to the Catholic Directory, 571 Catholic congregations in Great Britain.

40 of these, we think, could very easily afford an average contribution of £15 each per annum, to the institute, say	-	-	£600
80 might afford £10 annually, say	-	-	800
451 might contribute £2 each, say	-	-	902
<hr/>			
571 about £4 on an average from each congregation	-	-	£2302
Other subscriptions and donations may be stated at	-	-	500
And the colonies may be put down for	-	-	500
<hr/>			
			£3302

Then, as to the application of this fund :—

1. There have already been stereotyped 54 tracts, 44 of which may be classed under the denomination of popular tracts fitted for general circulation. These embrace 33½ sheets. The cost of paper, press work, and stitching, may be stated at 21s. per ream. The cost of printing a ream of each sheet, producing 16,875 tracts, would be £33 18 9, or about £2 per 1000. Of those 44 tracts, 200,000 might be circulated annually with immense advantage, cost - - - £400 0 0
2. Of the more learned publications, embracing 20½ sheets, 50,000 might be issued—cost - - - 100 0 0
3. Twelve small tracts of a popular character, consisting of 8 pages 12mo., might be issued during the year. The cost of composition and stereotyping may be stated at 4l. 10s. per sheet; thus, four sheets embracing 12 tracts would cost - - - 18 0 0
Paper, press-work, and stitching of 750,000 at 17s. 4d. per 1000 - - - 650 0 0
4. The cost of circulating 250,000 of the first catechism already stereotyped among the Catholic charity schools, would be - - - 850 0 0

5. The cost of 100,000 of the Douay Catechism, which might be circulated, annually, amongst the Catholic charity schools, would be	-	530	0	0
6. Expense of annual distribution of 20,000 Prayer-books among the poor, at 2l. 1s. 8d. per 100	-	-	-	-
		416	13	4
				<hr/>
				2864 13 4
Leaving for rent, expenses of management and contingencies		407	6	8

Here, for a sum which would not be missed by the Catholic body, and the raising of which would not interfere with any local charity, or contributions for ecclesiastical purposes, tracts, catechisms, and prayer-books, to the extent of ONE MILLION THREE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY THOUSAND COPIES ANNUALLY, might be distributed gratuitously! And who can doubt the beneficial effect which would be produced by such a circulation? Yet sorry are we to say that the benefit which would accrue to religion by supporting the institute, do not seem to be generally appreciated; else, how are we to account for the indifference displayed in too many localities towards it? The admirable plan of Mr. O'Connell which brought the institute within the reach of almost the whole Catholic population, has been acted upon only to a very limited extent; and, wonderful to tell, while the coal whippers and poor labourers about Wapping and the Docks have earned more especially the benediction of the Holy Father, by their willing contributions to the common fund,* not one penny has during the current year been received from the numerous congregations of Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Glasgow, or Edinburgh!!! How is this? We really cannot tell. We are loth to believe that, recognized as the institute is by the head of the Church, there are any Catholics who are hostile to it; yet it seems difficult to reconcile the holding back of many of the Catholic body who ought to have been amongst the first to support the institute, with even a passive friendship for it. Let us, however, hope that the day of apathy is past, and that the Catholic body, roused by the attempt now making to force an odious system of education upon the humbler classes of our communion, will, for the more effectual protection of Catholic interests and the rights of the poor, rally round a society which has never, for one moment, lost sight of the important objects for which it was established.

* The Rev. Mr. Moore, whose exertions in support of the Institute are above all praise, will, we have no doubt, redeem the pledge which he made at the last annual meeting, to enrol 3000 associates during the year, in the Virginia-street district. Already 701. have been remitted from this poor locality!

TO THE MONTH OF MARY.*

WELCOME to this world of woe,
 To each pilgrim here below,
 Nature's voice on hill and dale,
 Bids you, Month of Mary, hail !
 Come, young daughter of the spring,
 Come, and on your azure wing
 Fair and fragrant flowrets bring ;
 Come, that from your treasures sweet
 We may twine a chaplet meet
 To be offered at the shrine
 Of the Mother-Maid divine :
 Bring the Rose, for in its hue,
 Mary's ardent love we view,—
 " Mystic Rose," the precious name,
 Mary from the Church doth claim.
 In the lily's silver bells
 The purity of Mary dwells ;
 In the myrtle's fadeless green
 Mary's constancy is seen,
 And its blossom, white again,
 Seems her spirit without stain.
 Bring them, and, oh ! ne'er forget,
 Humble, low, the violet !
 That, unseen, its soft perfume
 Sheds o'er flowers of fairer bloom,
 And another grace bestows,
 Even on the regal rose !
 Mary's humbleness was given
 As the last best gift of heaven ;—
 Gift, that more than all the rest,
 Made her JESU's mother blest ;
 Let its emblem vi'let twine
 Meekly round its Mary's shrine.
 Bring sweet wildings of the field,
 In the dewy grass concealed,
 From their Maker's hands they start,
 All unspoiled by human art ;

* We much regret that we have not the satisfaction of expressing our thanks, otherwise than in this manner, to the kind but anonymous friend, to whom we are indebted for the opening and concluding articles of our present number. Under these circumstances, we trust the gifted author will excuse our saying less than we feel ; but, in giving our most hearty thanks, we cannot, in all sincerity, resist from saying, that we look upon the invocation to the MONTH OF MAY, given above, as the most beautiful, graceful, and original composition, that has ever appeared from the pen of any Catholic poet in the whole circuit of English literature.—E.C.M.

Bring wild sorrel, daughter bright
Of the summer's looks of light;
Bring the primrose, that in brooks
On its own sweet image looks;
Bring the harebell's fairy wreath,
Water-lilies, pale as death,
Eglantine, most graceful child
Of the realms of nature wild,
Cowslips, and the flower that clings
Round the rocks in golden strings;
From some lone and secret spot,
Pansies and forget-me-not;
And the flower that, bright as day,
Takes your name of *May, sweet May*.

Month of bright and radiant skies,
Tribute flowers to greet you rise;
Come, for we are wearied here,
'Till your music greets the ear,—
'Till your rosy fingers fair
Scatter perfumes on the air.
We do love you, month most fair,
For the hallowed name you bear;
And we hail you with delight,
Since around your footsteps light
Mary's name sheds lustre bright;
Every flow'ret seems to say,
Mary's is the month of *May*!
Every plant and greenwood tree
Breathe the same fair melody;
Streams and rivulets repeat
Still the name of Mary sweet,
And from nightingales' glad throats
In a gush of song it floats;
Every thing of field and grove,
Tells of Mary's month of love.
Come, for at your glad voice
Every creature doth rejoice;
Come, for we would garlands twine
Round the mother-maiden's shrine;
For that virgin's sweetest sake,
All your days we festive make;
Those that smile, and those that weep,
In your month glad festal keep,—
Laughing child, and mourner pale,
All the MONTH OF MARY hail!

M.C.A.

The Catholic Magazine.



LIFE OF ST. ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY.

CHAPTER IV. — HOW THE DEAR SAINT ELIZABETH RECEIVED THE MORTAL REMAINS OF HER BELOVED HUSBAND, AND HOW THEY WERE BURIED AT REINHARTSBRUNN.

“Benedicti vos Domino, qui fecistis misericordiam hanc cum Domino vestro, et sepelists eum.”—2 Reg. ii. 5.

“Requiem tibi dabit Dominus semper, et implebit splendoribus animam tuam et ossa tua liberabit.”—Is. lviii. 11.

SCARCELY had Elizabeth returned to her Castle, at Botenstein, when a messenger from the bishop summoned her to Bamberg, there to receive the mortal remains of her husband, for thither had the Thuringian knights, on their return from the crusade, conveyed them. We have already seen, that young Louis's companions had buried him at Otranto, departing afterwards for Syria, to fulfil their vow. Several of their number, who were able to penetrate as far as Jerusalem, made their offerings there, and poured forth their prayers for the repose of his soul, as he had begged them to do on his death-bed. Returning from their pilgrimage, they passed again by Otranto, that they might bring back with them the remains of their lord and sovereign. They disinterred them, and found the poor bones as white as snow, a sign in the eyes of the simple and believing Christians of those days, that a husband had preserved a blameless fidelity to the spouse of his love. Having placed them in a sumptuous coffin, they proceeded on their way home. Before the coffin was borne a large processional Cross of silver, richly adorned with precious stones, a proof of their own piety, and of their attachment to the memory of their lord. In every town where they halted for the night, they bore the coffin to some church, desiring some pious monks, or other devout Christians, to watch around it,

chaunting the vigils of the dead, and other prayers, during the entire night. When morning dawned, they resumed their journey, but not till mass had been solemnly celebrated, at the offertory of which they laid their offering on the altar. Moreover, in all the churches which they thus visited on their road, whether cathedral, collegiate, or simple parochial churches, they left the purple pall which had been spread over the coffin to be sold, and the proceeds to be distributed in alms to the poor for the repose of their deceased lord. In the memory of man never had there been such a solemn funeral known before.

Thus they traversed the whole of Italy, and the south of Germany, and when almost arrived at Bamberg, they gave notice of their approach to the bishop, who immediately sent information to Elizabeth, at Botenstein. He also ordered all the lords and dignitaries of his court to make ready to receive her with the sympathy and respect due to her situation, and to attend upon her during the mournful ceremony of the following day, rendering all due service, lest her feelings should overpower her feeble frame. He himself joined the funeral procession, accompanied by his clergy, the religious of the various monasteries, the children of the schools, and an immense multitude of people, who joined their voices with those of the priests in chaunting the psalms of the solemn office, whilst the bells of the churches kept up one incessant tolling. Many counts and lords from the surrounding manors, joined in the train, as it entered the city, accompanying the body to the venerable cathedral, in which already reposed many illustrious dead, and amongst the rest, the holy Emperor, St. Henry, and his fair wife, the lovely Saint Cunegonda. During the entire night they celebrated the vigils of the dead.

Next morning, Elizabeth, accompanied by Ysentrude and Guta, who never left her side, was conducted into the presence of the earthly remains of all she loved here below. The coffin was opened, and she was allowed to gaze upon the bones of her best beloved. "Oh!" exclaims a pious witness of this ineffable scene; "who can conceive what then passed in her,—what throbbings of mingled love and grief? He alone who reads the hearts of all the children of men, can know the full extent of what Elizabeth then endured." All the affliction she had felt in that first fatal moment when she was apprised of her dreadful misfortune, rushed upon her afresh: she fell prostrate on those poor bones, and kissed them with transports of love; such a torrent of tears broke forth from her eyelids, such a violent agitation seized her gentle bosom, that the bishop and attendant lords of the court deemed it right to

soothe her, begging her to leave the corpse. But Elizabeth lifted up her eyes and her soul to God, and forthwith peace returned to her troubled heart.

"Oh my Lord, and my God," said she; "I return thee humble and hearty thanks that Thou hast vouchsafed to hear the prayer of thy hand-maid, granting me my ardent desire once more to behold the remains of my beloved, and Thy beloved. Thanks do I offer Thee, for thus mercifully comforting a desolate and afflicted soul! He had offered himself, and I too had offered him, for the defence of Thy Holy Land; nor do I repine at the sacrifice, though I loved him with all the powers of my soul! Thou knowest, O my God, how I loved that dear spouse who loved Thee so much: Thou knowest I would have abandoned a thousand times all the delights of the world to possess a single moment in his darling company, if in Thy goodness Thou wouldst have granted it to me: Thou knowest I would have cheerfully passed my days in poverty and distress, he a poor man, and I a poor woman, begging our bread together from door to door, from one end of the world to the other, merely for the happiness of being in his company, if only Thou, my God, wouldst have permitted it. But oh! now I leave him, and I leave myself, I yield all to Thy Divine will. Nor would I, if I were allowed, bring him back to life at the cost of a single hair of my head, unless I knew it to be Thy will, oh my God!"

This was the last cry of vanquished feeling, the last sigh of subdued affection, wounded to death by Divine love, in the ardent bosom of a young woman of twenty years of age!

Having uttered this cry, having breathed forth this sigh, the torrent of her tears ceased to flow, and with silent step and downcast look, she left the church. She withdrew to the cathedral cloister, and there in a close of finely shorn turf, she bid the lords of her own kingdom of Thuringia, who had brought her the body of her husband, to come and receive her affectionate thanks. On their approach, she rose with graceful humility, to do them honours, then she begged them to be seated at her side, for she felt too weak to remain standing. She then spoke to them at great length, and in her own gracious and gentle way, she begged them in the name of God and of Jesus Christ, to take her poor children under their protection; she recounted the cruel and unworthy treatment which they and she had sustained from the two Landgraves, Henry and Conrad, and all the cruelties she had undergone at Eisenach. The bishop came in his turn to confirm the statement of his niece, and concerted with the brave knights the best mode

of repairing the wrongs done to the widow and orphans of their deceased sovereign. A simultaneous expression of indignation broke forth from the lords of Thuringia, as they learnt the injuries that had been so infamously offered to their youthful queen. They declared she was still their sovereign lady and their mistress, and that they would defend her before all the world, and in spite of all her enemies. At their head stood that noble and faithful youth, Sir Walter de Varila, the son of him who, sixteen years before, had demanded her hand for his sovereign in the Royal Palace of the Kings of Hungary; her hand, who now stood before him in the character of an oppressed and betrayed widow. Surely at that moment the oath, which his father had sworn to King Andrew, to watch over his little daughter, flashed across his knightly soul.

"Give us," said he, to the bishop, "the charge of this noble lady, and her unfortunate children."

And the cry was echoed by every knight there present. The bishop yielded to so righteous a demand. For who could mistrust such valiant and famous knights? So when he had celebrated a pontifical mass in honour of the deceased, at which the whole town was present, having generously defrayed the expenses incurred by the strangers during their stay at Bamberg, he bid them farewell, as also the duchess and her children. The sorrowful cavalcade departed, bending its course to the dear Abbey of Rheinhartsbrunn, which the pious Louis had chosen for his last resting place.

Meanwhile the rumour had reached Thuringia of the arrival of her beloved sovereign's bones, and one universal expression of loyal devotion broke forth from all ranks. That his mother, the Duchess Sophia, and his wicked brothers, Henry and Conrad, should hasten to Rheinhartsbrunn, was not surprising,—mere etiquette demanded such a step, if a better feeling did not prompt it; but the movement was universal. Barons and Counts, all ranks of the nobility, vied with each other in shewing this last mark of respect to their royal master; but none shewed a more intense feeling than the common people, whose rights this pious prince had so lovingly cherished, and so bravely defended. A countless multitude of rich and poor, of citizens and peasants, of men and women, met together at Rheinhartsbrunn to pay the last sad tribute of affection to one whom, a few brief months before, they had witnessed departing from amongst them in quest, for God's honour and glory, of a martyr's death, in a strange land, the palm of which he won but too soon! Other motives, too, contributed to swell the mighty crowd:

there was an eager desire, easily to be accounted for, again to see friends and relatives, who amongst these brave crusaders had survived the perils of the enterprise. In a word, the deepest interest was generally felt by the inhabitants of Thuringia,—for all were not like the ungrateful people of Eisenach,—towards our dear Elizabeth, the rumours of whose misfortune and exile had pervaded the whole country : all desired to learn what was to be the fate of a lady, so young and so defenceless, whose trials had excited the sympathy of every pious and compassionate heart. Many bishops and abbots, too, had come thither to testify their honour for the noble champion of the church and the holy sepulchre. It was a striking fact, that the same religious of whom he had taken so tender a farewell, as we saw in a former chapter, should so soon witness the accomplishment of the sad forebodings he then uttered, while it devolved on them to pay to his remains that last tribute reserved by the church for her faithful children. So it was ; they walked before his corpse, followed by a great body of the secular clergy, and the whole people, singing with one heart and one voice psalms and canticles, broken ever and anon by deep sobs and ardent sighs. The funeral rite was celebrated in the Abbey Church, in the presence of the two duchesses, and both the landgraves, — for a common sense of grief had summoned them once more together to the earthly remains of the youthful and royal Louis.

All the magnificence of Church ceremonial was displayed ; and her services, so full of awful majesty, were prolonged for many a day. The regrets and lamentations of the people, gave the whole scene an air of indescribable melancholy which heightened its solemnity. At the offertory each day, the faithful heaped the costliest offerings on God's altar, while they poured abundant alms into the bosoms of the poor ; a touching act of homage to the memory of one who had so dearly loved Holy Church, and Christ's little ones, His poor. The last sad moment came ; the bones of Louis, enclosed in a costly shrine, were entombed in a sepulchre of stone, wherein an aperture still disclosed them to the view of the faithful. They became an object of devout pilgrimage in after ages, and the affection of a grateful people earned him the surname of Louis the Saint, by which title this great and good sovereign is handed down in history ; justified as it was in the conviction of believing men by the miraculous cures which took place beside his tomb at the invocation of his holy intercession. Time passed on in its course, and for three centuries Louis was invoked as a holy saint, by a devout people, though the veneration of his memory was never confirmed by any public act of

the Church. To the present day the Catholic pilgrim may still behold the tomb of this pious and chivalrous prince in a church, alas! no longer Catholic! In contemplating the last memorial of such a man, and such a prince, where is the heart that will not beat with love and veneration while it feels itself so near to one whom, if the church has not placed him on the catalogue of her canonized saints, the devout youth of Christendom will ever salute as the faithful and gentle husband of the dear Saint Elizabeth?

ECCLESIASTICAL DOCUMENTS, No. III.

EXCERPTA EX DECRETIS AUTHENTICIS S. RITUUM CONGREGATIONIS.

De Missis, quæ dicuntur vtorum.

1. Circa "Communicantes" proprium dicendum in festo Pentecostes, in quibusdam Missalibus legitur *igneis linguis*, in aliis quampluribus legitur *innumeris linguis*; et cum ex hac lectione varia haud modica exorta sit controversia, ad eam dirimendam enixe potitur a S. R. C., quatenus declarare dignetur, quænam ex dictis duabus lectionibus amplecti debeat?

Sacra eadem Congregatio, exquisita sententia unius ex Apostolicarum Cæremoniarum Magistris, respondit: Lectionem *innumeris linguis* esse conformem Missali ab Urbano VIII. recognito. Et ita declaravit, et servari mandavit, Die, 13 Martii, 1804. In una ordinis Clericorum Minorum, Ad 11.

2. Utrum oratio præcepta a Superiore necessitatis publicæ tempore, locum habeat in diebus primæ, et secundæ classis? Et an prædicta oratio dici debeat sub distincta conclusione?

S. R. C., audito prius voto unius ex Apostolicarum Cæremoniarum Magistris, censuit respondendum: Si oratio præcepta sit pro re gravi, dicenda erit in duplici primæ classis sub unica conclusione, et in duplici secundæ classis sub sua conclusione. Si non sit pro re gravi omittenda in duplici primæ classis, in duplici vero secundæ classis arbitrio Sacerdotis, S. R. C., 7 Sept. 1816.

In Tuden: in Hispania, ad 22 et 23.

3. An iis temporibus, quando tertia oratio in Missis est ad libitum,

et ex jussu vel Summi Pontificis vel Episcopi, in Missis debeat apponi aliqua specialis oratio pro publica indigentia, videlicet contra Persecutores Ecclesiæ, seu ad petendam serenitatem, aut pluviam, etc. hæc oratio præscripta a Sum. Pont., vel ab Episcopo necessario ponenda sit in Missis tertio loco, et prætermittenda quæ ad libitum? Seu potius Celebrans possit recitare tertiam orationem ad libitum, seu devotionis et quarto loco quæ est præscripta de mandato Pontificis, vel Episcopi?

Et S. R. C. censuit respondendum: In casu proposito ad primam partem Negative; ad secundam Affirmative *per modum præcepti, et obligationis*.

Die 17 Augusti, 1709. In Bergomensi.

4. An aspersio aquæ benedictæ in Dominicis diebus fieri debeat per Celebrantem, non obstante contraria consuetudine?

Resp. Fieri debere per Celebrantem, et non per alium, non obstante contraria consuetudine, S. R. C.

Julii 5, 1631. In Turritana (Sassari).

5. An in aspersione aquæ benedictæ, quæ fit a Sacerdote, alba et stola sola induto, celebraturo immediate Missam conventualem, stola sit aptanda ante pectus in modum Crucis, vel in utrumque latus pendens a collo?

Resp. Stolum esse ante pectus ad modum Crucis aptandam S. Rit. et C. 30 Septemb. 1679. In una Ordinis Minorum Capucinatorum?

6. An Sacerdos ponere debeat manus intra corporalia, dum dicit orationem "Supplices te rogamus," et orationes ante Communionem?

Resp. Servandas esse Rubricas, quæ jubent, manus ponendas esse super Altare, non intra corporale, S. R. C. 7 Sept. 1816. In Tudensi, ad 35.

7. An Purificatorium benedici debeat?

Resp. Negative, S. R. C. 7 Sept. 1816. In Tudensi, ad 26.

8. Supplicatum S. R. C. humiliter fuit responderi infrascripto dubio, videlicet. An Sacerdos celebrans Missam conventualem, in qua Chorus cantare tenetur Symbolum Apostolorum, possit illam prosequi eo tempore, quo a Choro cantatur Symbolum prædictum?

Et S. eadem C. Non posse, respondit die 17 Decemb. 1695. In Januensi.

A RAMBLE IN CORNWALL.

IN these days of rapid and universal locomotion, when the once fair face of England is getting overspread with wrinkles of ribbed iron,—and a country that might formerly have been compared to an immense garden, may now with more seeming accuracy be likened to a gigantic gridiron ;—when valleys are no longer remarkable for their romantic and sequestered beauties, but for the magnificence of the brick viaducts that traverse them,—nor hills for the prospects commanded by their summits, but for the tunnels that perforate their bowels,—when, in fine, the provinces have virtually become purlieus of the town,—it is quite refreshing to strike out a new path, which the “rabble rout” of man has still left comparatively untrodden, and which the amazing innovations of steam and railroads have not yet thoroughly invaded. The difficulty lies in discovering such a path ; before many years shall have passed over, indeed, it will be literally impossible to do so. Should, however, any smoke-dried denizen of cities, bent upon fresh air and novelty, have recourse to our experience in the selection of a home tour, we will take leave to guide his wayward footsteps to the remote duchy of Cornwall,—a county which, without laying claims to the fertility and generally picturesque beauty that distinguish so many other portions of England, possesses for the antiquarian, the geologist, and the seeker after wild and uncommon scenery, attractions which will abundantly repay a fortnight’s wanderings among its rocks and copper mines.

With the progress of our supposed “viator” from London to Plymouth, we shall not otherwise interfere, than to insist upon his halting a day at Salisbury,—or Sarum, as we better love to designate that time-honoured city, if at least it should so turn out that he have never yet made a pilgrimage to Stonehenge,—that wondrous and mysterious monument of remote antiquity. Among those stupendous remains, of which the huge grey stones rear their heads above the vast loneliness of the green plain, like a cluster of rocks in the midst of the wide ocean, he may well linger a morning, lost in contemplation and conjecture. That rude, shapeless architecture, indeed, as much absorbs the former, as it baffles the latter feeling. The enormous bulk of the slabs raised to the transverse position which some of them still maintain, by mechanical powers and contrivances more fully understood, as it

would seem, in the darkest than in these self-styled most enlightened times, imparts to the whole structure a character of gigantic sublimity. We have experienced indeed, upon visiting Stonehenge, emotions that strikingly assimilate to those which are produced in the mind by the mighty remains of the temples of Pæstum. There is the same desolateness in the surrounding scenery, the same solemnity of aspect in the ruins themselves,—for the unhewn blocks of the artless Druids are as grand and as impressive in their simplicity, as the finished and graceful columns of the artful Sybarites. The same mystic veil of ages hangs over the origin of both. The very shepherds that tend their scattered flocks on the widely extended waste, seem to approach the venerable circle of stones with a kind of innate reverence, as if impressed for the moment with a sense of the little value which the creatures of an hour hold in the scale of time, when contrasted with the monuments of long-forgotten centuries, destined to survive the lapse of many a far future one.

* * * * *

But Viator awaits us at Plymouth, of which, if he have the leisure and inclination, a couple of days may well be passed in investigating the lions, and wandering about its sister towns of Stonehouse and Devonport. The wonderful Breakwater, with its two million tons of granite,—the luxuriant woods of Mount Edgecumbe,—and the vast magnificence of the government offices,—might all pleasantly call forth our descriptive eulogies; but we must be content with this bare mention of those justly celebrated objects, as our business is more immediately with that strange peninsular appendage to this island, in its geographical shape resembling Italy turned wrong side out, yclept the County or Royal Duchy of Cornwall.

Upon leaving Devonport, and by means of a very ingeniously managed steam ferry-boat, on board of which, without dismounting from his box, the coachman drives a four-horse mail,—a small arm of the sea is traversed, and Viator is landed at Tor Point, where he first sets foot on Cornish ground. Pursuing his route through the primitive-looking little towns of Liskeard and Lostwithiel, he arrives at St. Austle, where he has the opportunity of looking at one of those richly beautiful square church towers for which Cornwall is so remarkable. Its Gothic windows, four pinnacles, and light buttresses, are all in admirable proportion; but the peculiar feature in the architecture of this tower is, that in the centre part of one of its sides are six niches scooped in the wall, surmounted by stone-work tracery, resembling the canopies of cathedral stalls, and containing carved and sufficiently unmutated images of saints.

At St. Blasey,—every other town in this county, now unfortunately more completely un-Catholicized than any other in England, owes its name to some Anglo-Saxon Saint,—the tourist is struck with a certain novelty in the aspect of every thing. A naturally rocky and irregular valley is dotted over with the cumbrous machinery of copper mines; while with the sterility of the metallic soil, contrasts the brilliant show of flowers presented by each cottager's well-kept garden. The natural love of the lower classes of the West of England for horticulture, is a pleasing feature in their character;—such a taste has by some writer been aptly considered as incompatible with vicious or disorderly principles and conduct. The next object that will mightily attract the admiration of Viator, particularly if, like ourselves, he be bitten with a fondness for olden ecclesiastical architecture, is the truly matchless tower of the village church of Probus,—matchless in its exquisite lightness, loftiness, and symmetry. In its architecture are again observable the canopied niches hollowed in the wall; but the images that probably once occupied them have been removed. Being nearer the ground than those still extant on the tower of St. Austle, the Iconoclasts of the “Reformation”—may Heaven forgive us for using the familiar by-word!—doubtless found the work of destruction less troublesome at Probus than it would have been at the former place,—so believed they were doing God good service by battering down the images of His servants!

Truro, a well-built and considerable market and county town, contains within itself little to repay curiosity, beyond its antique church, richly mullioned windows, and costly tracery. Viator had perhaps, therefore, best proceed to Falmouth, some eight or nine miles further, where, if he will, he may locate himself at the Green Bank Hotel; and so charmingly situate is that well-regulated establishment on the shores of the land-locked harbour, that in looking down from the balconies of the hotel upon the blue placid water, it will require no great stretch of the imagination to fancy himself gazing on the glassy surface of some glorious inland lake.

From this spot he may enjoy, at one and the same time, a land and maritime prospect of extreme beauty. The dark hulls and taper spars of the government vessels riding at their anchors, and numerous fishing and pleasure boats, with their white sails expanding to the gentle breeze, diversify the wide expanse of the harbour. The straggling town of Falmouth, with picturesque irregularity of design, stretching itself along the western shore,—the rocky hill of Pendennis, with the

fortress that crowns its summit, guarding the entrance of the port,—and the luxuriant woods of Treliasick and Trefusis, and distant castle of St. Mawes,—combine in the formation of a panorama which the eye does not tire of dwelling upon. So mild is the climate of Falmouth, that in the pleasure-grounds of one of its most opulent inhabitants, orange-trees blossom and ripen in the open air. As a central point from which to compass sundry neighbouring excursions, the Green Bank “hostellerie” may with great expediency be selected, from the beauty of its situation, and rather superior accommodation,—for the West of England at least, where, generally speaking, the inns are by no means so well conducted or comfortable as in other parts of the country.

An expedition of some four or five days may be made from hence, upon which we will take leave to accompany our imaginary friend Viator; and, in the first instance, direct his course to the neat market town of Helston, whence, hiring a light carriage with strong springs, he may start upon a twelve miles drive to the Lizard Point. His route thither lies across a bleak and lonely waste, which in former days bore as ill a reputation for being the haunt of highway marauders and murderers, as any desolate tract in the kingdom. If he be a botanist, he may, from the various heaths that profusely scatter its surface, cull many an uncommon variety. The two lighthouses which stand upon the extreme point of the Lizard Promontory are sufficiently striking objects, and by many a mariner on his homeward course, from the far east or west, their double gleam is hailed as the first glad and hopeful harbinger of proximity to his native land. They occupy elevated situations, and from their lantern galleries command a truly magnificent view.

The great object of attraction, however, which repays an excursion to the Lizard, is the justly celebrated creek, or marine valley, of Ky-nance Cove, to which a pleasant walk of a mile along the verge of the precipitous cliff conducts the inquisitive traveller. This extraordinary spot should be visited at low water. Its hard white sands, islets of serpentine rock, arches, and caverns, assimilate its aspect to the idea we form to ourselves of an enchanted island from gorgeous scenic representations. The fairy caves, indeed, of this extraordinary creek might, with great poetical propriety, have harboured Calypso and her nymphs. The diversified formation of the rock, its mingled hues of polished porphyry and verd antique, the deep blue sea discerned through cavernous arches, a craggy island overgrown with curious maritime

vegetation, and the solitariness and silence of the place, broken only by the long sullen plash of an Atlantic wave beating against the shore, unite in the creation of a sort of magical cosmorama, wherein nature seems to have actually embodied the fantastical dreams of imagination. To the geologist and botanist, the Lizard promontory affords very great attraction. The serpentine rock is most brilliantly variegated, and rare plants abundantly flourish in the cliff crevices.

Not far from Kynance Cove, and on his backward route to Helston, Viator may observe in the midst of the dreary heath two Druidical circles, one of them being a double circle composed of equi-distant stones. Such remains, however, of remote antiquity are no rarity in Cornwall: they court and arrest attention at almost every step of the tourist's progress.*

The town of Helston is noted for having preserved, and still solemnizing an annual pageant, the undoubted origin of which was the Roman celebration of the Floral games. The "Love Pool," a remarkable lake of fresh water, only separated from the sea by a narrow belt of fine sand, lies in the immediate vicinity of this town, and a walk along its shores to the remote little fishing village of Port Leaven will not be found devoid of attraction.

But we will now proceed to Penzance, the most westerly town in England, situated on the margin of Mount's Bay, and, as it were, the Montpellier of Great Britain. So great is the resort thither of consumptive patients, and so effectual the benefit they derive from its mild and equable climate, if they have had the wisdom to make trial of it in time. At Pierce's hotel, very comfortable accommodation is to be met with; and light carriages, adapted to the rough roads, may be procured for excursions in the neighbourhood, of regular posting Penzance being the "ultima Thule." The first object that claims, and from its commanding and conspicuous aspect, imperiously provokes attention, is St. Michael's Mount,—that "precious stone set in the silver sea," as

* The keen enquirer after monuments of Druidical and Gothic antiquity in this county, will sometimes find himself, like ourselves, liable to such errors as Jonathan Oldbuck fell into on the Cairn of Kimprunes. In the centre of every field, he will observe an upright stone, which he is at first disposed to look upon as some curious relic of remote times, till informed of the prevailing usage of placing stones in such situations for cattle to rub themselves against! And he will occasionally mistake for some picturesque ruined tower, what, upon closer inspection, turns out to be the dilapidated outwork of some abandoned copper mine.

some poet has aptly designated a spot, which romantic natural situation and the memories of monastic and chivalrous times combine to invest with undefinable interest and attraction. Crowning the summit of an insulated rock—for at high-water the sea entirely surrounds the mount—this venerable and beautiful fabric forms an object of such eminently graceful proportion and picturesque character, that the eye gazes upon it with a kind of fixed fascination; so imperceptibly blend the embattled walls of the fortalice with their foundations of rock; so pictorial is the contrast between the rugged natural grandeur of the craggy mount, and the stronghold of feudal art that uplifts its towers and battlements towards the blue heaven.

The ascent to the mansion is by a steep path or causeway cut out of the rock. Its entrance, a portcullised postern leading to the guard-room. The ancient refectory of the monks, now called the Chevy Chase room, from its cornices being adorned by very curious stucco figures, illustrative of the varieties of woodland craft, is a most complete specimen of an old feudal banquetting hall.

The chapel is a perfect gem of Saxon architecture, in beautiful preservation. Beneath one of the stalls in the choir, a singular dungeon was accidentally discovered a few years ago, the descent to which is by a narrow winding stair. Within that mysterious prison-house, a small chamber about nine feet by seven, was found the skeleton of a man of gigantic stature. Neither local history nor tradition furnish any clue to the mystery of this curious hole of incarceration, and its solitary occupant.

The prospect from the top of the chapel tower well repays the trouble of ascending the steep, narrow, turret stair that leads thither. Immediately beneath, are seen the various roofs, gables, and bastions of the castle, and the insular mount rising pyramidically from the water, to the perpendicular height of two hundred and forty-eight feet above the level of the sea. In storms, to look around on such a scene, from such an eminence, is one of the most sublime spectacles in the world, for the Atlantic waves break against the rocky base of the mount with resistless fury. In sunshine and calm, it becomes an exquisite piece of quasi-lake scenery, the hilly shores of Mount's bay, flanking the seaward view, and on the land side a distant prospect of Penzance, and nearer one of the little town of Marazion, harmoniously pronounced Marazeion. On an angle of the tower is the fragment of a stone lantern, which in monastic times served the purpose of a light-house. It is now called St. Michael's chair, and although the feat re-

quires some nerve in the performance, great numbers of persons make a point of clambering into, and sitting in it, with their feet dangling over the precipice, as an immemorial tradition inculcates a belief that he or she that first occupies that perilous seat, will, for ever after, be in undisputed possession of the reins of matrimonial government.

St. Michael's Mount was annexed by William the Conqueror to its celebrated namesake of "St. Michel dans le péril de la mer," on the coast of Normandy; and the similarity between the sites and elevation of the two monasteries is most remarkable.

Marazion, which lies at the foot of the mount,—with which it is connected by a causeway, only passable at low water,—is also called Market Jew, from having been, in ancient times, a great commercial resort of the Israelitish race. It was also much frequented by pilgrims who came to pay their devotions at the shrine of the Archangelic mount, but has now dwindled to insignificance. From every point of the shores of the bay, along which a three-miles drive reconducts us to Penzance, the "castled crag" presents itself to the eye under an aspect of new and striking beauty!

It is well to devote a day to an expedition to the Land's End, starting from Penzance at an early hour of the morning. A rough cross road winds for many miles through a very wild tract of thinly inhabited country, and the first place that calls for any mention is the ancient village of St. Bunyan, formerly a considerable town. Its church is an eminently curious structure, with a lofty and beautiful tower, so exposed to the rains and sea-mists of the Atlantic, that, although many centuries old, it has an appearance of freshness and novelty. From the summit of this tower an immense expanse of sea is commanded. There is a very singular stone monument occupying the centre of the choir of the Church of St. Bunyan's, shaped like a coffin, around which there is an inscription in Norman French, which may be thus translated—

"Clarice, the wife of Geffroi de Bollait, lies here. God have mercy on her soul. They who pray for her soul shall have ten days' indulgence."

It is not often in these times that the tomb of this Norman lady is visited by pilgrims of her own faith, and it was with a mingled feeling of melancholy and reverence that we breathed a "De profundis" in her behalf. May she long since have ceased to need human intercession.

How pleasing is it amidst the desolation and nakedness of our once

Catholic, and now desecrated churches, to stumble upon such precious "reliquiæ" of ancient piety! How carefully complete has, in general, been the clearance of all similar records of old-fashioned faith effected by the sacrilegious hand of the so styled religious reformers! The images of Christ crucified,—of his Virgin Mother,—of the Apostles and Saints,—have disappeared, and the altars that were once dedicated to their honour have been long since levelled with the dust. But, on the other hand, the modernized temples of Protestantism may boast of adornments altogether unknown to former days—of monumental marbles, rich in the emblems of heathen mythology, and bare walls plastered with tablets holding forth fulsome eulogies on departed aldermen—of gay emblazonments of the royal arms, and, here and there, in brightly gilt letters, of such pompous announcements as that "John Priggins, coal merchant, by his will, bearing date the 9th of February, 1761, bequeathed to trustees the sum of forty-five pounds three shillings, standing in his name in the three per cent. consols, upon trust, out of the interest thereof to supply eight aged men with roast beef on Ash Wednesday in every year." Not that we would cast a slur upon such post mortem benefactions; we are only a little puzzled to reconcile the ostentatious record of them with certain precepts inculcated some eighteen centuries and more since in Judea, to the effect that, in the exercise of alms-deeds, Christians should "take heed not to do their alms before men, to be seen of them," and that "the left hand should not know what the right hand doeth!"

In the church-yard of St. Bunyan's are two curious monumental crosses, on which are still discernible rude effigies of the crucifixion.

Two miles farther, at a little village called Treryn, Viator may leave the jaunting car in which he has probably journeyed from Penzance, and taking for guide one of the many urchins that will proffer to him their services in that capacity, proceed by a pleasant walk to the sea-shore, there to visit the far-famed Logan or rocking stone. This enormous piece of granite, sixty tons in weight, is one of a pile of rugged and fantastically shaped rocks that rise in huge clusters from the sea. It requires a steady foot and eye to clamber among these precipitous crags against the base and within the crevices of which, the billows of a rough sea are constantly breaking themselves. The Logan rock was formerly poised by nature with such exact equilibrium, that it oscillated and vibrated at the slightest touch. In fool-hardy or pot-valiant frolic, a naval officer dislodged the famous stone from the position in which, for centuries, it had attracted the reverence and

curiosity of visitors; and for this unwarranted disturbance of an almost national monument, the depredator was ordered to repair the damage he had caused. By dint of great perseverance, at considerable expense, and with the assistance of his ship's crew, he, at length, succeeded in replacing the stone in its former apparent position, but it has no longer the oscillatory and vibratory properties for which it was so celebrated. The scenery immediately surrounded the Logan rock is extremely grand and striking.

Rejoining our conveyance at Treryn, we continue our westerly route as far as a cluster of hovels called Mayon or Mean, where a guide again presents himself to do the honours of the Land's End. A gentle green slope conducts the traveller to the ledge of the cliff so designated. Here the scenery is at once of a sublime and awful character. From the rocks that guard the extremity of the promontory, he looks down perpendicularly upon a raging sea, the Atlantic ocean bringing the full force of its mighty waves to bear against the iron bound basement of the coast.

All around are vast, gigantic masses of granite in every variety of grotesque form and situation; some hanging overhead, and seemingly about to topple from their frail fastenings, and overwhelm the pigmy lords of creation in their fall. It would be difficult amidst this grand scenery not to recognize the striking handiwork of Divine foresight in the barrier which the wonderful cliffs of this tremendous coast oppose to the billows of the wide ocean which perpetually thunder against their shores. There is one precipice of the Land's End, in looking down which one experiences that maddening nervous sensation which resembles the inward impulses of a fiend prompting you to hurl yourself into the abyss. It is a fissure in the cliff through which the sea has forced a passage, and an inward view of which is obtained from an overhanging mass of granite. At an immense depth the dark waves are seen dashing into the cavern with a fury that seems capable of shattering the very rocks that have resisted them for ages.

Such a panorama of lonely grandeur as the Land's End affords to one fond of contemplating nature under her most sublime aspects, will not be readily forgotten.

A rugged group of rocks, called "the Longships," lies about two miles from the shore, forming a prominent feature in the seaward view. A lighthouse stands upon them, which, in stormy weather, is completely overwhelmed with spray. A story is rife of two gentlemen having gone overnight to visit this lighthouse, intending to return

ashore next morning, but a storm came on, and it continued to blow so hard, that they were detained on the rock five weeks, and ran imminent risk of starvation. The two men constantly stationed at the Longships are now supplied with six months' provisions, of so precarious a nature are the facilities of landing on that desolate and dangerous reef.

Another anecdote connected with the Land's End, is the marvellous escape from destruction of a gentleman, who, having lost all command of his horse, was seen galloping at a furious speed towards the sea—on the very verge of the cliff he had the address or luck to throw himself off, and, falling on the turf, was saved. The horse leapt into the ocean, and the marks of his hinder hoofs are still imprinted and preserved in the green sod, in memory of the hair-breadth adventure. From the highlands of this point may, in fine clear weather, be occasionally discerned the "Cassiterides" of the Phœnicians, the Scilly Isles of our own times.

About half a mile from the Land's End is the little village of Sennan Church Ionn—the appellation of church ionn being peculiar to this county, and applied to every place that possesses a parish church. Here the neat little caravansary, kept by "John Botheras," and facetiously denominated "the first and last inn in England," holds forth the inducements of its snug parlours and window-pane poetry to the lackadaisical wayfarer.

A somewhat circuitous but very tolerable road by St. Just and Botallak, will pleasantly diversify the road back to Penzance. Mousehole Bay, celebrated for the comeliness of its fishing population, may, perhaps, deserve a visit before the traveller bids adieu to that western town. He may retrace his journey to Falmouth by St. Ives, and the mining towns of Camborne and Redruth. At the latter, he should halt in order to ascend the very remarkable hill of Carn Brèh, in its immediate vicinity, respecting which geologists and antiquarians have long been at issue. Our own impressions on the subject are, we confess, entirely in accordance with the views of the learned and ingenious Dr. Borlase, who, in his work on the antiquities of Cornwall, describes Carn Brèh to be "the grand centre of Druidical worship in this county, where are to be found bold stupendous and multifarious Druid monuments of every species: rock basins; circles, stones erect, remains of cromlechs, karns, a cave, a religious enclosure, and a Gorseddau, or place of elevation, whence the Druids pronounced their decrees." Modern theories have scouted these fond lucubrations of the

Cornish antiquary, and ascribed the strange disposition of the rocks on Carn Brèh to natural convulsions and causes. To us it appears that design is obviously discoverable in the piled and hollowed stones that blanch the bare heath in many a fantastic form, and we readily echo the poet's apostrophe to Carn Brèh :—

“ Consecrated hill !

Once girt with spreading oaks, mysterious rows
Of wide enormous obeliaks that rise
Orb within orb, stupendous monuments
Of artless architecture, such as now
Oftimes amaze the wandering traveller
By the pale moon discerned on Sarum's plain ! ”

A modern monument, erected to the memory of the late Lord de Saumarez on the summit of Carn Brèh, rather detracts from the rude and rugged aspect that was so striking a characteristic of that storied hill.

Within a morning's ride of Falmouth are many excursions to which novelty of scenery and situation impart much pleasantness. One of them may be to Port Reath, a sequestered and curious little harbour on the northern coast, difficult of access even to vessels of light burthen, and the cliffs in the neighbourhood of which abound in sublime and romantic beauties. To enjoy them, Viator should pursue the path along their ridge to St. Ives Bay, passing through the primitive village of Gwythian. Creeks and inlets are constantly recurring in the precipitous coast, into which one looks down with mingled awe and dizziness. A roaring sea perpetually breaks against the base of the frequently overhanging cliff on which the traveller stands, and it is only prudent to gaze from the ledge of the abyss, lying on the ground, so enormous and perpendicular is its depth, so fearful the rush of boiling waters dashing themselves among the rocky caves of that iron bound coast. Of these terrific ravines, the most remarkable are those to which tradition has assigned the names of “ Hell's Mouth,” and “ Ralph's Cupboard.”

The rocks and brilliantly white sands of Perranzabulo,—a fishing hamlet, deriving its name from the ancient church of St. Perran, in Sabulo, long since swallowed up in sand,—the curious old church of Illogan, and the fine demesnes of Iregothnan and Iehiddy, the seats of the Falmouth and Basset families, may all be enumerated as the fitting objects of morning expeditions. Neither should the traveller omit

to visit the populous district of Gwennap, which may be considered the grand centre of Cornish mining operations. Here he will behold a tract of country utterly unlike any other that he ever before gazed upon, or in imagination pourtrayed. A hilly and barren region of red metallic soil, presents itself on every side to his view, encumbered in all directions with the elaborate apparatus of steam engines. The expression of "wheels within wheels," may be well applied to such a wilderness of machinery. The very mines themselves are all called "wheals," and what is odd enough, always talked of, like ships, in the feminine gender. The copper masters (such is the technical appellation of the great mine proprietors) exhibit the tenderness they feel towards the sources of their wealth, in the endearing names they bestow upon them; such as—wheal virgin, wheal jewel, wheal damsel, and the like.

Prompted by the laudable curiosity of ardent youth, we determined to effect an expedition into the bowels of one of the deepest of the Cornish mines, which is that commonly called "The Great Consolidated," and so lively is yet our remembrance of the horrors of such an enterprise, that upon our worst enemy we would reluctantly press the accomplishment of the like feat. As a requisite preliminary, one's ordinary dress is exchanged for the complete equipment of a miner, including a flannel shirt and a wooden hat, in the brim of which a lighted candle is placed, stuck in a socket of clay. The descent is accomplished by a series of perfectly vertical iron ladders, of which the steps are about a foot apart, and which at intervals of some thirty feet rest upon ledges of the rocky soil. As one gradually loses sight of daylight, and scent of fresh air, the work one is upon, assumes the character of a visit to the infernal regions. Ever and anon are encountered bands of haggard miners, reascending, seemingly exhausted with fatigue, and a few dim lights illumining with ghastly gleam their pale perspiring visages and uncouth garbs. The heat becomes every moment more intense and insupportable; the very bowels of the earth seem rending asunder with repeated blasts of gunpowder, and one seems to have entered a gloomy labyrinth from which egress is cut off. For it not unfrequently happens, as was, indeed, our own case, that as you proceed along a passage so narrow that you have to crawl upon your stomach, you arrive at a place where the earth having fallen in prevents further progress. You are, therefore, obliged to crawl back again, backwards, for there is no room to turn oneself, and during that retro movement are haunted by the reflection, that just such a landslip as that which had hindered your advance, may have occurred to cut off your retreat!

At last, the veins, or loads, as they are termed, of the copper ore, are reached, and asking his guide what he is to look at, the adventurous visitor has his attention directed to the operations of sundry miners hammering away at the solid rock with pick-axes. In all probability upon discovering how little there is to see, he hastily expresses a wish to revisit the glimpses of the sun, and then to his cost discovers what a severe and exhausting task awaits him. The reascent of some twelve hundred or more steps of vertical ladder in that close and suffocating atmosphere, is an effort of which one must have encountered the incredible fatigue adequately to comprehend it. It is an exploit in the performance of which, the strongest man, unused to such exercise in such confined air, finds himself more than once on the point of fainting; and so severe is the labour to the very miners that undergo it daily, that none of that naturally hardy race survive the period of middle life. Most of them die quite young, of a species of consumption and premature decay of the physical faculties.

The enormous steam engine kept perpetually working, and a shaft of 1600 in perpendicular depth, the deepest in Cornwall, are among the objects deserving of particular notice at the Great Consolidated Mine. Above ground the smashing and shifting of ore gives employment to hundreds of girls, whose comeliness of aspect, and decency of demeanour, advantageously contrast with those of analogous classes in the manufacturing districts of England.

The Cornish are undoubtedly a fine race of men. From their remote geographical position, their blood is, perhaps, less unmixed than that of the great Midland community, so that their somewhat pale and thoughtful faces are probably accurate types of the antient British cast of countenance. They appear to have more ear for music than the generality of Englishmen, if, at least, we may judge by the fact of having once listened with extreme pleasure to a band of miners who, on their evening return from work, were singing a chorus in parts, in a style that would not have disgraced the miners of the Hartz Mountains. The old language of Cornwall has fallen into complete disuse and oblivion. Tradition preserves the name of the last person who spoke it,—one Dolly Penreath, a venerable woman, consigned some two centuries since to dust. The Christian and family names still in use among the labouring and trading classes are frequently distinguishable for singular elegance and novel-like euphony. Thus we have known in a "Cordelia Tremaine," the hostess of a beer-shop, and in "Edgar Trevanion," the keeper of a toll-bar.

“ By the Tre, Pol, and Pen,
You may know Cornish men.”

This ancient proverbial distich is still fully applicable to the county nomenclature both of person and place.

One curious in epitaphs, may gratify the pursuit in Gwennap church-yard, where a great variety of such mortuary scraps attract attention from their quaintness or absurdity. On the most ostentatious tomb by far in the whole cemetery, erected without regard to expense, and surrounded with handsome iron railings, we read the following inscription to the memory of two brothers, which, as a peerless specimen of solemn slipslop, deserves to be recorded :

“ Like morning Sol, those young men's race did run
Not timideate in temper, their lot ill death to shun
But lived in love, As Allways fit to Dye
This Chaos, Left, For Immortality.
Why then should we repine, Lament or cry ?
Celestial angels carries them up on High
To God's Tribunal, his judgment there to Have
' My wrath is past, in mercy I'll you save
By way of Emphasis and terminate with this
That those two youths have joy and in Heaven bliss.'”

We pretend not to offer any interpretation of the above grandiloquent effusion, and merely submit a most faithful transcript of it for the edification of any would-be Weevers, that might like to study the inscription on the modern funeral monument of a copper-master. By way of contrast, we shall subjoin one further specimen of Cornish epitaphs, the quaintness of which greatly pleased our ear.

“ Here lieth Mary, loving wife of Hugh,
Born at St. Austel, buried at St. Thew.
Children by her he had five,
Two are dead, and three alive.
Those who are living had much rather
Have died with the mother, than live with the father.”

A curious spot in the parish of Gwennap may deserve a visit. An antiquary stumbling upon it by chance, would be apt to fancy that he had lighted upon a Roman circus in a wonderful state of preservation. It is, however, a pit—so called—of modern formation, with circular seats of turf rising one above the other, precisely after the fashion of

ancient amphitheatres, from the arena of which the great apostle of Methodism, Wesley, used to preach to assembled thousands. Cornwall may indeed still be considered as a stronghold of religious dissent ;—Wesleyans, Independents, Quakers, Baptists, Unitarians, Jumpers, flourish in all their varieties,—while the churches of the Anglican establishment are comparatively deserted. Centuries of obscurity have impeded the progress of the Catholic faith in this remote county,—two missions, at Falmouth and at the sequestered nunnery of Llan Erne, alone keeping feebly alive the light of divine truth. Let us hope and believe that better times are at hand ; a Catholic place of worship has been recently opened at Penzance, and may heaven prosper the zealous ministry of its pastor ! Our own fond fancies shadow forth times still wrapt in the far future, when, in the beautiful chapel of St. Michael's Mount, the ancient glories of Catholic worship may be revived, and its vaulted roof once again resound to the hosannahs and alleluias of monastic times !

The traveller may diversify his homeward journey from Cornwall by proceeding from Truro to Bodmin, across a tract of country indeed of unsurpassed desolation, presenting, in the course of a twenty-two mile drive, no other noticeable objects of attraction than one upland glimpse of Probus tower, and a view of a huge isolated crag called the Roach Rock,—like so many similar remains in this country, the ancient site of Druidical sacrifices. From Bodmin, an excursion to the northern coast and the ruins of the Castle of Tintagel might be compassed with advantage.

Twenty-one miles more of barren and seemingly interminable moor bring us to Launceston, on the verge of the county,—the ruined Castle, and striking situation of which most ancient town, cannot fail to delight alike the lover of antiquity and romantic scenery. The Castle occupies a magnificent position on the brow of a lofty hill, around which clusters the town with picturesque irregularity. The church is rich in the tracery of its many Gothic windows, and the carvings of its external walls. Upon leaving Launceston, we find ourselves at once transported from the sterile moorland wastes of the Cornish duchy, to the luxuriant meads and valleys of Devon.

Were we to obey the wayward impulses of our own vagabondising fancies, they would incline us to escort our imaginary tourist over half that most beautiful province,—wandering with him amidst the glorious ruins of Berry Pomeroy and the storied rocks of Chudleigh,—contemplating from the hill of Pennsylvania the fair city of Exon,—or lingering in the choir of its gorgeous cathedral. But it is time we should drop

the pen, and prudently hurry away from the most "No Popery," parson-ridden county in England, before the bishop of Exeter detect the presence of an enemy "taking notes" in a camp upheld by him in so notable a state of discipline and subjection.

C.

IN HONOREM B. V. M. CARMEN NAUTICUM.*

Vespere nigrescit pontus, Sanctissima, salve;
 PRO NOBIS ORA! plena decore Parens!
 Dum pelago incumbunt tenebræ, tu posce salutem;
 Haud ignara mali! pectora mæsta leva.
 Spectâsti mortem, morituris mitte juvamen!
 De cælo fidis lenia verba refer!
 PRO NOBIS ORA! nos ponti sopiat unda;
 Alma Parens, ora! candida Stella maris!

J. D. D.

TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

(From the paschal Antiphon Regina Cæli lætare.)

Oh! QUEEN OF HEAVEN lift up thy voice,
 And with triumphant love rejoice;
 For HE, whom thou deserv'st to bear,
 As Mother, yet as Virgin fair,
 Has (as He said He would) arisen;—
 Oh MAIDEN-MOTHER, QUEEN OF HEAVEN,
 Rejoice, and for us intercede,
 Thy GOD, thy SON, has risen indeed.

Alleluia!†

M.C.A. fecit.

* From the original Mariner's Hymn to the Blessed Virgin, by Mrs. Hemans.

"Ave, Sanctissima!

'Tis night-fall on the sea;

Ora pro nobis!

We lift our souls to thee!

Watch us while shadows lie

O'er the dim water spread;

Hear the heart's lonely sigh,—

Thine, too, hath bled!

"Thou that hast looked on death,

Aid us when death is near!

Whisper of Heaven to faith;

Sweet mother, hear!

Ora pro nobis!

The wave must rock our sleep,

Ora, Mater, ora!

Star of the deep!"

† Had the above beautiful version reached us at an earlier period of last month, it should have been substituted for that already given, *supra*, p. 271.—E. C. M.

FRAGMENTS FROM THE HOLY FATHERS OF THE EASTERN CHURCH, No. IV.

ST. CLEMENT OF ALEXANDRIA.

(*Died, circa A. D. 217.*)

IF the advantage of universal knowledge to him who dedicates himself to the service of the altar, needeth exemplification, we could hardly present an instance combining more illustriously the character of the evangelist and the philosopher, than that of St. Clement of Alexandria. A man in whom was displayed that rare and difficult union of almost endlessly diversified acquirements, with perfect singleness of purpose in their appropriation and exercise; their dedication to one object which formed the centre, where the countless refracted rays that penetrated his whole Being, met as in a focus of light. Versed in all the systems of philosophy; familiar, perhaps, we may say, with all the attainments science had reached, at the age he lived in; he seemed enclosed with power to evoke a world of order and beauty from the chaos of speculation; of discerning and separating that which was of earth, from that which, though soiled and obscured by contact with earth's dross, yet bore the stamp of higher origin. The revolution effected in the moral nature of one whose vast acquisitions in all humanly-attainable science were, as it seems from his history, anterior to his conversion, by the admission of the light before whose presence all darkness must fly away, might find its prototype in the work of the Spirit that moved over the waters to glorify and harmonize the darkness and confusion of primeval creation. In neither case were the already existing elements annihilated, nor aught rejected as useless, but in both,—the material and the intellectual universe,—the work was one of renovation and purification, not of destruction.

The writings of St. Clement are so voluminous, that a slight outline of the views which more or less conspicuously appear throughout their pages, may be properly introductory to the extracts subjoined.

True knowledge consists in this,—the seeing God in all things, and restoring everything he has given us to its proper purpose,—to his service. The truly wise,—the Gnostic, in the language of oriental philosophy,—is he to whom all things are pure; because to him science, philosophy, every accomplishment and study, are as so many steps for

mounting to the throne of the Supreme. Thus Music, Astronomy, Geometry, and Architecture, though pursuits the object of which are palpable to the senses, become exalted to *his* use, because through the refinement of the feelings and tastes, the sharpening of the reasoning and discriminating faculties, their effects on the mind facilitate its apprehension of abstract Truth ; thus the true Wisdom is placed in our possession, embracing and sanctifying every object of the understanding, referring all to one centre, and opening our ears to the harmony pervading God's universe, unheard only by sin. When the mind is thus disposed, the cogitations of virtuous men are informed by a Divine imbreathing, and an impulse is given to the soul proceeding from its Creator ; through the interposition of the Ministers delegated to the office of bearing His behests and imparting His will to man ;—Angelic Intelligences, having jurisdiction assigned over particular nations and cities ; as also over individuals, who are the objects of the especial care of Providence, which watches over all, as the shepherd careth for all among his flock.

The character in which evangetic Wisdom has taken its seat, blends the deepest sensibility and benevolence, ever ready for self-sacrifice, with the profoundest tranquillity ; nothing has power to break its perfect calm, which is neither disturbed by the shocks of misfortune, fretted by worldly cares, nor agitated by the giddy pleasures of the frivolous. The means for attaining this "transcendant rest," are chiefly these : communion with God in prayer, meditation, and the exercises of *religious* philosophy : then the whole life will be brought into conformity with the Divine will, the perishable advantages and tinsel adornments of the world will be disregarded, for the source of nobility and beauty will exist within, and shed its streams throughout the whole being, dignifying every action and purpose. No worldly luxuries will be desired, but the simplest wants of the body satisfied without curiousness ; and thus the soul will be finally restored to the image of God, built up again in Christ. The Neophyte is not required to abandon society, nor torment himself by voluntary inflictions,* nor is any stress laid on means applied merely from *without*. All is referred to the life *within* ;—the immaterial, which cannot be schooled into perfection by any action on

* It is not the intention of St. Clement to deny the salutariness of fasts and works of penance, as *exercises*, but the inherence of evil in the flesh, and not in the spirit ; and the assumed efficacy of such means for eradicating the enemy there, without the repentance of the heart, the mortification within.

the material. The exercises of that philosophy which imparts real elevation of mind, prepare for the reception of Truth, and the apprehension of the Divine attributes in a higher degree than the study of merely dogmatic theology can do, inasmuch as the one is subjective, the other objective, to the mind. The Deity has given us faculties, *all* of which must be brought into play, and the highest raised to their utmost tension, before we can arrive at the summit of knowledge,—that of His own nature. *That* knowledge is the end and aim of our being; and as the sun dispels the mists and exhalations of twilight, its beam purifies the soul from all baseness and evil. The love of self is only to be eradicated by the power which substitutes in its place the love of God, under whose influence, as all the capacities of our better nature expand into the vigor of their full maturity, it is evident that in *that* Love we reach the goal placed before us as the terminus, the only legitimate object of our earthly strivings,—the Home of the Spirit. But how is this guest to be satisfied?—since, search for the knowledge of divine things where we may in the teaching of earth's sages, we find no certainty, no concordance between their different systems; and Infinite Being is removed too far above the reach of our intellectual vision. To whom should we go, but to the Divine Word (the Logos) God made manifest in the flesh, and comprehensible to the creature—Light and Love personified? He whom the sages of ancient Greece knew, as it were, from a distance; like the heathen prophet, to whose gaze the star of Jacob shone, “but not nigh;” partially receiving of that fulness which was without reserve bestowed on the Apostles, on all the true disciples of the Gospel.

The whole work of man's illumination, whether perfect as proceeding from revelation, or partial as effected by the efforts of reason and self-discipline, is to be referred to Him who is Himself *the* Reason (the Logos) by whom the spirits of all who have in any age or country advanced the cause of truth and virtue, have been informed, though inspired Prophets and Apostles have alone been moved by the full communication of His influences. Hence all knowledge must be akin to the Gospel, which overthrows nothing save falsehood, in itself the complement of all truth. In the Logos meet the attributes and offices of the Creator, Regenerator, and Redeemer. All that human nature possesses, whether inherent or imparted, of good,—all the consolations and hopes it receives from on high,—all the suggestions of wisdom and dictations of conscience, by which it is guided,—all its capacities of self-restoration,—proceed from Him, the Great Teacher, who is peculiarly

the God of humanity; for whatever challenges imitation, whatever should be striven for as morally desirable or beautiful, centres in Him. The opinion that only those in whom *conversion*, in the evangelical sense, has taken place, have any part in, or receive aught from, Him, is to be rejected, as opposed to the revelation of the "light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world;" and dishonouring to His office, who is, and ever has been, the universal Friend of Humanity; nor can it be asserted that, prior to such conversion, no good works or religious dispositions of mind are acceptable to God, since *these* also proceed from the same informing spirit as that which works out perfect righteousness in Saints and Martyrs.

A review of the systems of philosophic and mystic teaching among Pagans, yields evidence favourable to, though not required in support of, that adopted by the Church, which went on the principle of the gradual unfolding of truth, as the mind of the neophyte became purified for its reception. The Aristotelian exoteric and esoteric doctrines; the Platonic theory of the necessity of enfranchising the spiritual from the corporeal nature, before truth could be contemplated; even the Egyptian hierarchic mysteries and symbols,—are all adduced as bearing testimony to the wisdom of the Church, which had acted on the persuasion that the apprehension of revealed truth is unattainable, save to those who have passed through an initiative and purifying process, before venturing upon *that* threshold. Thus our Lord taught the multitude in parables, and expounded only to his Apostles; thus St. Paul administers milk to babes, and meat only to those full grown in spiritual knowledge. The moral being must be exalted first, and *then* the intellectual enlightened.

If the argument of St. Clement, that *all* who have been distinguished in the service of wisdom, virtue, and truth, whether Gentile philosophers or Christian Apostles, have been moved by divine impulses, though varying in force to an infinite degree, and only guiding to infallible certainty in the case of the latter,—yet, in each, proceeding from the same source;—if this appear startling at first, may we not venture to assert that a close investigation will evince its perfect consistency with the tenor of Revelation? Would He who so "loved *the world* (not any particular nation alone) as to give his only begotten Son," have permitted thousands of years to elapse, and countless nations to pass away, without any manifestation of his presence amongst those who were still His children, if, through ignorance rather than voluntary sin, they could not be admitted to the sublime relationship of the adoption

effected only by the union of the faithful with His uncreated First-born? Can we infer that He has no other method of manifesting Himself on earth, than the absolutely miraculous?—or that the Love which was preparing to consummate the Almighty sacrifice, forgot, in the interim, its care over the erring flock who were at length to be recalled by the voice of the Good Shepherd, and in Him to have life? The hypothesis of the universalists may seem supported by a chain of reasoning which encourages the belief—the hope, at least—that Socrates and Plato may have been admitted to fellowship with Saints in light, consequent on the admission that they also were, in some sense, among the elect on earth, for accomplishing a work inferior to, but allowing some comparison with, that assigned to him whose voice cried in the wilderness, “Prepare ye the way of the Lord.” But the argument does not lead to this extreme deduction; for assuming that human nature could have been partially acted upon by grace, in the absence of revelation, the culpability of those who obeyed neither the law written in their hearts, nor the exhortations of wisdom scarcely human, if not inspired, is heightened, and the justice of their punishment more forcibly asserted.

It is obvious how great advantage must have accrued to the interests of the Church, in the age of St. Clement, from the use made by him, and before him by St. Justin, of Pagan literature, philosophic as well as poetic; which had been generally decried by Christian apologists as altogether adverse to truth in religion and morals,—an assumption naturally resulting in prepossessing the heathens more violently against the Gospel,—whilst these Fathers not only opened a vast field of collateral evidence to the profound enquirer, but predisposed their antagonists to listen with greater deference to reasoning founded on their own authorities,—thus, as it were, throwing a bridge between Christianity and Paganism. The argument may not be profitlessly listened to by believing auditors, to whom, if convinced, it will present the consolatory view that the exhibitions of divine Love have been at no time confined to a particular people or locality; that the image of God was never destroyed, if defaced and obscured, in the human soul. It leads us to regard the history of man, in his relations to the invisible world, as presenting a perfect *unity*, like a great picture, all the subordinate groups of which are dependant on, and auxiliar to, the principal subject. In St. Clement we have an instance that it is not the inevitable tendency of the spirit of enquiry,—the intellectual thirst after knowledge, with its successful pursuit,—to wean from the simplicity of Faith; that our nature is not endangered by the loftiness, but by the depression

of its flight. (Strange is the idea that, in approaching Him who Himself is infinite knowledge, we should renounce that which, if tempered by humility and exalted by Faith, brings us into proximity with His own attributes.) This extraordinary man had first sounded all the depths of human wisdom; and when led to worship at the eternal source (whence, as all Wisdom emanated, *human* is hardly its fit term) and confess that "in Him are hid all the treasures of knowledge and wisdom;"—*His* testimony that all was false and vain which did not centre *there*, bears a peculiar force, as that of one who had learnt practically what many others may indeed be alike assured of, but few with the same individual experience.

We shall now proceed with our selections from his works, in the order of their present arrangement.

EXHORTATION TO THE GENTILES.

It is truly implanted in man by nature, that in certain respects an affinity should exist between him and Deity. And therefore, in the same manner as we do not constrain the horse to plough, nor the bull to hunt, but give to each animal the occupation for which nature has fitted it,—thus we exhort and persuade man, who is born for the contemplation of heaven, and evidently in himself a plant of heaven (deeming that which is inherent in him, before all other animals, to be peculiar in dignity), that he should acquaint himself with God, and prepare for himself a viaticum, to be his sustenance for all ages.

Believe, O man, in Him who is both man and God; believe, O man, in the living God, who suffered for us, and is adored. Believe in Him who was dead; believe in Him who, of all that have been human, alone is God. Not without Divine Providence was so mighty a work accomplished in so brief a space of time by the Lord, who was despised in his outward form, but in very truth is the Adorable One, the Expiator, the Saviour, the gracious and divine Word; who is the God most manifest (*ὁ φανερωτάτος ὄντως Θεός*) made equal with the Lord of the whole universe, of whom He was the Son, for the Word was in God; nor when first He was announced to the world, did he secure no faith; nor when clothed in the person of man, and formed from flesh, did He effect the work of man's salvation in obscurity, for He fought a good fight, and assisted His creatures in their combat by His companion-presence. And as swifter than the sun he arose out of the very will of the Father, with mightiest swiftness descending to the whole family of man, it was

most easy for Him to bestow upon us the illumination of GOD; thenceforth bearing testimony who and what He was, by His doctrine, and by the miracles wrought withal; the Conciliator of the New Covenant, our Peace-maker and Deliverer, the WORD, the Fountain of Life, diffused over the universal face of this our earth,—through whom, as I may say, the universe of things is transformed into an ocean of blessings.

But to what do I exhort thee? Truly, that thou mayest win salvation; for this willeth Christ, and, that I may express it in one word, *bestoweth* life upon thee. But He, who is He! Listen, and briefly learn. The word of truth, the word of emancipation from death; who regenerates man, bringing him back to the truth; the stimulus of salvation, who drives away destruction and expels death; who has built a temple amongst (or in) men, that He might place GOD in the midst of them. Take heed that this temple be pure; and abandon pleasures and softness, as the flower that perisheth to the wind and the flames; since it is fit that the disciple of Christ both appear worthy of His kingdom, and be held worthy to receive it.

This, the eternal JESUS, the one great Pontiff of the one GOD, who is the same Father, prayeth for all men, and thus exhorteth mankind: I summon and call on the whole human race, of whom I, through the will of the Father, am Maker; I bestow upon ye the word, which is the knowledge of GOD; I bestow myself, whole and entirely, upon ye. This am I, this willeth GOD; this is the celestial symphony, this the harmonious concert of the Father; this is the Son, the Christ, the WORD and Him of the Lord; the power of all things, the will of the Father.

THE PÆDAGOGOS.*

The Lord, in the Gospel of St. John, makes this declaration through symbols, saying, "Eat ye my flesh, and drink my blood," evidently allegorising that draught of the Faith and promise by which the Church, like to a man compacted of many members, is watered and

* We hardly like giving to this title, Παιδαγωγός, its familiar and literal translation, and should prefer paraphrasing it as "The Great Teacher," the title being applied to the Redeemer, the Teacher and Guide of the human race, under both the Old and New Covenant; who (as the writer represents) brought the Israelites out of Egypt, going before them in the cloudy and fiery pillar, who appeared to and was worshipped by the patriarchs; and from the first has been the only visible manifestation through which Deity has communicated with man.

nourished, is united together and conjointly fixed in steadfastness through both (i.e. Faith and promise); she being of the body and the faith, of the soul and the hope; and the Lord also of flesh and blood; for, in truth, the blood of faith is hope—through which, as through soul, faith is sustained. When hope expires, poured out like blood, the vitality of faith is dissolved.

O wondrous mystery! One is the FATHER of all; One is the WORD of all; One is the HOLY SPIRIT; and The Same is omnipresent! One also becomes the sole Virgin Mother, she whom I love to call, the Church. This Mother alone had not the mother's milk, because she alone was not woman (as others), being at the same time a virgin and a mother; undefiled as a virgin, loving as a mother; who, exhorting and admonishing her children, nourished them with holy milk, even with the infant Word. She, indeed, had no milk, for instead thereof was to her this gracious offspring, the indwelling body of Christ, her infant, begotten by the Lord himself, nourished through the Word, whom the Lord himself wrapped in swaddling clothes, in precious blood. Oh, holy birth! O, holy swaddling garments! The Word is all things to this infant, Father, Mother, Teacher, and Nourisher. The Lord saying, "Eat ye of my flesh and drink my blood," supplieth us with this most fitting nourishment, and leaves nought wanting to foster the growth of his children. O admirable mystery! He calls on us to lay aside the old corruption of the flesh, and our old nourishment, and become participators of the new nourishment from Christ; receiving Him, if possible, into ourselves, to deposit within ourselves, taking the Saviour to our bosoms, in order that the affections of our carnal nature may be regenerated (and purified). The HOLY SPIRIT allegorises to us the flesh, through which our flesh is sustained and established; the blood symbolizes to us the WORD, for as rich blood, the WORD is infused into our life; but the *crasis* of both is the Lord, the nourisher of his children—the Lord, Spirit, Word, and Nurturer; this is the Lord JESUS, this the WORD of GOD, spirit made flesh, flesh sanctified and made heavenly. The food is the milk of the Father, by which alone his infants are nourished; He, who is to us the blood, the Nurturer, the Word, poured out his own blood for us; through whom, having believed in God, let us fly to the bosom of the Father, where we shall receive oblivion of sorrow—let us fly to the WORD. They alone are the truly blessed who imbibe milk from this bosom.

The WORD again declares Himself the bread of heaven; for "Moses," He saith, "gave you not that bread from heaven, but my

Father giveth you the true bread from heaven." Here is signified the mystical bread, which He calls his flesh—and which raised up truly through fire (just as wheat is raised from seed and corruption) thus, through fire, as bread that is cooked, is resuscitated to become the joy of the Church. Therefore, He said, the bread which I will give is my flesh; the flesh being watered by the blood, which is allegorised as wine. We know, that when bread is crumbled into mixed wine, it absorbs the wine and rejects the watery property—thus the flesh of the Lord, which is the bread of heaven, absorbs the blood, nourishing those properties in man which are of heaven, to incorruptibility, leaving only to corruption those others, namely, the affections of the flesh. Thus is the Word in many ways allegorised—as food, as flesh, nourishment, bread, blood, and milk: the Lord is all things for our delectation who have believed in Him.

That man, with whom the Logos has made its dwelling, suffers no variation, or capricious mutation, but has the very form of the Logos, and is fashioned in likeness to God; is beautiful, not that he adorns himself in order to appear so, but possesses the true beauty; he becomes a god; for God himself becomes man, since God wills it. Rightly, therefore, said Heraclitus, men become gods, and gods, men: for in the Logos is this mystery evidently (consummated)—God in man, and man God; and thus He effects, as Intercessor, the will of the Father. For the Logos is the Intercessor, who is common to both; (i. e. God and man) the Son indeed of God, but the Saviour of man; of Him He is the Minister, of us the Teacher.

PRAYER TO THE PÆDAGOGOS.

Deign to be propitious, O Great Teacher! to thy children, FATHER, Charioteer of Israel, SON and FATHER, One in both, and Lord! Give us grace, that, following thy precepts, we may perfect the likeness according to the image, and according to our strength may perceive that God is good, and a Judge not severe. Grant us that all, abiding in thy peace and translated into thy city, having sailed in safety through the waves of sin, we may be transported hence, in tranquillity, by thy HOLY SPIRIT; that praising and rendering thanks to the ineffable wisdom day and night, till (we reach) the perfect day, we may still praise, and render thanks to the alone FATHER and SON, SON and FATHER; to the Son, our Teacher and Master, and with Him to the HOLY GHOST; all things in One, in whom are all things, through whom are all things;

through whom is the Eternal; whose members are all we; whose is the glory, and ages without end. To Him, the universally Good, the universally Beautiful, the universally Wise, the universally Just; to Him be glory now and for ever. Amen.

HYMN TO CHRIST THE SAVIOUR.

CURB of the young steeds yet tameless,
 Wing of the birds untaught to fly,
 Sure rudder of weak infancy,
 Shepherd of the royal lambs;
 Thy simple children,
 Collect as thy flock,
 To praise in holiness,
 To hymn in sincereness,
 With voices of innocence,
 Christ, the guide of the young!
 King of the Sainted;
 Word which governs all things
 From the Father most high;
 Arbiter of wisdom,
 Support of the afflicted,
 Joyous throughout eternity;
 Of the human race,
 Deliverer JESUS!
 Pastor, husbandman,
 Sure rudder, and curb,
 Wing all celestial,
 Of the flock most Sainted;
 Fisher of men,
 Through Thee to be saved;
 Of the sea of evil
 Fish* most pure,
 From the hostile wave
 Pasturing to sweetest life!
 Be Thou the leader of the flocks,
 Shepherd of Reason's children;
 Holy One, be Thou their guide!
 King of sons undefiled.

* This epithet, which to our ears appears so unsuited to the dignity of its application, must be explained by reference to the Greek, in which the five letters forming the word are the initials to the name and titles of our Lord—JESUS Christ, Son of God, the Saviour. Hence its frequent use by the Fathers.

Vestiges of Christ,
 The pathway to Heaven,
 Word ever-enduring,
 Eternity without limit,
 Light perpetual,
 Fountain of mercy,
 Author of all virtue,
 Sanctified life,
 Of all that hymn God's praises, Christ and Jesus !
 Milk celestial,
 Pressed from the sweet bosom
 Of Her the Queen of Graces !
 Thine own Sophia (wisdom) ;—
 Ye smiling infants,
 With soft lips nourished,
 From Reason's own breast,
 Fed on the dew
 Of God's own spirit ;
 To Christ our Sovereign,
 With artless praises,
 And hymns all guileless,
 Our pious, humble recompense returning,
 For life and truth bestowed ;
 To Him with joy and innocence,
 Let us in concert sing,—
 The Child, the mighty One !
 In peaceful chorus,
 O ye in Christ new-born,
 And Wisdom's chosen race,
 Let us together praise the God of peace !

HYMN TO THE PÆDAGOGUS (*concluding.*)

To Thee, great Teacher, I this garland offer,
 A crown of language woven from the flowers
 Of the pure pastures by Thyself bestowed,
 For us, thy sons, to joy in. As the bee,
 Gathering from beds of bloom her precious store,
 Heaps the sweet wax her master's hand receives—
 Thy servant, though unworthy, is the donor.
 To Thee unceasing thanks and praise we owe,
 O King benignant! Lawgiver divine!
 Bestower of all good, of all the parent!
 Thou by whose hand the mighty arch of Heaven,
 With countless stars, was fashioned; and their courses
 Marked for the Day-star, and those kindred orbs,

For ever wandering, yet unerring ever;
 Thou who didst set to sea and land their bounds,
 And teach the seasons, in revolving circle,
 To know their times—fair spring and rugged winter,
 Luxuriant summer, and all-fruitful autumn;
 Thou who didst call this universe of order,
 Beauty, and light, from dark and formless chaos:
 Oh, grant me life, life from thy fountain drawn,
 And on me pour the sunshine of thy smile;
 Grant me to mark thy mandates and obey;
 And ever more the sacrifice of praise
 To Thee to offer—and to Him with Thee,
 Co-equal, co-eternal, Thy all-wise,
 All-holy Word, from Thy infinity
 Begot ere time had being! Give me, Lord,
 A state removed alike from want's stern pressure,
 And fortune's perils! give me to possess
 All our life needs in peace, and at its close,
 O Father! grant that death may be my gain.

THE THIRD OF MAY;

OR

THE FEAST OF THE FINDING OF THE HOLY CROSS.— GRACE-DIEU ROCKS.

A FEELING of regret must often be excited in a benevolent and reflecting mind, when the contrast is observed, as it cannot fail to be, between the peasantry of Catholic countries, and the same class in this once merry England! Merry no longer! for with the ancient faith and its beautiful ceremonies, have vanished the innocent enjoyments of those to whom, by a life of toil, recreation accompanied with religious observance, is rendered even more grateful and more necessary than to the higher ranks, to whom relaxation is as it were superfluous.

Who that has witnessed on a festival in the Tyrol, or a Catholic canton of Switzerland, Italy, or any part of Catholic Europe, the cheerful piety of the happy peasantry, but must, however natural prejudice may

endeavour to check the thought, remark the difference between them and the toil-worn peasantry of England, to whom even the only appointed day of rest throughout the week, is not a day of recreation; to whom the meagre forms of the established worship, offer no imposing nor gorgeous ceremonies, to interest or captivate the mind, or withdraw it for a time from the bitterness of toil and poverty. All weekly festivals being unobserved, labour is unremitting; nor can the mechanic leave his unhealthy shop, or the labourer his hard unceasing toil, to celebrate the joyous anniversary of a patron Saint, or those of the Mother of God, with piety united to that innocent cheerfulness approved by the Divine Giver of all Good.

The Catholic Church, in nothing shews its wisdom more than in ordaining the occasional celebration of festivals; pleasant therefore is it to witness in this poor country a revival of those celebrations, which shew that true religion not only opens the path to life eternal, but also creates enjoyments in this.

Such were the reflections with which, on the 3rd of May, I attended the observance of the festival called "the Invention of the Holy Cross," at the Calvary on Grace-Dieu Rocks. The lanes and paths leading to the mount were crowded with the inhabitants, not only of the neighbouring villages, but of Loughborough and of Ashby de la Zouche, and with the lower were many of the middle and richer classes; and vehicles of various sorts, horses and riders, were mingled with the foot passengers. The hour fixed was five in the afternoon, and the day seemed formed for a festival. Not a cloud was in the sky, and the young green of spring, lighted up by a brilliant sun, clothed the woods and fields in festive attire. Commanding an extensive view over a richly cultivated country, the Charnwood hills, and the extended roads and parks of Garendon and Grace-Dieu, an abrupt hill rises, studded with grey rocks, which in the most picturesque forms, stand in fantastic groups intersected by patches of velvet turf, and crowned by tufts of brightly flowering gorse. This hill is backed by a dense wood of oak and fir, through which a winding path conducs to Grace Dieu Manor. On a craggy rock, which forms the summit of the hill, stands a well-executed representation of our blessed Saviour on the Cross. The figure, nearly as large as life, was on this evening clearly defined against the bright blue sky, and this sacred image of man's redemption, seemed to stand forth in bold relief, as a cheering pledge of a revival of the ancient faith, of hope, and of charity, and of good-will to man.

At the foot of the hill, on the northern side, stands the village school,

erected by Ambrose Lisle Phillipps, of Grace Dieu Manor, the uncompromising advocate, the unflinching supporter of religion, whose bright example shews how fortune and station can be rendered useful in promoting the best interests of mankind, and to whom the surrounding Catholics are indebted for Churches worthy of that faith which they tend to revive, and for the observance of this festival which they were now assembled to celebrate. The bell sounded from the school-house belfry, and a procession moved from beneath its roof.* Three choir,

* It is in the recollection of several now at Rome, who, about twenty years ago, habitually frequented the monastery of Camaldolese monks on the Aventine, that a middle-aged father of the order was constantly to be seen pacing the convent garden in company with a young man in the dress of a clerical student, holding long and animated discourse. The youth was of a noble Piedmontese family, pursuing that vocation which led him to the sacred ministry; possessed of the rarest talents; eager and persevering in the search of knowledge; and with a mind singularly acute, and formed to comprehend subjects the most profound and questions the most abstruse. To pursue an uninterrupted course of study, and to mature a system of philosophy, which in after years enlightened and astonished mankind, the young student sought a temporary retirement in the convent of St. Gregory. His mental advantages were soon perceived and appreciated by the monk; similarity of tastes and disposition created a friendship as agreeable to the elder as it was beneficial to the younger;—a friendship which time has contributed since to confirm and strengthen. The monk was Padre Mauro Cappellari, afterwards elected to the pontificate, under the name of Gregory XVI, and who still worthily fills the chair of St. Peter: the young student was Count Antonio Rosmini Serbati, afterwards arch-priest in his native country, and since founder of the Institute of Charity,—approved and confirmed some years after its establishment by his former friend of St. Gregory's Convent, then seated on the papal throne. This Institute has, within these few years, sent some of its members to England. Some from this country have already joined it, and are in Italy, pursuing their studies under the immediate superintendence of the founder and father general, while others are preparing to follow. The father provincial and some of the brothers are professors of theology and philosophy at St. Mary's College, Oscott, whilst others of the Institute are established at Loughborough, attending to that mission, and others in the surrounding country. A college for the Institute is being built in the neighbourhood, under the able direction of that great Christian revivalist, Pugin. The object of this Institute is to promote the practice of the Christian religion in the greatest possible perfection. Now, as this perfection consists in the careful fulfilment of the two great precepts of charity, the love of God, and the love of our neighbour, so this Institute takes its name from that virtue which St. Paul terms the bond of perfection, and it is called the Institute of Charity. This name has no reference to any particular isolated branch of charity, because every branch and every act of charity, whether temporal or spiritual, can be undertaken by its members, when their assistance is demanded by their neighbour, and when, all circumstances being duly considered, they find it

from the Catholic Churches of Sheepshed, Whitwick, and Grace-Dieu, walked two and two in surplices, each choir preceded by a cross-bearer carrying a magnificent processional Cross, each of which was different, and designed by the truly Catholic architect, the talented Pugin; then followed in surplices and robes, the Rev. Dr. Gentili, Superior of the Brothers of Charity, now established at Loughborough, and the Rev. A. Rinolfi, another member of that institute; the Rev. Samuel Whitaker, parish priest of Whitwick, in a richly embroidered cope, followed the Brothers of Charity, bearing a splendid reliquary, containing a portion of the HOLY CROSS. The procession was closed by the children of the Sunday and Day Charity Schools of Whitwick and of Grace-Dieu, which are supported and superintended by Mr. A. L. Phillpps and his excellent lady. It moved slowly round the foot of the hill, the choirs chaunting in English the Lord's Prayer and Hail Mary, to the beautiful melody sung at Rome in the great Church of the Missions. Nothing could exceed the effect of the rich crosses and white draperies of the surplices glittering in the sunbeams, the dark grey tints of the rocks, relieved by the intervening spots of verdure, the assembled crowd in breathless silence, broken only by the chaunting, which with so many voices was most powerful. The dark foliage of the deep fir woods that backed the hill, while over the whole scene rose high the figure of Him who offered Himself a sacrifice for all!

When the procession had arrived at the foot of the Crucifix, the assembled people gradually ascended near the summit in various groups: some seated on, or leaning against the rocks, some seated on the grass, preparing to attend to the service. Nature herself seemed hushed;

in their power to do what is required of them. It is the highest aim of their rule, that they should continually study the spirit of Christ, as laid down in his holy life, and taught in the Gospel, that so they may learn how to conform their will with the holy will of God as closely as possible. This conformity of our will with that of God, is the great principle taught us by our Redeemer, and consequently the essential principle of all sanctity: hence, whosoever enters the Institute of Charity, must enter it with that spirit of humility and submission to God's will, which kept our Redeemer hidden, as it were, in the house of his Blessed Mother, until his Heavenly Father called him out of that poor abode, to preach the Gospel unto the salvation of the world. But though the Brothers of Charity, of their own choice, and through a sense of their own nothingness, would prefer a hidden and contemplative life, spent in the assiduous practice of prayer and holy study, yet, at the voice of authority, their rule bids them be ready to leave their retired abodes, to serve the Church of God and their neighbour's soul, howsoever or wheresoever Divine Providence, by the mouth of the Bishops of the Catholic Church, shall please to summon them.

not a breath of wind stirring, when Dr. Gentili kneeling, intoned the *Veni Creator* in English, which was taken up by the choir and many of the crowd; at its conclusion he mounted the step on which the Cross was raised, and addressed the people, but in a strain of impassioned eloquence to which no words can do justice; nor was it lost upon his hearers; the attention of all was riveted, all hearts seemed to be moved, and the understandings eagerly to admit his clear explanations of the festival, of the veneration to be paid to relics, of the great atonement offered on the Cross for sin, of the duty by which every Christian is bound to embrace the Cross, and to carry the Cross. A no less eloquent sermon, passing the same subjects in a general review, followed, by the Rev. A. Rinolfi, the interval between the preaching being filled by the hymn, *JESU, dulcis memoria*, being sung in English to the Gregorian melody; and after the second sermon, was sung the *Ave, Maris Stella*, also in English, to a Gregorian chaunt. The whole was concluded by a scene which it is difficult to believe could have taken place in England, and which, aided by the wild rocky landscape, vividly recalled some religious festival in the Tyrol. Once more mounting on the step of the Cross, Dr. Gentili held on high the reliquary, briefly recapitulating his previous explanation and exhortation, and announcing the Benediction about to be pronounced on the assembled people, with the sacred wood dyed in the blood of our divine Redeemer. Many present there were Catholics, but very many were not; upwards of eight hundred persons were counted in the crowd; many among them had never attended a Catholic ceremony, nor had heard perhaps of Catholics; many, alas! had only heard of them accompanied by the misrepresentations and calumnies usually heaped on the true faith. A dead silence prevailed when the soul-stirring preacher ceased to speak, and returned the reliquary into the hands of the parish priest, the last rays of a calm and brilliant setting sun gilded the summit of the hill, the rocks and Crucifix. None could resist the powerful appeal that had been made to the heart of every Christian, and all simultaneously fell on their knees, bowing their heads; every hat was raised, and each one seemed for the moment inspired with the same feelings of awe, devotion, and recollection, as the Rev. Mr. Whitaker gave the solemn Benediction with the Reliquary. Mr. A. L. Phillipps, his lady, and their guests, then ascended to the summit, and on their knees kissed the reliquary held by the priest; their example was followed by all, respectfully approaching one by one, till a countless number had satisfied their anxious wish; when, as the procession moved down the hill, many who had found it

impossible to approach, eagerly pressed forward soliciting permission also to kiss the Cross of their Saviour.

The surpliced train re-entered the school house, and the crowd quietly and decorously dispersed, all apparently edified, gratified, and happy.

And is not this a festival to be preferred to the noisy, riotous fair, the drunken beer-shop,—the only festivals now, alas! known to the peasantry of England! Oh! would that all, who being profoundly ignorant of the matter, contend that festivals are useless, and, worse still, that they are productive only of idleness, and rioting, and demoralization; that the practice of religion consists only in grave and solemn services, and in the observance of a monotonous ritual, whence all splendour, all ceremony, every appeal to the senses, is rigidly banished; who consider the veneration paid to relics and holy things, the invocation of Saints, and observance of festivals, as superstitious and unbecoming, confounding them with the worship due only to God;—Oh! would that all such had on the third of May stood on the rocky Calvary of Grace-Dieu.

M. A.

Feast of St. Anselm.

ADDRESS TO SUMMER.

HAIL, loveliest season of the changeful year!
How do I long for thy blest presence here;
Emblem of joys that last without decay,
To glad our hearts through Heaven's eternal day

How sweet the strains thy airy songsters sing;
What myriad insects wanton on the wing;
What perfumed incense on the zephyr flies,
And wafts its fragrance upward to the skies!

A thousand brooks for ever gurgling flow
From rocks above, to verdant plains below;
With heavenly music fill the rising gales,
Proclaiming God throughout the sylvan vales.

All join in concert to their Maker's praise;
 All swell the chorus with seraphic lays.
 Lo! every creature mingles in the throng,
 And grateful Nature echoes back the song!

Ere the first tinge o'erspreads the eastern sky,
 Suffusing heaven with many an orient dye,
 The sportive lark, upspringing, carols gay,—
 The earliest harbinger of new-born day.

Thus may I learn my morning thoughts to raise
 At dawn of day in orisons of praise;
 To breathe a holy prayer to God above,—
 Admire His goodness, and adore His love!

When the bright sun attains his noonday height,
 And sheds around his rays of heavenly light,
 The whole creation seems inspired with joy,—
 Inflamed by love, untainted with alloy!

Type of the "Sun of righteousness," who brings
 Joy to the mourner on his "healing wings";*
 Who will dispense eternal light and love
 To those that reign with Him in realms above.†

When the dark shades of evening-tide draw nigh,
 And golden clouds adorn the western sky,
 How should my vesper-prayer to God ascend!
 Who is my hope, my guardian, and my friend!

And, like the bird that wings her downy flight
 To some lone tree beneath the shade of night,
 Broods on the thorn, when others sink to rest,
 And plaintive warbles while she wounds her breast,‡

Oh! may I sing the praises of my God!
 And meekly suffer 'neath His chastening rod;
 While my past sins I nightly mourn afresh,
 Perform the penance, and subdue the flesh.

And when my spirit leaves this lower earth,
 Oh! may it soar to Him who gave it birth!
 With hosts celestial, and with Angels sing
 Unceasing anthems to its heavenly King!

* Mal. iv. 2.

+ Isa. lx. 19.

‡ Alluding to the circumstance so often alledged, viz.—that the nightingale presses her breast on a thorn while she sings her mournful ditty.

REVIEW.

Lyra Ecclesiastica: or a Collection of Ancient and Godly Latin Hymns, with an English Translation, in corresponding metre, by ATHANASIUS DIEDRICH WACKERBARTH, A.B. Second Series. London: J. Bohn, Henrietta Street, and C. Dolman, New Bond Street, 1843.

ON a former occasion, we recorded our sentiments respecting the first series of Mr. Wackerbarth's "*Lyra Ecclesiastica*;" and a frequent perusal since that period, has given us no reason to withdraw the favourable judgment we then expressed. On the contrary, that little work has every day grown in our favour, and makes us hail with more than ordinary interest, the appearance of the second series of "*Ancient and Godly Hymns*," which is now lying before us. As we anticipated, the new series fully justifies our expectation; for while there is the same racy old English, and closeness to the original in these, as in the former series, those qualities are combined with a like freedom in the management of our unbending vernacular, which we may say is truly wonderful.

The hymns in the present series are few in number, but they are all gems, and admirably adapted to "those who love the old Church of our fathers, in all its hoary beauty; whose hearts burn in pondering on the deep and awful mysteries of our Faith; and whose souls, filled with reverential and adoring love, wander often in fellowship with cloistered saints of by-gone times, to enjoy for a while the warmth of unbroken devotion, in the lone loveliness of those spots which so often surrounded our Abbeys, and served to call heavenly things to mind, till the merciless tornado of the Reformation, swept all that was holy and all that was beautiful from the land, one mighty offering to selfishness, industrialism, and gain."—*Preface* p. ii.

The hymns translated, or rather, we should say, naturalized, in the present series, are: the prose, "*Veni SANCTE SPIRITUS*;" "*The Lauda Sion of St. Thomas of Acquinum*"; the Hymn to Christ, beginning with "*Christum Ducem*," a singular composition, by the way, in which the *last* line in each stanza, is the beginning of some other hymn in the Divine office, so that it is a kind of index of first lines; Cardinal Peter Damian's sublime "*Hymn on the Glory of Paradise*;" the "*Hymn of*

Loretto: O Maria," which is new to us; and the prose, on the Conception of our Lady, beginning "Dies iste celebretur.

Where all are so excellent, we must be content to make a few extracts almost at random. We begin with Cardinal Petrus Damianus' "Hymn on the Glories of Paradise;" and we annex the original, that our readers may be fully aware of the merits of Mr. Wackerbarth's version:—

"Ad perennis vitæ fontem,
Mens sitivit arida,
Claustra carnis præsto frangi
Clausæ quærit anima,
Gliscit, ambit, eluctatur,
Exul frui patria.

"At the fount of life eternal
Faints the parchèd soul with thirst,
For the imprisoned spirit restless
Seeks the flesh's gates to burst,
Struggling, yearning, for the countrey,
Whence it has been banished erst.

"Dum pressuris et ærumnis,
Te gemit obnoxiam,
Quam amisit, dum deliquit,
Contemplatur gloriam,
Præsens malum ager boni,
Perditi memoriam.

"While it wails its sad condition
Pressed by grief, by sorrow crossed,
Sad it looks upon the glory
Its delinquency has cost,
Present misery increases,
Memory of the blessings lost.

"Nam quis promat summa pacis,
Quanta sit lætitia?
Ubi vivis margaritis
Surgunt ædificia,
Auro celso micant tecta,
Radiant triclinia.

"For of everlasting quiet,
Who the joyousness can tell?
Where in edifices splendid,
All of living pearl they dwell,
While with burnished gold the buildings
And the couches gleam as well.

"Hyems horrens, æstas torrens,
Illic nunquam sæviunt,
Flos perpetuus rosarum
Ver agit perpetuum,
Candent lilia, rubescit
Crocus, sudat balsamum.

"Winter braming, summer flaming,
There relax their blustering;
And sweet roses ever blooming,
Make an everlasting spring;
Lily blanching, crocus blushing,
And the balsam perfuming.

"Virent prata, vernant sata,
Rivi mellis influunt,
Pigmentorum spirat odor
Liquor et aromatum,
Pendent poma floridorum,
Non lapsura nemorum.

"Pasture growing, meadows blowing,
Honey streams in rivers fair,
While with aromatic perfume,
Grateful glows the balmy air;
Luscious fruits, that never wither.
Hang in every thicket there.

"Non alterna luna vices,
Sol, vel cursus siderum,
Agnus est felicitis urbis
Lumen in occiduum;
Nox et tempus desunt ei,
Diem fert continuum.

"Nam et Sancti quique velut,
Sol præclarus rutilant,
Post triumphum coronati,
Mutuo conjubilant,
Et prostrati pugnas hostis
Jam seci numerant.

"Mutabilibus exuti,
Repetunt originem,
Et præsentem veritatis,
Contemplantur speciem,
*Hinc vitalem vivi fontis
Hauriunt dulcedinem."*

"There nor waxing moon, nor waning
Sun, nor stars, in courses bright;
For the Lamb to that glad city
Shines an everlasting light,
There the day-light beams for ever,—
All unknown are time and night.

"For the Saints, in beauty beaming,
Shine in light, and glory pure,
Crowned in triumph's flushing honours,
Joy in unison secure,
And in safety tell their battles,
And their foes' discomfiture.

"Striped of changefulness, united
To primæval being's spring,
And the present form and essence
Of the truth contemplating,
*Lo! they quaff the vital sweetness
Of the well of quickening!"*—pp. 21-23.

The above we look upon as quite perfect. We would fain give the whole of it, but we must have a little moderation, as we have to cull one other passage from the prose, on the "Conception of our Blessed Lady," attributed to Adam of St. Victor; to which also we annex the original, that the reader may compare the two, and observe how faithful is Mr. Wackerbarth's translation, and done with as much facility and freedom, as if he had been unshackled, by NO LESS THAN SIX DOUBLE RHYMES IN THREE SUCCESSIVE STANZAS.

"Quod præcessit in figura
Nube latet sub obscura,
Hoc declarat genitura
Piæ Matris. Virgo pura
Pariendi vertit jura,
Fusa, mirante natura,
DEITATIS pluvia.

"Triste fuit in Eva væ
Sed ex Eva format Ave,
Versâ vice, sed non prave,
Intus ferens in conclave
VERBUM bonum et sùave;
Nobis, Mater Virgo, fave,
Tua frui gratia.

"That in ancient types digested,
Which in cloudy darkness rested,
Mary's birth hath manifested,
Who, all nature's laws arrested,
Bare in pureness uncontested,
(Act in awful wonder vested)
Through her God's bedewing grace.

"Woe full sore in Eva caught us,
This of Eva, Ave wrought us,
With a change, all blameless, sought us,
And to dwell amongst us, brought us
That sweet WORD and good that bought
Virgin Mother, shed athwart us, [us,
Thy sweet grace's cheering rays.

"Omnis homo sine mora
 Laude plena solvens ora,
 Ipsam cole, ipsam ora,
 Omni die, omni hora,
 Sit mens supplex, vox sonora,
 Sic supplica, sic implora,
 Hujus patrocinia."

"Let each man, supineness chasing,
 Lips and tongue with praises gracing,
 Marye blessing, Marye praising,
 As each day and hour is pacing,
 Voice elating, mind abasing,
 Prayer and supplication raising,
 Seek her aid, and ask her grace."

—pp. 33, 34.

When we look at the poor and meagre versions of the sublime hymns, which are found in the greater proportion of our Prayer Books, and see what can be done, we take good heart, and feel that that unseemliness is now in a fair way of being remedied. Within the last few years, various successful attempts and improvements in the translation of some of the hymns used in the Divine Office, have been made; particularly in a little Prayer Book, entitled "Catholic Hours," where most of those in common use are very fairly rendered, in conformity with the original measure, and assuredly a great step in advance of such make-believe versions as too often are found in our Vesper's Book;—such as these stanzas in the Stabat Mater, where the ideas excited may be well meant, but are certainly not devotional.

"Great Queen of Sorrows, in thy train
Let me a mourner's place obtain,
 With tears to cleanse all sinful stain.

"To heal the leprosy of sin,
 We must the cure with tears begin,
All flesh's corrupt without their brine."

which is meant to be the translation of—

"Fac ut ardeat cor meum
 In amando Christum DEUM,
 Ut sibi complaceam.

"Sancta Mater istud agas,
 Crucifixi fige plagas,
 Cordi meo valide."*

But to return to Mr. Wackerbarth. On a former occasion, we urged

* The version of the Stabat Mater in Mr. Husenbeth's Edition of the Vespers Book is very good, but by no means equal to that of Mr. Wackerbarth's, in the first series of the *Lyra Ecclesiastica*.

him to persevere: we can now only repeat that advice more pressingly, in proportion to the greater confidence we now have of his doing the task better than any one else. He has all the elements of a good translator: namely, a musical ear, a thorough knowledge of the intricacies of both tongues, great command of racy English, facility in double rhymes, and a graceful perception of the sublime thoughts which occur in the devout hymns and proses of our venerable Church office; while the sphere before him is not only ample, but, as he will do it, unexplored. With this we take our leave, hoping that, ere long, we shall have to return to the subject, on the appearance, as we hope, of his third series of ANCIENT AND GODLY HYMNS.

The Archconfraternity of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, for the Conversion of Sinners, established in the Parochial Church of Notre Dame des Victoires, Paris; by M. L'Abbé Desgenettes, curé of Notre Dome des Victoires. Abridged and translated from the French, 1843. London: T. Jones, Paternoster Row.

This little work was much wanted by the members of the above Arch-confraternity in this country. It contains a brief sketch of its origin and progress since its establishment, with a few edifying examples of conversions, obtained by the prayers of the associates, through the intercession of our Blessed Lady; to which are annexed the statutes of the association, and the Apostolic brief of his present Holiness in its favour.

The translation is good, and the selections from the larger French work being judiciously made, reflect credit alike on the pen and judgment of the young lady to whom we are indebted for the compilation of the little volume, which we make no doubt will have an extensive circulation among the associates of this pious institution.

THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

"OH MARY, CONCEIVED WITHOUT SIN, PRAY FOR ME, WHO HAVE
RECOURSE TO THEE."

NIGHT was fast closing on the town of Angers, as two of the Sisters of Charity rapidly threaded their way through its crowded streets. They were already close to their convent gate, when the sound of lamentation attracted the well-accustomed ear of one of these gentle sisters; and turning round, she accosted a little girl, who had followed them, weeping bitterly.

"My grandfather," sobbed the child, "he is dying, holy sisters. Mother is out, and there is no one near him."

The heart of the good sister melted at these words of woe, and she looked at her companion, who was the elder by some years.

"It is not far," said the little girl, in a pleading voice;—"and he is dying," she added, still addressing her whose soft voice and gentle mien had won her childish affections in a moment.

The good sisters had walked far that day,—they had wandered alternately from the bed of sickness to the house of sorrow,—and they were returning home, wearied alike in body and mind;—but not for a moment did it occur to them to reject the prayer of the child, in whom they beheld but an image of their Saviour in distress.

"We will follow thee, my child," said the gentle nun. She took the little girl by the hand, and addressed a few questions to her; but the child sobbed so violently, that her answers were inaudible. She led them through a narrow street, and paused before an open door. It was evidently the abode of wretched poverty; but poverty in all its forms was too familiar to the Sisters, to create any observation; and without a remark, they followed her up the narrow stairs, and into a room where a man was lying, evidently within a few hours of his decease. After a few minutes' consultation, the elder of the nuns proposed returning to the convent, to procure spiritual assistance for the unhappy man; and when she had departed on this mission, the other advanced to the bed on which he lay. At first he seemed unconscious of her presence; but when his eye fell upon her black dress and the white Cross she wore on her bosom, he exhibited the utmost loathing and abhorrence; and raising himself up in the bed by a wonderful effort of strength, he poured forth a torrent of abuse and blasphemy.

The good nun was grieved, but not surprised. Alas ! it was but too often her lot to stand by the death-bed of the despairing sinner. She remained for a time in silent prayer ; but when, rather shrieking than speaking, he bade her " begone, and leave him to his master, the Devil," she fell upon her knees, and cried out, in a voice of holy energy, which for a moment awed the sinner into silence, " Man, I will not begone, until you have ceased to blaspheme your God." " Oh ! creature of Christ JEsus crucified," she continued, in a voice so sweet and soft, it was music only to sit and hear it ; and rising, she held up the Crucifix before his eyes, " can you behold Him, as he thus hung upon the Cross, His sacred body torn, His spirit wounded because of your transgressions ; can you see Him thus, and still offend Him, by the sin of despair ?"

Even as the rod of Moses brought waters from the living rock, so did the sight of that holy image soften the hardness of the sinner's heart. He sunk back upon his pillow, and gazed wistfully upon the Crucifix ; but then again he closed his eyes, and muttered between his teeth, " Judas, Judas."

" Judas," resumed the nun, " betrayed his Master ; yet, had he repented, he had even then found mercy. It was the sin of despair which made it better for him that he had never been born. One there was," she added, and her voice grew softer and sweeter, as if the deep love in her soul had found a voice and spoken, " one there was, who anointed his feet at the pharisee's supper, who followed him step by step on his way to mount Calvary, who knelt at the foot of his Cross during the three long hours of his agony, who shared the favour of his last looks on earth, with his sinless Mother, and his virgin disciple. Magdalen was her name. She had betrayed her master many times ; but many sins were forgiven her, because she loved much."

There was silence in the room, only broken by the sinner's sobs. Sister Agnes placed the Crucifix on his bosom. " Wear it round your neck and in your heart," she said, " and take also the image of Mary." She placed a medal in his hands. " She is the refuge and hope of sinners : entreat her to pray for you, and think not that JEsus will be deaf to his Mother's voice, when she asks him to pardon the creature for whom he once deigned to die."

The priest, who had been sent for from the convent, now entered the room. Agnes was preparing to depart, when the door once more opened, and a young woman entered, who, on beholding the sacred character of those surrounding the sick man, paused, in a mixture of shame and fear. She was young, but the freshness of youth was no

longer on her cheek. She had been handsome, and the sad remains of beauty yet lingered round her face and form. Her countenance might once have been full of innocent goodness ; for even now it was not an expression of boldness, but of most reckless despair which betrayed the degraded sinfulness of the poor out-cast's life. The sick man saw her, and the keenest remorse was on his face as he said :

" Stay, holy Sister ! and reverend Father say, what hope of pardon can you give the wretch who sold his child to a life of crime ? "

An unearthly shriek interrupted his words. The girl had remained standing in the middle of the room ; but on hearing these words, she advanced rapidly to the bed, and falling on her knees, she exclaimed wildly :

" Father !—father, do not say so ! Oh ! anything but that. Do not say that you bartered me for gold ! "

The man wept aloud.

" Do not curse me—child ! Do not curse me before I die. "

" I will not, father. I will not. Oh ! why did you not let me be a nun, like my sister ? What had I done that you should use me thus ? "

" Spouse of Christ, " said the sick man, turning solemnly towards Agnes, " the sins of this unhappy child are upon my soul as my own. By the mercy for which you have taught me to hope, save her from the guilt into which I alone have plunged her. "

The nun was weeping bitterly. A light had broken on her soul.

" Father, " she whispered, " do you not know your child ? "

The man gazed earnestly upon her ; sickness had dimmed his eyes ; but at last he recognized his child, and fell back fainting on his pillow. With some difficulty he was restored, and then pressing gently the hand of Agnes, he pointed to his youngest daughter, who still remained kneeling with her face buried in her hands, and whispered,

" Be a mother to poor Isabel. "

Agnes bowed her head, and taking her sister's arm, she led her from the room. The priest closed the door after them, and then Agnes folded her sister in her arms. The poor girl neither returned nor rejected these caresses. She did not sob or scream : but the tears fell in torrents from her eyes, and she looked the very picture of shame and sorrow. Then struck by another impulse, she fell upon her knees, as if wholly unworthy to stand in the presence of one so pure as her sister.

" Oh, sister, sister ! " cried Agnes, " treat me not thus. Look not as if you had forgotten me,—your own sister—your own Agnes. "

The mighty affliction of the poor sinner's soul found voice at last, and falling on her sister's breast, she cried out aloud,—

“Sister, I am a sinner!”

“And so was Magdalen,—and so are we all!” cried Agnes, her tears falling abundantly on her sister's head. “Oh, sister! let us kneel together, and say once more the prayers that we said in the days of our childhood. We were children then!—we are children still! We will tell our Heavenly Father that we are sorry for our sins, and He will not refuse us his pardon and his love.”

Twined in each other's arms they knelt together, and Agnes prayed aloud. It was years since Isabel had heard that voice, the very tones of which were full of piety and love; it was years since a thought of grace, a hope of pardon had entered her soul; and now, with the prayer of her innocent childhood ringing in her ears, and the repentant love of a Magdalen burning in her bosom, full of fear for the future and remorse for the past, she clasped her sister more tightly in her arms and sobbed aloud.

“Leave me not, sister,—desert me not! Oh, save me from this life of sin, and the God of the sinner and the Saint reward you for the deed!

Agnes folded her sister in her arms.

“My sister, I will never forsake you until I see you restored to God and his holy Church! I leave you no more!”

The priest now recalled them to their father's chamber. He was about to administer the last awful rites of religion to him. Marie assisted in lighting the candles which her religious sister had now brought from the convent; but Isabel fell prostrate on the floor. How could she venture to look upon the Holy of Holies?—she, whose life had been full of sin! The priest recited a short prayer aloud, and then, with a heart full of contrition and joy, the dying man received from his hands the awful Sacrament of the Body and Blood of his Saviour and his Judge. Afterwards, the priest anointed him with holy oil, upon the eyes, mouth, &c. praying aloud, that the sins he had committed through each of the senses might be forgiven in virtue of the sacrament of extreme unction. The poor penitent wept with joy through the whole of this most consoling rite, and answered every prayer in a voice tremulous and broken by emotion. The lights were extinguished, but still the priest remained by the bed of death, and prayed audibly for mercy and grace towards the departing soul. He ceased, and, at a sign from her father, Agnes raised her sister, and led

her towards his bed. The dying man raised himself up with difficulty, and extending his hands towards them he said :—

“My children, whom I have wronged, before God and his Saints, I entreat your pardon.”

The words were apparently intended for both, but Isabel felt them to be addressed in a peculiar manner to the injured innocence of her own soul, and bending over his withered hand, she murmured softly,—

“God bless you, father.”

“Thank you, my child. I die content.”

A smile was upon his lips as he sank back upon his pillow. Then turning towards Agnes, he whispered,—

“Remember this unhappy child.”

He closed his eyes, and a shadow, as of death, fell upon his face. The priest saw that the hour was come, and rising up, he read that awful recommendation of the departing soul to the mercy of its Creator, beginning, “Depart, Christian soul,” &c. Ere his voice had ceased the man was dead; and kneeling down, he cried out aloud, “‘From the depths I have cried to thee! Oh, Lord, hear my voice,’ &c. And thus, in prayer and supplication, he passed the night by the corpse of the repentant sinner.

The sisters stood beside the grave of their father,—Agnes in the garb of religion, Isabel in the mourning of the world.

“And here we part, my sister,” said Agnes. “We part, but it is to meet again. On earth, in spirit at the foot of the Cross. In Heaven, I trust, on the bosom of our Saviour.”

Even as she spoke, the priest, who had attended her father’s death-bed, came and took Isabel by the hand.

“My child,” he said, in a kind but solemn voice, “am I indeed to understand that you have determined to forsake your evil ways, and to repent of your sins?”

Isabel fell upon her knees.

“With all my heart, and with all my soul I do repent them, father! Would to God that all those whom I have scandalized by my life could be witness now of my shame and sorrow!”

“I believe you, my child!” The good father hesitated for a moment. “I have spoken to the Superior of the ‘Bon Pasteur,’ and she will gladly receive you. You are now, for a time at least, about to leave the world, and in prayer and supplication to ask pardon for your sins. But there is *one* who has a claim upon you. You may see her once more before you depart.”

The unhappy girl covered her face with her hands, and her whole frame shook with her violent emotion. It was but for a moment ; then removing her hands, every trace of emotion vanished from her calm, pale face. She said, in a tone of quiet resignation :

"No, my father, the child of sin shall never again bring gladness to the eyes of her mother. I shall see her no more. I commit her to God and Agnes."

"She shall be cared for," said Agnes, in a solemn voice.

The sisters embraced once more ; then Isabel drew her veil tightly over her face, and followed the priest.

There is a convent at Angers : and the holy sisters who are professed within its walls have devoted themselves to the noblest work of which the human soul is capable—to the protection and reclaiming of the forsaken sinner. Others have devoted themselves to the preservation and instruction of innocence, which naturally awakens pity and love in the human heart ; but these noble beings have given their lives, their fortunes, their talents, their very souls, to the reformation of those, whom the world indeed has rejected with scorn, but whom Christ once suffered, in the person of Magdalen, to sit at his feet. He who reads all the secrets of the human heart, can alone understand the merit of these holy sisters, who, with their pure hearts and spotless reputations, have devoted their lives to continual contact with coarse ignorance and vulgar crime. He alone can appreciate their sacrifice and reward it, and truly He does reward it, even with the hundred-fold, He has promised to His holy servants upon earth.

Yes ! the sister of the "Good Shepherd" lies down at night upon her humble pallet, the prayers and blessings of the rescued sinner falling like softest dew upon her heart. She rises in the morning to teach those to pray who never prayed before, to engrave the sweet lessons of love and hope upon hearts, that, but for her, had grown hard beneath the influence of crime, desperate beneath the scorn of that world which had lured them to error. The consciousness of many souls rescued through her means from a life of crime, is a charm to make the rough path she has chosen pleasant to her feet ; and, at the hour of her death, who shall say these grateful spirits may not surround her bed, like ministering Angels, bidding her soul go forth without fear to meet that Judge, whose sorrows she had so often soothed in the sorrows of His poor, whose heaven she had so often made glad, with the joy that Angels feel over one sinner doing penance. It was to this blessed retreat from sin and sorrow that the good priest brought Isabel ;

and as the gates of the convent closed upon her, she felt she had no wish upon earth but to spend the rest of her life in bewailing her sins at the foot of the Cross.*

Years passed away, and the sisters had not met. The one continued in her blessed vocation to hang like an angel of peace over the bed of disease, and to breathe words of contrition and love over the frozen heart of the sinner. The other had entered the order of the Magdalens in the "Bon Pasteur," and had thus devoted the remainder of her days to mourning over the errors of her early youth.

It happened one day, that a young novice who had been sent on her daily duties under the care of sister Agnes, was taken so seriously ill, that the latter was obliged to ask shelter for her in the convent of the "Bon Pasteur," near which they chanced to be at the time. There she was received with all love and kindness; and a surgeon was sent for, who, upon seeing her, instantly declared that a few hours must terminate her existence. Sister Agnes whispered a few words to the Superior, who replied, in a tone of deep commiseration, "Poor thing, poor thing! she shall be sent for directly."

A priest now came and administered the last sacraments of the Church to the young girl, and as he went through the awful forms of extreme unction, a look of heavenly joy was upon her dying face. Perhaps at that moment, her good Angel was suggesting to her the sweetest consolations that the soul can know in the awful hour of its departure from this world. Perhaps he told her, that those eyes which the priest now anointed with holy oil, had ever been closed upon the vanities of this world,—that those ears had ever been open to the voice of distress,—those feet been often wearied in seeking its abode,—those hands been ever employed in administering to its wants,—those lips been only unclosed to instruct its ignorance, or to console its afflictions. Well might her soul rejoice in the anticipation of those blessed words, "What you have done to the least of my brethren, you have done even unto me." Since, in the midst of her deep humility, she could not but feel that those senses, for the sins of which the priest was even now imploring pardon, and which by others are so often made the agents of crime, had been used by her but as ministering angels to the sorrows of her Saviour, in the persons of his poor.

* A branch of this convent has settled at Hammersmith. We would earnestly entreat for its support the charity of our readers, in the hope that, by their contributions towards it, they also may be of those who, "instructing others unto justice," shall shine like stars through all eternity.

So thought those who knelt around her bed ; so thought *one* who lay prostrate at the half-opened door, and who, in the depths of her humility, deemed herself unworthy to enter the chamber where a saint was about to depart to the espousals of her Lord ! The lights were extinguished, the prayers were said, and then sister Agnes bent over the dying girl and whispered something in her ear. A shadow fell upon that angel face : it seemed as if she had been disturbed in a dream of Heaven. But then she looked at the sister with a smile of acquiescence.

Agnes approached the door, and led to the bed-side the tottering form of the Magdalen who had been prostrate there. Isabel gazed for one moment upon the holy face of her child, and struck by an awful idea of her sanctity, she fell on her knees and whispered softly, "Spouse of Christ, pray for and bless thy mother."

The girl sat upright in her bed, every feature of her face bright in the holy exultation of her soul, and falling into the arms of her mother, she cried out,—

"Mother ! my mother ! we shall meet in Heaven !"

They laid her back upon the pillow, but she was dead. Isabel hid her face in the coverlet, while they read the prayers for the spirit gone to judgment. The rest of the assistants now departed, and the mother was left alone with the corpse of her child. One of the nuns soon came to seek her. She rose, imprinted one last kiss upon those lips, where a happy smile was lingering still, and then she followed the nun, her arms folded meekly on her bosom. Agnes met her at the door—she drew her sister towards her,—they gazed wistfully upon each well-known face, then they fell into each other's arms, and lifting up their voices, they wept aloud. It was but for a moment : Agnes withdrew, and the sisters met no more upon earth. But their souls were often blended together in prayer : and in patience and humble hope they awaited the day when they should meet once again upon the bosom of their Lord—that guiltless and that pardoned one !

Feast of St. Catharine of Sienna.

M. C. A.

EDINBURGH CATHOLIC GILD.

A Report of the First Annual Meeting of the Holy Gild of St. Joseph, at Edinburgh; with an Appendix of various papers. Edited by the Right Rev. Bishop Gillis. Edinburgh: Montignani. 1843.

WE return, according to our promise, to this work, of which we gave a brief notice in our April number. Though it does not appear likely, at first sight, that the Report of an Institution in Scotland will be likely to be very interesting to persons residing at a distance from the scene of the occurrences there described, we can assure our readers that this pamphlet has much more than a local interest, and that they may gather much from its pages both to interest and instruct them.

We observe in the Appendix many valuable papers on a subject which is, at the present time especially, of the greatest importance to all true patriots and philanthropists, viz. the present condition of the working classes of the community, and its possible improvement. The evils of the present condition of that class of people are well known to be both numerous and great, but we were hardly prepared for the accounts which we find in this volume, of the uncivilized and even barbarous state in which so many of our fellow-creatures pass their existence. It is true that the facts and observations there brought forward are descriptive of an individual city, but we regret to say that we are informed by competent authorities, that the condition of the corresponding class in our large towns, and even in this metropolis, would present an equally revolting picture.

How little do the rich and noble, or even the middle class of inhabitants of a city or large town, know of the squalid wretchedness and awful immorality which lie festering in their immediate neighbourhood, and which, if not remedied, will, like a lingering pestilence, corrode the very vitals of society.

It does not fall to our lot to enter into the details of these evils. It is our more pleasing task to lay before our readers the means of improvement which are here so admirably described, and, what is better, reduced to practice.

Before proceeding further, we will extract from the commencement of the Appendix the account of the institution of Gilds:—

“ Before entering into the merits of the Edinburgh Gild as a Benefit Society,

it may be well in the first place to account for its name. The Gild then, it is proper to mention, is in one respect an essentially Christian association or sodality, inasmuch as the *ordinary* members specially bind themselves to the performance of certain religious duties, with a view to their daily improvement in virtue. Hence its designation—'HOLY GILD.' It is called the Gild of St. JOSEPH, because its ordinary members are supposed to belong to the industrious classes, of which St. Joseph has always been looked upon as the PATRON in the Catholic Church.

"As to the word *Gild*, it is one of Saxon origin, and is derived from *Geldan* or *Gildan*, which means 'to pay,' because the members of the societies so called, whether united together for civil or religious purposes, were '*gildare*,' that is, to pay something towards the support of the brotherhood to which they belonged. This will also account for a preference being here given to what seems to have been the more ancient way of writing the word Gild, over the more recent one of Guild, as in Guild Hall, or Dean of Guild."—Page 5, *Appendix*, No. I.

"Gilds," says Dr. Lingard, in his History of the Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church, "were an institution of great antiquity among the Anglo-Saxons, and in every populous neighbourhood they existed in numerous ramifications. They were of different descriptions. Some were restricted to the performance of religious duties; in others the professed object was the prosecution of thieves and the preservation of property; but all were equally solicitous to provide for the spiritual welfare of the departed brethren. As a specimen of their engagements, I may be allowed to translate a part of the laws established in the Gild at Abbotsbury. 'If,' says the legislator, 'any one belonging to our association chance to die, each member shall pay one penny for the good of the soul before the body be laid in the grave. If he neglect it he shall be fined a triple sum. If any of us fall sick within sixty miles, we engage to find fifteen men who may bring him home; but if he die first, we will send thirty to convey him to the place where he desires to be buried. If he die in the neighbourhood, the steward shall enquire where he is to be buried, and shall summon as many members as he can to assemble and attend the corpse in an honourable manner, to carry it to the minster and pray devoutly for the soul.' Let us act in this manner and we shall perform the duties of our confraternity. This will be honourable to us both before God and man: for we know not who among us may die first, but we believe that, with the assistance of God, this agreement will profit us all if it be rightly observed." (Ib. *note*)

The Edinburgh Gild combines in its plan the religious society of the ancient gild and its observances, with a benefit or friendly society. It also bestows premiums for the best and tidiest kept cottages.

There is, undoubtedly, at the present day, a deep and reverential feeling for the time-honoured institutions of our forefathers, which we hope to see followed by good results; the more so, as we believe that this feeling is not a mere impulse of custom and fashion, but that it has its root in attachment and affection for the religion which gave rise to those institutions. It is with much pleasure, therefore, that we hail the revival of any of them, as in this case of the Edinburgh Gild, and we are happy to hear that the same good custom obtains in many parts of England.

To mitigate the distressing evils which at present exist in our social system, no better remedy could be found than these religious societies. By encouraging and inculcating charity to all men, they cause the wants of the poor to be relieved, while to the afflicted is afforded the sweetest of all consolations. Moreover, by joining in confraternities, the practice of virtue and devotion is greatly promoted, and the authority and protection of religion is thrown around institutions of an otherwise secular nature. Human endeavours will be for the most part vain, unless we bring religion to the aid of earthly wisdom. The second point of view in which we purpose to regard the gild is as a benefit, or friendly society, which comprises the following schemes; viz. a sickness fund for providing weekly payments in money during sickness, until the members complete the sixty-fifth year of their age.

2nd. An annuity fund, for providing a permanent annual allowance to members for life, after completing their sixty-fifth year.

3rd. An assurance fund, for providing a sum payable at the death of members.

Benefit societies are by no means a recent institution in this country. They have existed for many years, and have been repeatedly the objects of the attention of the legislature, which has passed, at different times, many acts for their regulation, and some conferring great privileges upon them.

With regard to their utility we will express our own conviction that this principle of benefit societies, or mutual assurance, if generally diffused among the working classes, aided by the subscriptions of their wealthier brethren, and directed by the superintendence of their clergy, would, of itself, be sufficient to supersede the poor-rates which are now so oppressive an incubus on the industry of the country.

To trace these institutions from their first foundation to the present time would be of little or no utility, but to point out the principal

causes of their failure, as is done in this pamphlet, is of great advantage, as it enables them to guard against such failures in future.

As we observed in our former notice of this work, much mischief and distress has been caused by the failure of various benefit societies which had gone on for many years in seeming prosperity. The cause of these failures it is not difficult to perceive. Life assurance some years ago was in its infancy ; and the health assurance, which was the object of these societies, and which depended mainly on the same principles, could not be ascertained with accuracy, more especially as the management of these schemes most frequently devolved upon men possessed of no very great financial knowledge or calculating powers.

Many of them, after exhibiting for a long period seeming prosperity and success, became totally insolvent, and entailed ruinous losses on their proprietors.

These undertakings, however, though failures in themselves, have been productive of some good, by affording data for the foundation of a more correct system, which could not perhaps have been otherwise attained. To calculate tables for the regulation of a society of this kind is a very difficult and intricate task, and Bishop Gillis has evinced great ability and exactness in performing it. The principle on which it is constructed is, that "The contributions of the members, taking them as a whole, shall, upon the whole, be equal to the allowances to the members, taking them upon an average." We have carefully examined the tables, and find them constructed upon safe and permanent principles, and likely, if the society should prove extensive, even to accumulate money. The interest on the investment of the assets must prove a considerable item. The errors into which other societies have fallen are here set forth with much perspicuity, and at too great a length for us to transfer them to our pages. We recommend any one in search of information on this subject to consult this work, in which they will find many useful facts and observations for their guidance.

The third, and not least important function of the gild is, to give annual certificates and premiums to the occupiers of the cleanest and most tidily kept houses under £7 rent. This practice is productive of more good than would be supposed by a casual observer.

Cleanliness, order, and the observance of the decencies of life in the dwellings of the poor, besides the additional health and comfort which they bring with them, have also a beneficial effect on their moral character and conduct. As the poet truly observes,—

"Even from the body's purity the mind
Receives a secret, sympathetic aid."

We shall look in vain for purity and delicacy of feeling in the crowded and noisome hovels where the poor too often bury themselves in large towns and cities.

We cannot take leave of this book without noticing the meeting, the proceedings of which are here reported. It is gratifying to observe that the bishops, in this excellent undertaking, are assisted by the zealous co-operation of several respectable individuals of a different religious persuasion; a delightful proof, as the Right Rev. Editor observes, that however widely men may conscientiously differ, there is still a possibility of their meeting together, without sacrifice of principle, to act in common for the good of their neighbour.

As we gave in the 70th and 71st Numbers of our last Series a brief report of this meeting, we shall make no further extract on this occasion than the following one, from the speech of Dr. Gillis, as it embodies a very judicious regulation of the gild. In alluding to the praise given in the certificate to the goodwife of the house, the Bishop said this was but just, since it was evident that the principal merit of such premiums must, necessarily, rest with the female head of the family.

"And here," continued he, "I beg to call your attention to one particular feature in the proceedings of the Holy Gild. We hear every day of some new system brought forward, with a view to the regeneration of society; and we see the male and female votaries of each parading the streets like so many recruiting parties for public sympathy. I wish not to cast any invidious reflection upon any of them; but this I will say, that if it be of importance to society that the male portion of the community be sober and industrious, it is surely equally important, if not more so, that the women should never depart from that retiring modesty which alone can ensure to them the respect, the veneration, and the love, which so naturally belong to the female portion of society. I confess I have never been able to bring myself to think that these processions of women can lead to good. I hold that it is degrading the sacredness of home thus to drag forward that individual of the family, around whom should entwine its dearest and tenderest feelings, and make her a public spectacle through the streets of a city. This, I trust, you will never see in the Holy Gild of St. Joseph. There are already belonging to it many women who share in its every success, and rejoice in its every festivity; but they shall never, I trust, be seen out of that place which Providence has assigned them. Theirs, as these certificates express, shall be the praise of the valiant woman who looked well to the paths of her house, and eat not her bread in idleness."

We shall be happy if our brief notice of this excellent institution

prove the means of inducing any one to follow the good example of its founder, and those who have co-operated with him in the good work. We trust we shall have the satisfaction of recording the establishment and prosperity of many similar undertakings. The rich and the noble, or, in other words, the higher class of society, have many other duties besides those which are imposed on them. These duties they cannot neglect at the present time without great danger to themselves and their country.* We conclude with the following valuable observations from the second paper of the Appendix.

“One reason why, in this country, so many well-meant undertakings are often found to fall so far short of the good anticipated from them,—and why large sums of money that are every day expended with the kindest intentions in the world, are frequently spent to so little purpose,—is the want of institutions such as none but truly Christian (not legal) charity can rear, and of which the natural tendency is to induce, without displacing either class, a more kindly personal intercourse between rich and poor than can now be said to exist among us. There are everywhere unquestionably individual exceptions to the general rule, and of many of which we may be truly proud; yet commonly speaking, is it not too true that, with us, clergymen, physicians, and poor-law commissioners and guardians, form the only portion of the higher and more educated classes, of whom it is expected that they are personally to understand concerning the needy poor: while the rest await comfortably within their own homes the periodical production of the voluntary subscription book, or the tax-gatherer's receipt for so much, as assessment for the poor? There is a world of truth in the words of Mr. Sidney Herbert, as given lately in the *Times*: ‘We have too little communication between classes in this country; we want, *not the feeling*, but the expression of more sympathy between the rich and the poor,—more personal communication between them.’”

* The appendix contains a paper on the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, which we do not notice further at present, as our magazine, a few numbers back, contained an article on this excellent Society, to which we refer the reader. We are promised a valuable contribution, containing much more information on this admirable society, which we hope ere long to lay before our readers.

NOTE ON MIXED MARRIAGES..

OUR attention has been directed to a passage in our notice of Mr. Jerningham's Pamphlet, On Mixed Marriages, last month, which involves a mistatement, or rather a misapprehension, of facts, common both to the reviewer and to the reviewed.* The Church is there asserted, or assumed, to have hitherto tolerated a laxity in her discipline on that subject, as if its original rigour had only lately been renewed in support of the doctrine that she can never give her assent to any condition, the object of which is the bringing up of a portion of the future offspring in anything but the one true faith. On the contrary, the discipline of the Church has ever been invariably the same. She endeavours to dissuade and discourage, in the strongest language (as *prava et detestanda*) every such anomalous union; and in the case where individuals will not hear her dissuasive voice, she still refuses to give the Nuptial Benediction, except in the case of a solemn promise being given previously by both parties, that the future children shall be brought up in the Catholic Faith; though even then she speaks of such a union as *prava*, and wholly opposed to her wishes.

With regard to the alleged state of our laws, by which a *Premunire* might be issued to compel a priest to perform the function, such a law may or may not be in existence in our civil code; but if it exist, and were issued, the priest would have but one course to pursue, namely, to refuse obedience, and walk to prison, as a martyr, like the Saintly Vischering, of Cologne.

In the first paragraph, p. 310, we are informed that the statement contained therein,—viz. that the regulations regarding Mixed Marriages in Catholic countries, under the crown of Prussia, is *a law of the Church*, is also incorrect. At all events, our authority in the matter being derived solely from newspapers and ephemeral publications,—we ought not to have taken notice of it in practice, since, even were the fact certain, it could not bind us in England till it were published by proper authority, which publication has never been issued.

* We take this opportunity of thanking a learned dignitary of our Church for kindly pointing out the mistatements which we have fallen into, and lose no time in correcting them. Kindly correction is what we are always most ready and willing to receive—especially in such matters, where, through oversight or ignorance, we might seem, even by inference, to speak otherwise in any matter, than as the Church speaks and maintains.

ETERNAL PRAISES BE TO THE EVER BLESSED
SACRAMENT OF THE ALTAR.

JESUS, source of every blessing,
JESUS, every joy possessing,
Come and repose upon this breast,
And make thy hapless creature blest!

Oh, silent, silent, soft and slow,
With streams of love this breast o'erflow,
And in its waters pure and deep,
My wearied soul and senses steep!

Lost in the solemn sweet delight
Of holding thee, my Saviour bright,
My spirit, faint with joy would say,
Stay with me Saviour!—Saviour stay!

Stay! for while resting on my heart,
All thoughts of lowlier things depart,
Gladly to earth's affections, dies
My prostrate soul, where JESUS lies.

Love, that I hold upon my breast!
Oh, love! the brightest and the best,
Worthless and dull each vision bright,
Where Thou art not, my soul's delight!

Yes, while thy spirit blends with mine,
While mingles thus my soul with thine,
I envy scarce the bliss that's given
To see Thee face to face in Heaven!

Oh! that I had some secret spot,
Where all forgetting and forgot,
My spirit rapt in ecstasy,
Could, JESU, say, THEE, ONLY THEE!

THEE, ONLY THEE! it still should say,
While the sun went its onward way,—
THEE, ONLY THEE! when midnight shed
Its mists of darkness round my head.

THEE, ONLY THEE ! my gladsome voice
Should make the desert wilds rejoice,
Till every echo learned from me
Still to repeat, THEE, ONLY THEE !

Lost in the sweets of love like this,
My soul should spurn all lowlier bliss,
Till, face to face, exultingly,
Once more it said ;—THEE, ONLY THEE !

M. C. A.

THE PROSE, INVIOLOTA, IN HONOUR OF THE B. V. M.

O Mary, spotless, chaste and pure, to whom it has been given,
To be for us the portal fair, and shining gate of Heaven ;
O Mother fair, Christ's Mother dear, and worthiest of all love,
Do Thou our lowly praises hear, and herald them above.

Thine aid, with hearts and earnest lips, devoutly we implore
To keep from sin our hearts within, and cleanse us more and more ;
That by thy prayers, that sound so sweet, and have such power in Heaven,
The pardon that our sins require for ever may be given.

O Mary dear !
O Mary ! Hear !
O Mary, Mother mild,
Thou who alone of all hast been, for ever undefiled !

Feast of St. Augustine, Apostle of England, 1843.

TO THE MADONNA.

“OH MARY, CONCEIVED WITHOUT SIN, PRAY FOR ME, WHO HAVE RECOURSE
TO THEE.”

OH PURE ! OH HOLY ! THOU WHOSE VERY NAME
BRINGS BRIGHT-EYED PURITY TO CHARM THE MIND ;
SPOTLESS, MOST SPOTLESS, IS THE SACRED FAME
IN WHICH THY MEMORY STILL RESTS ENSHRINED !

VIRGIN, YET MOTHER OF THY GOD MOST HIGH !
HIS DAUGHTER AND HIS SPOUSE ! WHAT CREATURE BLEST
WITH SOUL SO GIFTED, WHO CAN LIFT THE EYE
TO SCAN THE MAJESTY WHERE THOU DOST REST ?

AS LILY THAT DERIVES ITS BLOSSOM FAIR
AND FLOATS SECURELY ON ITS PARENT WAVE,
AS ROSE THAT SHEDS ITS FRAGRANCE ON THE AIR,
THE FRAGRANT SWEETNESS EARTH AND DARKNESS GAVE,—

SO, MARY, IN THY MEEKNESS DIDST THOU REST
WHERE BOLD-FACED CRIME ITS BANNER HAD UNFURLED,
SO LIKE THE ROSE, UNHEEDED AND UNBLEST,
DIDST SHED THY FRAGRANCE O’ER A THANKLESS WORLD.

YET SOME THERE ARE THE LILY’S CHARMS TO PRIZE ;
SOME, WITH DELIGHTED LOVE THE ROSE TO TEND ;
THUS BID ME, MARY, FROM THE CROWD ARISE,
DOWN AT THY SHRINE IN GRATITUDE TO BEND !

Feast of St. Catherine of Sienna, 1843.

M. C. A.

END OF VOL. I.

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 ERRATA.

Pages 112, 113, and 114, for running top line, instead of "The Protestant Association," read "The Reformation Society."

Page 234, line 16, for "possible and then impossible," read "passible and then impassible."

Page 272, line 18, for "there," read "the."

Ditto, — 26, for "were," read "was."

Page 274, — 11, for "profound," read "profaned."

— 275, — 7, for "took," read "to."

— 277, — 7, for "1671," read "167."

— 278, — 17, for "isoteric," read "esoteric."

— 279, — 9 from bottom of page, for "commanded," read "commended."

— 280, — 16 from bottom of page, for "with fear," read "without fear."

— 57, — 2, for "ever," read "even."

— 270, — 2 from bottom, for "then," read "thou."

— 250, — 23, for "Nagientem," read "Vagientem."



